



THE

# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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# CONTENTS

OF

No. 309.

ART.	Page
I.—1. Charges delivered by Archibald Campbell, Bishop of London, 1858, 1862, and 1866. London.	
2. Charges delivered by Archibald Campbell, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1872, 1876, and 1880. London	1
II.—Progress and Poverty; an inquiry into the cause of Industrial Depression, and the increase of Want with increase of Wealth. The Remedy. By Henry George. London, 1882	35
III.—1. Le Palais Mazarin et les grandes habitations de ville et de campagne au dix-septième siècle. Par le Comte de Laborde, Membre de l'Institut, etc. Paris, 1846.	
2. Louis XIV. et Marie Mancini, d'après de nouveaux documents. Par R. Chantelauze. Paris, 1880.	
3. Inventaire de tous les Meubles de Cardinal Mazarin. Dressé en 1653 et publié d'après l'original, conservé dans les archives de Condé. Londres, 1861. (Edited by the Duc d'Aumale for the Philobiblion Society.)	
4. Histoire de France pendant la Minorité de Louis XIV. Par A. Cheruel. 4 vols. Paris, 1879, 1880	75
And other Works.	
IV.—1. Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Pawnbrokers; together with Minutes of Evidence and Appendix. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, July 21, 1870.	
2. The Pawnbrokers' Act, 1872, with Explanatory Notes. By Francis Turner, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition. London, 1878.	
3. Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Stolen Goods Bill; together with Minutes of Evidence and Appendix. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, August 25, 1881.	
4. A History of Pawnbroking. By W. A. H. Hows. London, 1847	106

ART.	Page
V. Some Account of my Life and Writings: an Autobiography. By the late Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. Edited by his Daughter-in-law, Lady Alison. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London, 1883	134
VI.—1. Histoire de l'Eglise de Corée. Précédée d'une Introduction sur l'histoire, les institutions, la langue, les mœurs et coutumes coréennes. Par Ch. Dallet, Missionnaire Apostolique. 2 vols. Paris, 1874.	
2. Hái-kwoh tú-chí. (Description of Over-sea Countries.)	
3. Chôsen Sei-batsu-ki. (History of the Conquest of Corea.) 20 vols.	
4. San-koku tsû-ran to setsu. (Descriptive View of the three countries—Corea, Liukiu, and Yezo.)	
5. Wa-kan san-sai dzu-ye. (Illustrated Japanese and Chinese Encyclopædia.) 80 vols.	
6. Corea: the Hermit Nation. By William Elliot Griffis. London, 1882	173
VII.—1. 'Arthur Mervyn' and 'Edgar Huntly.' By Charles Brockden Brown. New York, 1803-4.	
2. 'The Partisan,' 'Katharine Wilton,' and 'Mellichampe.' By W. Gilmore Simms. New York, 1835-37.	
3. 'Margaret, a Tale of the Real and Ideal.' By Sylvester Judd. New York, 1845.	
4. 'Louisiana.' By Frances Hodgson Burnett. London, 1880.	
5. 'Democracy.' New York, 1880.	
6. 'The Grandissimes,' 'Old Creole Days,' 'Madame Delphine.' By G. W. Cable. New York, 1880-81.	
7. 'The Portrait of a Lady,' and other works. By Henry James, Jun. London.	
8. 'A Modern Instance.' By W. Howells. Edinburgh, 1882	201
VIII.—1. Parliamentary Papers, Egypt, 1881-82.	
2. Egypt: Native Rulers, and Foreign Interference. By Baron de Malortie. London, 1882.	
3. Egypt under its Khedives. By Edwin de Leon, Ex-Agent and Consul-General in Egypt. London, 1882.	
4. Speech of the Marquis of Salisbury at Edinburgh, Nov. 23, 1882	229
IX.—Parliamentary Debates, October and November, 1882	259

# CONTENTS

OF

No. 310.

ART.	Page
I.—Life of Lord Lawrence. By R. Bosworth Smith, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. 2 vols. London, 1883	289
II.—Mexico To-day; a Country with a Great Future. And a Glance at the Prehistoric Remains and Antiquities of the Montezumas. By Thomas Unett Brocklehurst. With Coloured Plates and other Illustrations. London, 1883	327
III.—1. A New History of the English Stage. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. London, 1882.	
2. Notes upon some of Shakspeare's Plays. By Frances Anne Kemble. London, 1882.	
3. English Dramatists of To-day. By William Archer. London, 1882.	
4. Letters on some of Shakspeare's Female Characters. By One who has personated them (Helen Faucit). 'Blackwood's Magazine,' 1881-3	354
IV.—1. James Nasmyth, Engineer: an Autobiography. Edited by Samuel Smiles, LL.D. London, 1883.	
2. The Moon: considered as a Planet, a World, and a Satellite. By James Nasmyth, C.E., and James Carpenter, F.R.A.S. Second edition. London, 1874	389
V.—Les Mères Illustres. Études morales et Portraits d'Histoire intime. Par M. de Lescure. Ouvrage orné de douze gravures sur bois, d'après les documents originaux. Paris, 1882	420
VI.—1. Dieu, Patrie, Liberté. Par Jules Simon. Paris, 1883.	
2. Revue des deux Mondes; for January, February, and March, 1883	459
VII.—1. Paper read by Professor Jevons, F.R.S., on the Metallic Currency of the United Kingdom, with reference to the Question of International Coinage. In the 'Journal of the Statistical Society' for 1868.	

ART.	Page
2. Paper read by Mr. John Biddulph Martin, M.A., F.S.S., on our Gold Coinage, before the Institute of Bankers, 19th April, 1882.	
3. Paper read by Mr. R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S., before the Institute of Bankers, on the Deficiency in Weight of our Gold Coinage, 21st February, 1883.	
4. The Annual Reports of the Deputy Master of the Mint, Nos. 1 to 12. (1870-1881.)	483
VIII.—1. Tunneling, Explosive Compounds, and Rock Drills. By Henry S. Drinker, E.M., Member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers. New York, 1878.	
2. <i>Traité sur la Poudre, les Corps Explosifs, et la Pyrotechnie.</i> Par les Docteurs J. Upmann et E. von Meyer. Ouvrage traduit de l'Allemand par E. Désortiaux. Paris, 1878.	
3. Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Explosive Substances, together with Minutes of Evidence. Ordered to be printed, 26th June, 1874.	
4. Guide Book to the Explosives Act (1875), and to the Orders in Council, and Orders of the Secretary of State made under that Act. By Major Vivian Dering Majendie, R.A., Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Explosives. Second edition. Published at H.M.'s Stationery Office.	
5. Report upon Experiments and Investigations to develop a System of Submarine Mines for defending the Harbours of the United States. By Lieut.-Col. Henry L. Abbot, Corps of Engineers. Washington, 1881	501
IX.—1. Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire and Report upon all matters relating to the settlement of the Transvaal Territory. (Presented to Parliament, Feb. 1882.)	
2. Correspondence respecting the Affairs in the Transvaal. (Presented to Parliament in February 1882, August 1882, November 1882, February 1883.)	
3. With the Boers in the Transvaal and Orange Free State. By Charles Norris-Newman. London, 1882.	
4. Bechuanaland, the Transvaal, and England. By the Rev. John Mackenzie. London, 1883.	
5. The Transvaal Boers. By David Livingstone, LL.D. (Extracted from the Second Edition of the 'Personal Life of David Livingstone.' London, 1881.)	530
X.—Democracy Across the Channel. By A. Gallenga. London, 1883	551

# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Charges delivered by Archibald Campbell, Bishop of London, 1858, 1862, and 1866.* London.  
2. *Charges delivered by Archibald Campbell, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1872, 1876, and 1880.* London.

THE year which has just passed will be memorable as marking an epoch in the history of the Church of England. It has witnessed the close of an unusual number of eminent careers; and, above all, two great characters have passed away from amongst us, the loss of whom makes us sensible that the Church is entering the New Year under new and anxious circumstances. Before referring to those great names, we must pay a passing tribute to two others in this sad list of losses. The recent death of Bishop Ollivant, of Llandaff, reminds us how few now can remain of the generation among whom the influence of the great Evangelical School was predominant. He represented the best traditions of the learning and the sober piety of that school. He was a scholar of the first rank; he was distinguished for his mild and genial wisdom; and his influence, though gentle, was deep and beneficent, alike in his own diocese and in the counsels of the Church. An equally venerable character, of an opposite school of Churchmanship, was removed from us by the death of Dr. Hawkins. As Bishop Ollivant preserved among us the memory of the old Evangelical party, so Dr. Hawkins was the most conspicuous representative of the old High Churchmen. He was a leader among them before the Tractarian school had been heard of, or dreamed of; and he maintained to the last the principles and the tone of mind which the new school strove to supplant. The whole world changed around him; but without in any way secluding himself from it, or losing his sympathies with the younger generation, he remained to the last the Provost of Oriel of fifty years ago; and bore witness amidst an age of extremes to the moderation and

steadiness which were formerly the characteristic qualities of the English Clergy. If the deaths of such men remind us of a world that has passed away, they recal at the same time characteristics and capacities which are deeply rooted in the Church of England. No really great influence in our past history can safely be neglected. The statesmanlike Churchmen of the Reformation, the Caroline Divines, and the philosophic school of the last century, are all indispensable portions of our great heritage; and as time passes on, and the Church enters into new phases of thought and life, the old Evangelical school and the old High Church school must similarly take an honourable place in our traditions, and in the permanent elements of which the Church of England as a whole is composed.

But the other two great names to which we have referred belong to the generation in which those schools of thought had ceased to be predominant, and their consecration by death marks the approach of another period in our ecclesiastical history. Dr. Pusey on the one hand, and Archbishop Tait on the other, were the best representatives of the two great influences which have mainly divided the thought and the allegiance of English Churchmen since the commencement of the Tractarian movement. There was indeed one conspicuous difference in the manner in which they represented their respective tendencies, due partly to their different positions, but still more to the temper of their minds. Archbishop Tait's temperament was eminently judicial, and this characteristic was deepened by the duties of the high public positions which he held. Dr. Pusey, on the contrary, was not less characteristically a party leader; and the seclusion in which he lived, the predominance among his associates of men of one school of thought, developed in his mind more and more the qualities of an advocate. Whereas, in fact, Dr. Pusey was so closely identified with a single party in the Church that the popular instinct, which is rarely wrong in such matters, stamped it with his name, it was one of Archbishop Tait's chief claims to honour, that he never either acted or felt as a member, still less as the leader, of a party. As became his position, he stood above them all, and endeavoured to moderate between them. But still, as must be in some degree the case with every one, he was the man of his own generation, and his character was mainly determined by one of its chief influences. He has himself told us, again and again, what that influence was. In the last words he wrote—or rather, as we believe, which he dictated from his death-bed—he avowed himself the pupil of Arnold, and claimed for the principles which Arnold had inculcated an increasing

increasing predominance over those of the Tractarian School. The passing away, therefore, of these two great representatives of English Churchmen cannot but mark the approaching close of the great controversy of the last fifty years. It may be difficult at present to determine exactly what this result will prove; but it is none the less clear that the days when that controversy predominated are over, and that we are entering upon the discussion of new problems, with new difficulties. None appreciated this better than the late Archbishop himself. His last charge, delivered in 1880, was entitled 'The Church of the Future,' and was an attempt to confront, with characteristic boldness, the problems of the new generation. In the last words of the Paper just referred to, he recorded his conviction, that 'the Church and the world seem entering on totally new phases.' He added that, though the good or evil of the future is far beyond our ken, 'many lessons may be learned from the past, both for imitation and avoidance.' Not the least valuable of such lessons may, we think, be learned from his own great career; and while endeavouring in the following pages to pay some slight tribute to his admirable life and work, some considerations can hardly fail to arise, which may afford some guidance to the Church which mourns his loss, and to his successor.

The appointment of that successor has been welcomed by a general unanimity, which affords a strong assurance of the wisdom of the choice which has been made. Considering the immense influence upon the destinies of the Church which an Archbishop of Canterbury may exert, it is inevitable that some expressions of anxiety should have been heard. But on the whole, there has been on all sides a cordial recognition of Bishop Benson's great claims, and of the promise afforded by his past career. It is understood that the late Archbishop looked forward with hope to being some day followed by him in the Primacy, and this fact alone would conciliate confidence towards him. He may be comparatively young for so great a position, though the late Archbishop on his appointment was but three or four years older. But if he possesses the faculties for guiding the Church, they ought to be now in their prime of vigour; and if, as has been said, the Church is entering on a new period, it is well that her guidance should be in the hands of a man who is not too old to open his mind to new circumstances and new emergencies. Brief as Bishop Benson's administration of the diocese of Truro has been, it has afforded a display of some of the chief qualities needed in a Primate—the capacity for being energetic without being overbearing, and conciliatory without the surrender of principle, and the power of commanding the confidence

dence of the Laity as well as of the Clergy. There is one circumstance in his appointment which recalls that of his predecessor, and which is eminently creditable to the Minister who is chiefly responsible for it. Mr. Disraeli, in nominating Bishop Tait, who had been a decided Liberal in politics, set an honourable example of subordinating political to religious considerations in ecclesiastical appointments. Mr. Gladstone has, in this instance, shown a similar appreciation of the relative importance of the considerations by which a Minister should be guided in Church patronage. Bishop Benson is not only a Conservative, but he had shown the strength of his convictions, only a week or two before the late Archbishop's death, by placing his name on the Committee for the election of Mr. Raikes as Member for the University of Cambridge. His proclaiming his political convictions at such a moment, and his appointment notwithstanding them, reflect equal honour upon himself and the Premier. Such an incident is a good omen alike for the independence of Dr. Benson's own career, and for the future administration of Church patronage.

We cannot thus refer to the appointment of Bishop Benson and of his predecessor, without taking occasion to express an indignant reprobation of the manner in which some confidential observations, by the late Dean of Windsor, on the occasion of Archbishop Tait's nomination have been reported in the third volume of Bishop Wilberforce's life. The Dean is represented as having given the Bishop an account of the confidential interchange of opinions and suggestions between the Queen and her First Minister on this delicate and important subject. Bearing in mind at once the habitual reserve of the late Dean, and the evident inaccuracy of many of Bishop Wilberforce's reminiscences, we are not at all disposed to rely upon this report. But what we are concerned to protest against, in the strongest manner, is the flagrant impropriety, to use no stronger term, of thus publishing reports of private conversations in which living persons took part, during their lives, and without their consent. In reference to this particular conversation, the offence is aggravated by a further consideration. The Queen, whose confidential observations to her Prime Minister are thus, as the author of the Life (however erroneously) supposes, retailed to the world, is precluded by her position from any notice of such misrepresentations. If, by any indiscretion, a person in high place happens to become cognizant of what Her Majesty may have said in confidence to a Minister, it is the plain duty of any man of honour to respect the private nature of such information.

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If he indulges himself in the dangerous habit of keeping a diary, and ventures to write down what he believes himself to have heard, it can be only in reliance on a similar sense of delicacy in his family, which would restrain them from publishing such communications after his death. It cannot, however, be surprising that Mr. Reginald Wilberforce has shown no sense of the respectful reserve due to the Queen, when we find him regardless of the most ordinary rules of social propriety in his treatment of other persons. He prints, for instance, a statement of a very offensive character, alleged to have been made by Lord Amphil, then Mr. Odo Russell, respecting the conduct of Cardinal Manning to the late Pope. It was inconceivable that a person of Lord Amphil's character and experience should ever have made himself responsible for such a statement, even in the freest conversation; and he has within the last few days explained that, as might have been expected, what the Bishop has recorded is simply the gossip which he had reported as current in Rome, while the reprobation of it which Lord Amphil expressed at the time has been omitted. But, in any case, nothing could excuse the publication of such a statement during Lord Amphil's life without his consent. It involves him in what amounts to a practical libel on the character of one of the most eminent persons in England. Even if, by an impossible supposition, in some confidential moment a person holding the post Mr. Odo Russell then occupied had made an observation of this kind, it is inconsistent with the cardinal principles of the mutual association of gentlemen that he should be made, as he is by this publication, publicly responsible for it. There are unhappily numerous other instances in which opinions of living persons are expressed by Bishop Wilberforce, which must needs give great pain to themselves and their friends. We must own that it does not seem to us creditable to the judgment or better feeling of the Bishop himself, that he should have preserved in writing these uncharitable judgments, and we are astonished that for the sake of his father's own name Mr. Reginald Wilberforce did not suppress them. But what chiefly concerns the public and the literary world is to denounce this publication of offensive remarks respecting living persons, which the author would never have expressed towards them if he had been alive. If Bishop Wilberforce, during his lifetime, in some moment of provocation, had made such observations respecting living Prelates as are here republished from his diary, he would certainly have apologized, or would have been severely and justly rebuked. But it aggravates

vates the offence, because it increases the pain which is inflicted, that such observations should be published after his death, when he can no longer repair the injury. That injury, indeed, is not confined to the living; and there is one imputation made upon the dead, of which we are in a position to expose the injustice, and from which the accuracy of these recollections may be in some measure estimated. A conversation is recorded in which the late Dr. Todd discussed very unkindly the character of the Irish Bishops of his day; and the then Bishop of Derry is branded as selling his livings. The occupant of the see of Derry at that time, Bishop Higgin, was a good man who commanded general respect. The scandal to which reference is made concerned one of his predecessors. Common Christian charity ought to have led Mr. Wilberforce, before he published a statement so painful to the late Bishop's relations, at least to enquire whether it was not a mistake. But he cannot have done so; and a good Bishop's character is thus libelled in his grave by Bishop Wilberforce's inaccuracy and his son's recklessness.\*

We are sorry to have been obliged to interrupt the tenour of our article by a reference to this painful subject. Bishop Benson's appointment seems to have been attended with none of the hesitation which is alleged in this gossip to have preceded the nomination of Archbishop Tait. But, notwithstanding all the advantages with which he enters upon his duties, he will find it tax all his powers to follow at all adequately in his predecessor's steps. The death of the late Primate has called forth an expression of admiration, affection and profound regret, on the part of the Church and nation at large, such as has followed to the grave no other ecclesiastic of our time. Other men, such for instance as Dr. Pusey, may have been more enthusiastically honoured, and almost worshipped, by their special followers; but, although respected by other parties, they have not commanded, in a similar degree, the confidence and the homage by which Archbishop Tait was surrounded. His personal characteristics were peculiarly fitted to turn all his acquired powers to the best account, and had much influence in conciliating towards him the universal regard he enjoyed. A gentleman of good Scottish family, he brought to the service of his high office the gracious manners, combined with the prudent reserve, by which his countrymen are often marked. He possessed also another quality in which the Scotch, notwithstanding certain prejudices to the contrary, are

\* We think it right to add, in justice to the publisher, that we have reasons for knowing that the most objectionable passages in the volume were inserted in spite of his earnest remonstrances.

eminently privileged, that of dry and genial humour. He always had an eye for the humorous aspect of any situation, and was not only preserved by this capacity from blunders into which, from a lack of it, ecclesiastics are not unwont to fall, but was often enabled to relax the tension of difficult situations with an effect which would have been sought in vain by argument or rebuke. It is a rare quality in any public man of the first rank, and rarest of all in a great ecclesiastic. Few persons in great place, and least of all great prelates, can venture on the humorous aspect of affairs without a dangerous sacrifice of dignity. Their hand is heavy from the very character of their position, and success requires a finer touch than they can command. But Archbishop Tait possessed the art in perfection. Except in the pulpit, he rarely failed to bring it into play; and in Convocation or the House of Lords, no less than in genial speeches at a City entertainment, he would win the good feeling of his audience by some happy turn of humour which would at once establish a human sympathy between himself and ordinary mortals. There is no greater danger, in the management of affairs, than for people to be suffered to become too terribly in earnest when there is no adequate occasion for it; and for an Archbishop to be able to avert this danger, at any moment, without the slightest sacrifice of the dignity of his position, is an incalculable advantage. We believe the secret of this rare combination lay in the fact that, strong as was his sense of humour, it was, like all his other faculties, in profound and permanent subordination to the great convictions by which his heart and mind were possessed. His mental and moral constitution was admirably balanced, and all parts of it could be allowed free play without risk of disproportion. With most men the sense of humour is a dangerous power, because it is perpetually breaking loose from control. But with Archbishop Tait there was never any such lapse of self-government, or disturbance of the due proportion of the realities of life. His happiness in this respect was not due to mere natural qualities, but to the rare discipline to which he subjected himself.

He had indeed learned that discipline in a severe school. The affecting introduction which he prefixed to the Memoir of his wife and eldest son would alone prove how deeply his character had been moulded by the stern sorrows with which he was visited. If there is often presumption in saying for what purpose such sorrows are sent, there is none in tracing the gracious results which have been produced by due submission to them. The sermons which Dr. Tait preached at Rugby School, and

and his work as Dean of Carlisle, are, indeed, a striking testimony to the depth of his apprehension of spiritual realities, even in his most successful years, and before he had fully experienced the sobering influences of sorrow. But if there ever had been any danger of his remarkable rise tending to mar the simplicity and depth of his early character, it was effectually averted by the heavy blow which desolated his household at Carlisle. He bore his sorrow with manly resignation; and it cast over his whole future life the solemnizing light of another world. Perhaps, especially when thus borne, it conciliated towards him a degree of sympathy which is often denied to those who rise rapidly to great place in the Church or the State. He was felt to be united with those over whom he presided in the experiences which most closely touch their hearts; and the intense interest aroused by the Memoir of his wife and son bore striking witness to the depth of this sympathetic feeling. His wife, indeed, exerted a singularly gracious influence throughout his whole career; and her memory will be for ever gratefully associated with the history of his Episcopate. But as he ever thus spoke to us as one of ourselves, men gave him the confidence which is only accorded in fulness where there is real fellowship of feeling. There was that in the very mode of his address and the tones of his voice, which created and maintained this confidence. There was a straightforwardness about the one, and a depth and truth about the other, which, again, are rarely found to the same degree in men who have had difficult positions to maintain. Every accent bespoke 'gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned,' and won its way straight to the heart even of those whose minds were not convinced. These qualities were at the service, as its natural instrument, of a singular clearness and directness of intellect. He did not exhibit, though he may have possessed, the high logical and speculative power characteristic of the Scottish race; but he enjoyed a capacity which, for the purposes of his work, was of far greater value. He discerned at once the central point of any subject; he distinguished, by a kind of instinct, the essential from the secondary circumstances with which he had to deal; and he directed his whole energy to the main object in view. There was a lofty disregard of details and trivialities, in his thought as well as in his action, and there was a certain massiveness in all his utterances, which rendered them far more effective in any thoughtful assembly than the utmost brilliancy of argument or rhetoric. This was partly the secret of his singular influence in the House of Lords—an influence which, for a prelate of modern

modern times, was unequalled. It was felt that whatever he said was sure to go to the heart of the subject, and to be a weighty expression of the main bearings at issue. The same characteristic marks all his writings, and especially his Charges. In his two last Charges he entered upon the new controversies of the Church of the present and the future, and discussed some of the main issues raised by science and philosophy in our day. Of course, as he said, it was impossible for him to do justice in such addresses to the arguments thus raised; nor did he display, or attempt to display, the dialectical capacity which Bishop Thirlwall could develop, even within such limits. But he succeeded eminently in selecting, with the eye of a great master, the main points of attack and defence; he laid down in broad and solid outline the great principles involved in the Christian faith, and the cardinal realities on which they rest. The same characteristic in dealing with this subject marked his earlier work on 'The Dangers and Safeguards of Modern Theology,' and gave weight to his brief and practical addresses in the chapel of Rugby School. We trust that his Charges, which we have enumerated at the head of this article, will be collected, and will be edited with a few notes to explain their allusions. They are full of practical wisdom and deep Christian experience; and the two last, in which he treated of the special dangers of our time, might well serve as a manual for the Clergy, and especially for the younger clergy, as to the spirit and the general method in which they should deal with the characteristic difficulties of our day.

But all these capacities, great and rare as they are, do not of themselves account for the extraordinary homage which he commanded during the latter years of his life, and which was so signally exhibited at his death. They are qualities which would have given strength and graciousness to his career in any position; but it was to the unique character which, by means of them, he threw over the Primacy, that the great place is due which he filled, and which his memory must always fill, among the Prelates of the English Church. By common consent, not excluding that of the narrow clique who alone expressed any hostile feelings towards him, he asserted the influence and the dignity of the great office with which he was entrusted, with a success which few of his predecessors, and none of his immediate predecessors, had attained. They had, indeed, all been men of beautiful personal character, of mild wisdom, and of laborious devotion to their duties. But Archbishop Tait added to all these excellences, by a touch like that of genius, something which at once raised the office to a higher point of influence.

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He was felt not merely to be the official head of the Church, but to be the true representative of the Church to the nation at large. He was a leader as well as a ruler; and the Church in his person exerted an influence which awakened a friendly response from every class of his countrymen, whether members of its communion or not. He was not merely a living power himself; he made his office a living power, and animated it with a new spirit. What was the secret of this remarkable achievement? It must be a matter of the deepest interest at the moment when the office is passing into new hands, and when, moreover, as we have said, a new era seems commencing in the history of our Church, to appreciate, so far as may be possible, the secret of so striking and influential a career. That which has been once may be again, and that which has been so well begun may be continued. That there were one or two weak points even in Archbishop Tait's great Primacy, few even of his warmest admirers will deny. But they were insignificant in comparison with his great excellencies, and they cannot be duly estimated except in subordination to the main principles and achievements of his career.

He commenced his Primacy with one advantage which his successor does not enjoy, and which must needs be a rare privilege. He had been almost a Primate in the post from which he was translated, and had thus, in some sense, had twelve years' apprenticeship to the higher office. During the last six years of Archbishop Sumner's life and the six of Archbishop Longley's primacy, Bishop Tait, in the see of London, could not but command a leading position in the Southern Episcopate. But, besides this, with the conscious strength of a strong man, and with the eye for great opportunities which characterized him, he from the first recognized that a Bishop of London was at the head of the greatest See in the world, and he endeavoured at once to rise to the height of this great and representative position. At the opening of his first Charge in 1858, after a few personal references, he at once struck the keynote of his whole episcopal career. He called upon his clergy to reflect 'how much the cause of our National Church, and, with the Church, of true Christianity in this great Empire,' depended upon the due use of their opportunities. To this thought he constantly recurred. Thus his second Charge, delivered in 1862, opens with a description of the Church of England, which deserves quotation as a summary of the aspects in which he loved to regard it. He said:—

'Our Church—an established Church in close connection with the State—a true portion of the Catholic Church of Christ, holding fast  
by

by His unchanging, everlasting Gospel, connecting itself through the hallowed associations of 1800 years with Christ's saints of all ages and countries, up to the Apostles;—clinging to the oldest forms of worship and of government, and yet protesting against errors with which, for centuries before the Reformation, the Church was clouded—has, committed to it by God, in the middle of this nineteenth century, in an inquisitive and restless age, the difficult task of gathering together, fostering, developing, restraining, and guiding, the Christian feelings and thoughts, and energetic life of many millions of intelligent Englishmen, impatient both of political and still more of ecclesiastical control; and that not in these densely-peopled islands only, but in colonies spread over the habitable globe.'—Page 5.

A still more striking passage in the opening of his third and final Charge as Bishop of London, shows how his appreciation of this position had grown upon his thoughts. 'Our scrutiny,' he says (p. 2), 'reaches to this':—

'How far is the national Church of England, and especially the Church of this Diocese, fulfilling the work which Christ has committed to it, and how are we each of us fulfilling our own part? The national Church and the Church of this Diocese—for, indeed, it is as difficult to separate the two as it is to separate the diocese from its particular parishes, and the parishes from those who minister in them. London, above all other dioceses, must be indissolubly connected with the whole national Church. We do not ignore those powerful elements of the softening influences of country life, not found among ourselves; nor the effect of the position, so different from ours, in which the country Clergy stand to their flocks; nor the vast power of University life, moulding the thoughts of our rising youth. But still London is the centre: to London flows yearly, in a steady tide, a large body of persons of all classes from every county: from London the stream of influence, however unobserved, sets in irresistibly, through newspapers, books, letters, the converse of friends, to hall, parsonage, farmhouse, and cottage, in the remotest country districts. If we in London are faithless, all England suffers. If London could but become the really Christian centre of the nation, how would our national Christianity grow!'

These are the animating exhortations of a man who is already sensible that he holds a position of command at the very heart of the National Church, with immense powers of influencing, by means of that Church, the whole life of the nation. This was the noble conception which he set himself to develop while Bishop of London; and consequently, when he passed on to Canterbury, he had but to apply, with the greater resources of his new position, the principles and the method he had already mastered. In his administration of the diocese of London he had, indeed, been brought into contact with the chief difficulties  
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by which he was afterwards confronted, and the range of the subjects which he treats in his three London Charges is very remarkable. The first was delivered ten years before the Church Rate controversy was settled by Mr. Gladstone's compulsory Bill of 1868, and two years before 'Essays and Reviews' was published. Yet the germ of the struggles of the subsequent twenty-five years is plainly recognized. Ritualism, indeed, was still in its infancy in 1858. The Bishop introduces his observations upon it by gently 'pointing out that some amongst us do harm by carrying their love of the externals of worship to an extreme,' and he 'verily believes that in this diocese the number of persons who for such matters of ceremonial would disobey the regularly expressed injunction of a regularly constituted authority is very small.' But the revival of Confession, as exemplified by Mr. Poole's practices at St. Barnabas', had occasioned grievous offence, and the Bishop bestowed a considerable part of his Charge in reprehending the practice. On the other side, he recognized the danger that 'students in our Universities, wearied of the dogmatism which ruled unchecked there some years ago, are very apt now to regard every maxim of theology or philosophy as an open question.' Those were the two dangers between which, ever since that time, the rulers of the Church have had to steer, and they have, beyond question, increased in intensity up to the present hour. One other subject of Bishop Tait's first Charge must be mentioned, as pointing to an eminent characteristic of his whole career. He recommends with especial urgency the Diocesan Home Mission, which had been established for the purpose, as it were, of breaking ground among the ignorant and degraded masses of some of the overgrown parishes of his diocese. His episcopate is synchronous with more than one movement for appealing, in a manner the Church had never before done, to the people at large. He himself set an example which was then very rare indeed, if not unheard of among Bishops, by preaching in omnibus-yards and similar places. Mission Services were established in Exeter Hall; and when they were prohibited by the exercise, on the part of the incumbent of the parish, of an obsolete power of forbidding religious services of which he disapproved, a Bill was brought into the House of Lords, and actually passed that assembly, to give bishops the power of sanctioning the introduction of Missionary Services into parishes where they were needed. It was unfortunately lost in the Commons; but it was for lack of some similar power that Wesleyanism could not find a place within the Church of England, and sooner or later it must in  
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some way be afforded. About the same time the Evening Sermons in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were instituted, and those two great churches began to exert over the people of London their legitimate influence. Where he did not originate these movements, Bishop Tait gave them the whole impulse of his energetic and authoritative support; and great as had been the work accomplished by his predecessor, Bishop Blomfield, a new life and a larger range were bestowed upon it by his own generous views and his indefatigable exertions.

We cannot refer, even in this cursory manner, to his London Episcopate, without specially recalling the remarkable enterprise he set on foot in the Bishop of London's Fund. In June 1863, he addressed to the Laity of the Diocese of London a Letter on the Spiritual wants of the Metropolis and its suburbs. He had previously called in his own house a private meeting of owners of property and employers of labour in London, with other persons interested in the welfare of the metropolis, and had laid before them the grievous deficiency of the means of spiritual instruction and care under which this vast city suffered. It was granted, he said, on all hands, that the population increased at the rate of 40,000 a year, and that, great as were the exertions which had of late been made, both by societies and individuals, their utmost efforts had not hitherto been able to do more than supply the additional means of grace required to meet this increase; so that the original evil, of a vast population inadequately cared for, remained much as it was when Bishop Blomfield began his labours. He therefore proposed that a fund should be raised to meet the spiritual wants of the diocese; that a very large body of persons, clergy and laity, should be formed into a board to co-operate with him as Bishop, and that out of this board an executive committee should be elected to represent the different interests with which they would have to deal, the business of the fund being as much as possible managed by laymen. What he ventured to claim at once was, that he should be put in a position to send a hundred new clergy into overcrowded parishes; that these should be aided by a hundred Scripture-readers; and that new churches should be built and endowed at once in such of our largest parishes as, being quite overgrown, called for immediate subdivision. In making this bold appeal he had been, we believe, stimulated even beyond his original intention by the earnest response with which his suggestion was met in the meeting he had summoned; and he asked for no less than a million to be raised within ten years. That he could put forward such an appeal with so much good reason to expect support,

support, and that this support should have been given him in such ample measure, is the best proof of the unbounded confidence which his seven years' administration of the diocese had secured. People would have hesitated to give money on this scale, to form what was really a new institution, unless they had been thoroughly satisfied that a wise as well as charitable use would be made of their contributions.

Party feeling in the Church was running high at the time; the judgment in the case of 'Essays and Reviews' having been delivered in the preceding year, and the rise of Ritualism attracting increased hostility. But there was thorough confidence in Bishop Tait's impartiality in practical administration, and the current disputes exerted no injurious influence whatever upon the liberality of the diocese at large. In his Charge of 1866, which was the last he delivered as Bishop of London, he was able to state the work directly accomplished by the Bishop of London's Fund during the three first years of its operation, in round numbers, as follows: '273,000*l.* promised, of which 183,790*l.* has been paid; 106 additional clergymen added to the staff of the diocese, with 70 paid Lay assistants; 29 Mission stations secured; besides 16 rooms rented. Votes have been passed to assist the building of 46 permanent churches, 23 schools, 9 parsonages, and for 20 sites of churches, 21 sites of schools, and 13 of parsonages.' But in this, as in all such instances, it is to be remembered that the indirect efforts evoked are even more valuable than the direct. The latter indeed, large as they were, constituted but a secondary part of the energy and liberality which Bishop Tait called forth. At that time he had returns to show that during the four years since his previous visitation in 1862, independently of what had been done by the Bishop of London's Fund, no less a sum than 853,000*l.* had been contributed in the diocese by benevolent individuals and societies for building churches and schools, and paying curates and Scripture-readers, while 530,000*l.* of capital had been expended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in endowments and in otherwise satisfying local claims.

It is true, as the Bishop admitted in this Charge, that the real progress of the work of Christ in the diocese was not to be estimated by money; but that within four years a sum of more than a million and a half should thus have been raised for Church purposes under the Bishop's guidance and encouragement is conclusive testimony to the immense influence he exerted and the invaluable work he accomplished. Even then he estimated that, before the spiritual needs of London were adequately met, there was need of three hundred and twenty-five

twenty-five new clergy, with a proportionate staff of Scripture-readers, and one hundred and ninety-four new churches; and we fear the Fund has somewhat languished since that time. But it will remain among the most honourable and enduring monuments of Bishop Tait's administration of the See that he appreciated the need, that he was able to arouse the consciences of both Laity and Clergy to recognize it, and that he succeeded in accomplishing a very great alleviation of it. He made himself felt, in short, during his Episcopate, as the vigorous and successful leader of the forces of the Church, alike in the endeavour to bring the masses of the people under the influence of the Gospel, and in strengthening the hold of the Christian faith on those who were more formally under its sway. Bishops may often render extremely valuable service to the Church in the more quiet duties of controlling and moderating the various influences within their diocese; and sufficient honour is rarely paid to the ruler who is content to govern with wisdom and in silence. But a Bishop who, to this indispensable function, can add the work of actively inspiring and leading the energies of the clergy and laity under his care, discharges a still higher office. It was the singular combination of the two capacities, of wisdom in governing and energy in leading, which rendered Bishop Tait's administration of the Diocese of London so memorable.

When he was transferred to the Primacy, his opportunities for active leadership were more restricted, and the greater demand was made upon his qualities as a governor and moderator. But even here he combined both capacities in a remarkable degree; and the spirit in which he discharged the duties of the higher office was the same which had animated him as Bishop of London. He brought to the work of the Primacy the same sense of the immense opportunities of the Church of England, with their correspondent responsibilities, the same appreciation of the paramount necessity of the energetic exercise of all its powers and capacities, if it was to justify its existence and to meet the needs of the day, and the same appreciation of the two errors through which it had to steer. All his charges, whether as Primate or as Bishop of London, turn upon these three considerations—the active work required of the Church in upholding in the nation at large the great central truths of the Gospel, the danger of allowing these truths to be obscured, and the confidence of the nation forfeited, by the undue prevalence of Rationalism on the one hand, or of Ritualism on the other. A just view of his Primacy will take into account the course he pursued in respect to each of these considerations, and the proportion which they held in his mind. The course of recent controversy

troversy has given undue prominence to his action in promoting the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874; but this was only an episode in his great and consistent career, and cannot be duly understood without reference to its whole tenour. There are, in particular, two points, conspicuous in his Episcopal career throughout, in connection with which that episode must be judged. The first is that the subject which, from first to last, occasioned his main anxiety was not the excess of Ritualism, but the more insidious growth of Rationalism. Nothing could be more unjust to him, or could misrepresent the main principles of his conduct more completely, than to regard him as in any special manner opposed to the Ritualists. A perusal of his charges will show that he never regarded Ritualism, and the superstitious tendency it represents, as the chief danger of the Church. He expressed more than once his view, that it was the natural reaction called forth, in a certain class of minds, by the menacing prevalence of sceptical and rationalistic tendencies. The great central realities of the Gospel seemed for the time to have become obscured; the true position of the Church, lying in the mean between credulity and scepticism, had been discredited, strange to say, by the very school which began by making the *via media* its glory; and the consequence was that numerous minds were repelled, in opposite directions, to two antagonistic extremes. But Archbishop Tait was never afraid lest tendencies towards superstition and Roman Catholicism should become permanently dangerous within the Church of England. He expressed his conviction, in his charge as Primate in 1876, that:—

‘The people of this country have no love for Popery. They have no love for anything that approaches to Popery. With many of them this may be an unsuspected sentiment, but it is the echo of great truths which have been proclaimed in the history of the country. They know that the greatness of England is indissolubly united with its love of the Reformation. They know that those were dark times in our history when there was a fear of our swerving from the principles of the Reformation. They may, I say, be uninstructed in their zeal in this matter, but their zeal and their determination is unchanged, and not likely to be changed. I do not think there is the slightest danger of this country ever becoming Roman Catholic. I do not think there is the slightest danger of this country ever adopting a semi-Romanism.’—Page 56.

His view of the real relation of the dangers by which the Church is menaced was expressed succinctly at the commencement of his charge as Bishop of London in 1866 (p. 4). ‘There has been,’ he said, ‘a great and no doubt reasonable  
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fear of Rationalism; and certain persons, whose errors are of a totally different cast, have availed themselves of this widespread alarm to work with a vigour unknown for many years in the revival of an imitation of the imperfect Churchmanship of the Middle Ages.' It was thus, according to his judgment, in Rationalism that Ritualism found its opportunity. The hopes which the early Tractarians had built upon the effect of an appeal to the primitive Church, in checking the inroads of the negative criticism of Germany, had been in great measure disappointed; and their later followers, headed by Dr. Pusey, extended their conceptions of the Church to which their appeal was to be made, until it became indistinguishable from the medieval Church of Rome. The true remedy, in Bishop Tait's view, was to be found in attacking rationalism and scepticism directly, by enforcing in all their depth and strength the great spiritual realities of the Gospel message. Accordingly, in his successive Charges he addressed himself with increasing earnestness to combat the rationalistic tendencies at work among the clergy as well as among the laity, until in his final Charge, delivered in 1880, this subject seemed almost to engross his thoughts. In those last words already referred to, published last October, he reiterated this conviction. 'A question,' he said, 'remains, before which all minor matters shrivel into insignificance—the age has become sceptical.' His Charge of 1880 considered the Church of the Future in its conflict with the Atheist, its conflict with the Deist, and its conflict with the Rationalist; and the view he took of the gravity of these several conflicts deserves particular attention. He indicated the general character of the arguments with which each of these foes must be encountered; but he formed a very different estimate of the relative dangers to be apprehended from them. He set forth the grounds for his expectation that his countrymen would not, in the coming age, give themselves up either to an atheistical or to a simply deistical philosophy. But he asked (p. 91) whether we are 'equally secured against a meagre sublimated Christianity, such as St. Paul certainly would not have recognized as the Gospel which saved his soul, and to which he devoted his life'? His anxieties on this point are clearly expressed in the following passage from the same Charge (p. 89):—

'There is, I hold, real ground to fear lest the tendencies of this age result in the prevalence of a lax view of Christian doctrine and teaching, in many respects unlike anything with which our country has in former times been familiar. Presenting itself under the guise of an improved and more rational Christianity, speaking with the greatest respect of the Lord Jesus Christ and His Apostles, pro-

fessing to regard them as great benefactors of the human race, and even admitting that the historical Christ is in some sense a wonderful manifestation of God brought near to man, it virtually substitutes a new in the place of the old genuine Gospel. The old Unitarianism had something in it akin to this system, and some modern Unitarians seem to have adopted it. We do not deny that its promoters have high aims, a zeal for the pure morality of the Gospel, and many lofty aspirations after holiness and intercourse with God. But, convinced as I am that there is something very hollow in it, I cannot look on without great alarm, if it be true that attempts are made to present our children and young people with this substitute for the real Gospel. Should it prevail, I fear we must bid farewell to a true conception of human nature and the hatefulness of sin, and lose the most powerful motives which can guide human life, and be content to sink to views of Christian duty and the elevation of the Christian character, very different from those which animated the Apostles.'

In short, in one striking passage in his charge of 1866, he expresses a simultaneous and equally severe condemnation of the schools represented by Dr. Pusey on the one side, and by Professor Jowett on the other. It was, in his judgment, the plain tendency of the teaching of the one school to represent Christianity as a human philosophy; of the other, as a superstition. He would not say that the leaders of the two schools meant this, or were conscious of it; but he trembled for the consequences of either system fairly developed. In view of such perverseness on either side, he reasserted the indignant repudiation of non-natural interpretations of the Articles by which he first became publicly known, when he remonstrated, as one of the Four Tutors, against Tract XC. He objected equally to Dr. Pusey's republication of that Tract, and to Mr. Wilson's theory in justification of his peculiar interpretation of the Articles. 'Give up,' he exclaimed, 'the Articles altogether, if you will, but do not insult our understandings by professing to accept, and yet altogether subverting them' (p. 50).

Such was the point of view from which the late Archbishop consistently regarded, throughout his episcopal career, the Ritualistic movement on the one side, and the Rationalistic on the other. Of the two he had far more apprehension of danger from the latter than from the former, and against it he directed his most earnest and most continuous efforts. It must further be borne in mind, in order to understand the course he felt driven to adopt, that nothing was at any time more contrary to his disposition than a resort to measures of legal compulsion for the purpose of upholding orthodox principles. Again and again in his Charges he expresses his conviction that such measures are rarely, in the present day, of any avail. Thus in  
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his Charge of 1862 he used the following characteristic language on the subject (p. 20):—

‘And here I will remark that I do not look much to legal prosecutions and the courts of the Church’s judicature for the preservation of orthodoxy in our clergy. The Church of England is wisely jealous of such prosecutions. The precedents for their management and effects are found sparingly in our annals; and this, not I suppose because we have been more free than other nations from dangerous opinions—for each generation has had its own peculiar bias of error—but rather because the authorities of our Church, under the leading of its best divines, have ever deemed it wise not to spread the influence of unsound teaching amongst a generous people, by any the remotest semblance of persecution; and have rather sought ever to overcome the danger of heresy by the manifestation of superior learning and acuteness and a truer Christian spirit, than to prop up truth by the terrors of the law. It is not to courts of justice that we are indebted for our having been brought safe through the Arianism of the last or the Romanizing teaching of the present century. A wise son of the Church of England will be very jealous of every sort of prosecution for opinion, unless demanded by some overwhelming and inevitable necessity.’

These sentiments were expressed in reference to the anxiety caused by ‘Essays and Reviews;’ but in his next Charge, delivered in 1866, Bishop Tait expressed a similar view of the course it was desirable to adopt, as long as it was possible, with the Ritualists. ‘It is,’ he said, ‘with inventors of such ceremonies as with teachers of unsound doctrine; certainly the best arguments to use with them are not to threaten penalties and endeavour to overwhelm by force (for in this sense, all Church of England men are Protestants, being jealous, and rightly, of preserving their individual liberty), but to reason, to remonstrate, to appeal to their consciences, and to the love they bear their Church’ (p. 20). He intimated, indeed, that the Bishops ‘would certainly not fail in their further duty where the law is clear, if all kindly remedies are in vain.’ But such was the generous spirit by which he was actuated in reference to both the current controversies of his time. In fact, one of the leading elements in his conception of the Church of England was to render it as comprehensive as possible. He recognized that there must be limits to this comprehensiveness; but of the two risks—that of making them too wide or too narrow, he unhesitatingly preferred the former. The assertion of this principle as characteristic of the Church of England is of constant recurrence in his charges. We have already referred to his decided denunciation of the schools of thought represented by Professor Jowett on one side, and the late Professor Pusey on the other. But in

the same passage in which this denunciation is expressed, he declares at the same time his conviction, that it is better for the Church that both of those distinguished men should continue to find shelter within her pale. Probably, he thought, 'no other Church on earth could have retained them both;' but he did not hesitate to say that, on the whole, it was well we had retained them, trusting that 'the great power they possess to spread among us what I feel to be erroneous doctrines may be counteracted by other influences, and even by the practical lessons of their own lives' (p. 49).

The largeness of his views on this subject were, however, best expounded in his Charge as Primate in 1872. He there discussed what he described (p. 46) as 'the general rule which those who administer the law of the Church of England in such matters seem to have laid down for themselves during the last twenty or twenty-five years, to guide them in their decisions.' He started from the consideration, which was ever predominant in his mind on this question, as on all others connected with the Church, that the Church of England is intended to be a National Church. 'It is a Catholic Church, embracing in its teaching all the great Catholic truths which have been witnessed to since the days of the Apostles. It is also a National Church, including persons of very various minds, according to their various circumstances, and the various education and training which they have received' (p. 47). He pointed out that, at the time of the Reformation, the problem which devolved upon our great Prelates and Statesmen was to construct a system which should embrace, as far as possible, the whole English nation. If a similar problem presents great difficulty now, it must have been still more difficult then, when the traditions of so many centuries were at variance with the truths which had just been proclaimed afresh to the world. 'Those, therefore, who had to conduct that most difficult experiment, were bound to make the limits of their Church as wide as might be, in order, if possible, to embrace the whole English people.' They were therefore justly anxious not to magnify into a matter of primary importance anything on which it was reasonable that freedom of opinion should be allowed. In his view this was no mark of failure or insincerity in the leaders of the Church, but was in full accordance with principles which had come down to them from the time of the Apostles. But if this was the large and tolerant principle on which the Church of England had based its national claims at the Reformation, a liberal administration of the law must certainly be in harmony with its traditional character. Accordingly he proceeded to show how each of the three parties

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in the Church had in turn, of late years, received the benefit of this rule of interpretation. First, by the decision in the Gorham case, the place of the Evangelical party within the Church was assured. Then in the case of 'Essays and Reviews,' a similar liberty was accorded to the Broad Church party. By the precedent of these two examples, the Archbishop then proceeded to vindicate a more recent decision, the importance of which has been forgotten, or purposely kept out of sight, amidst recent discussions. We refer to the decision in the Bennett case. By that decision a precisely similar liberty was accorded to the high Sacramental party to that which had been already granted to the Low Church and the Broad Church parties. The doctrines of Mr. Bennett were not, indeed, declared to be the doctrines of the Church of England, any more than the doctrines of 'Essays and Reviews' or of Mr. Gorham could be regarded as receiving any such sanction. But it was decided that a man might use the language to which Mr. Bennett finally adhered, just as he might use the language of Mr. Gorham or Mr. Wilson, without forfeiting his place in the Church of England, and his right to teach with authority.

Now it is of the first importance that these facts, especially as thus urged by Archbishop Tait in 1872, should be borne in mind in judging of his subsequent conduct, and of the present state of the Ritualistic question. They show that there is not, and has not been for the last ten years, any doubt of the fair toleration of Ritualistic doctrine on the subject of the Sacraments within the Church of England; and moreover, that the late Archbishop was the last man who would have restricted this liberty. The Ritualists are wont to represent themselves as having been treated with less toleration than the other two parties in the Church. But it is indisputable, in view of the facts now stated, that in respect to the cardinal point in the position of each of the three parties—that of their distinctive views of certain doctrines—which is the only one in respect to which they have all come before the Courts of Law, they have been treated with perfect equality. In each case, perhaps, some strain had to be put upon the formularies, and the most favourable interpretation possible had to be placed upon the language inculcated. But the principle of toleration in this respect has been carried out to the full, and as teachers of high sacramental doctrine, the Ritualists have as secure a place in the Church as the Evangelicals. But such being the position of the Ritualists, and such the generous and comprehensive spirit of Archbishop Tait, what was it which provoked the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874, and led him to adopt a course so contrary to his  
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natural disposition? He has himself given the answer in his Charge of 1876. He described (p. 45) how, in the year 1874, the alarm which had prevailed for some time throughout the country on the subject of the Romanizing practices of the Ritualists seemed to have reached a climax. It was apprehended, as he says, that a gradual change was being wrought in our whole theory and practice, and that we were quietly drifting back to the state of things which had existed in the unreformed Church. Whether justified or not, the alarm was felt, and was creating a deep and widespread distrust in the Established Church, as no longer true to the principles of the Reformation. Under the pressure of this distrust, suits which challenged the characteristic ceremonial practices of the Ritualists were at great cost, and after long delay, pushed to a final decision; and it was hoped there would be an end of unauthorized changes. But at this point there arose an entirely new element in the case, and a new phenomenon in the Church of England. The law thus authoritatively declared was defied, the admonitions of the Bishops and the decisions of the Courts of Law were equally set at nought, and it appeared as though no power existed to restrain innovations, however extravagant. 'You cannot be surprised,' said the Archbishop (p. 62), 'that this state of things was felt to be unendurable, and that the authorities of the Church, after long forbearance, and with an earnest desire to treat every one with the utmost amount of tenderness, at last resolved that some process must be found by which, when the law was once decided, the decision should be obeyed. Hence the introduction of the Public Worship Regulation Bill of 1874.'

If these facts are borne in mind, it must, we think, be acknowledged that, whatever other faults may be found with the Public Worship Regulation Act, it was in no sense animated by the purpose, at least so far as the Archbishop was concerned, of diminishing the comprehensiveness of the Church of England. So far as the essential point of doctrine was concerned, the Ritualists, we repeat, were already secure within any reasonable limits. All that was required of them was that they should obey the authoritative interpretation of the law, in points of ceremony confessedly not essential to the validity of the Sacrament, nor necessary to the inculcation of their doctrines. The question raised, in short, for the first time in the history of the Church of England, was between obedience to law in non-essential points, or complete anarchy. The Public Worship Act was not an attempt to alter the existing standards of doctrine or practice, or to narrow existing liberty in any single respect, but simply to render it more practicable to enforce

enforce the law as it existed. The sole object was to render it no longer necessary for every suit to go through the tedious process required under the Church Discipline Act; and to provide a summary procedure in cases where the law had been decided, and the facts were plain. The Ritualists, alone among English Churchmen, claimed to hold their position in the Church while repudiating all constituted authority within it; and the authorities did but accept the challenge with which they were thus defied. The decisive majorities in both Houses of Parliament, by which the measure was supported, at least afford a decisive proof that the Archbishop was not mistaken in his estimate of the alarm and indignation which prevailed, and of the necessity for taking some steps to allay the increasing distrust. The Church was certainly passing through a dangerous crisis, and it was natural that the remedy should be sought, not in altering the law, but in reinforcing its authority.

The motives, therefore, of the Archbishop in promoting this memorable measure are unimpeachable, and are as far as possible removed from the narrow prejudices with which the Ritualists reproached him. Nevertheless, it must, we fear, be admitted that, as a matter of policy, the Bill was an error. In the first place, there can be no question that it has proved practically ineffectual for the main object on which the Archbishop dwelt in his Charge of 1876. As he himself admitted in 1880, the hope has been disappointed, that a ready and inexpensive method of applying the law of the Church, when once determined, had been secured. 'Experience,' he said (p. 22), 'has proved that no precautions can prevent an undue expenditure both of time and money, when excited partisans are determined to call to their aid the first lawyers of the day, and contest every inch of ground.' He expressed, indeed, the opinion that the Act had practically had the effect of discouraging incessant and unauthorized innovations; but, even if this be the case, we have evidence every day that it has not repressed the very disobedience against which it was directed. This comparative failure is, no doubt, due in great measure to the perverse and gratuitous disregard of ancient ecclesiastical forms which was shown in putting it into operation, and in some measure, we venture to think, from the hesitation with which it has been applied. But apart from all secondary errors, the Act had one essential fault as a measure of policy. It raised a new issue; and thus gave the Ritualists a new opportunity, and a more plausible ground, for maintaining their disobedience. However they might be technically refuted, they were enabled to plead, with sufficient force for popular purposes, that a new Court had  
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been created with the intention of crushing them, and that they were required to obey a new authority to which they had not engaged their allegiance. While, moreover, the Act thus gave them a new basis for resistance, it in no way met the inherent difficulty of the case, which was their repudiation, not of one law or one Court, but of the ultimate jurisdiction on which the whole established law of the Church rests. As they were driven from point to point, they at length avowedly repudiated the authority of the Court of Appeal itself. This was the claim which it was ultimately necessary to meet, as it remains the one claim which it is necessary to encounter now. A wiser course, it may now be admitted, would have been to find some other means of allaying the anxiety and indignation prevalent in 1874, to have made, perhaps, a personal appeal to the Church at large for confidence and patience, and then to have relied on the steady, if slow, pressure of the existing law to enforce obedience within reasonable limits.

The course which the Archbishop adopted on his deathbed, with respect to Mr. Mackonochie, has been not unreasonably understood as indicating that he was himself inclined to view the matter in this light, and that with his characteristic straightforwardness, he was ready to acknowledge and repair his mistake. The interpretation, indeed, which has been placed upon his action by the advocates of the Ritualists is a bad return for his generosity, and if it were generally accepted would be more likely than anything else to defeat its object. It has been interpreted as a complete surrender to the Ritualists of all for which they have been contending. No such construction can, with any reasonableness, be placed upon it. As the Archbishop himself expressly stated, it was dictated by an anxiety 'that the result of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts should, by the blessing of Almighty God, be such as to allay disquiet, and, by meeting any reasonable objections to existing procedure, to set men's minds free for the pressing duties which devolve upon the Church in the face of prevailing sin and unbelief.' In other words, as he has been more justly interpreted by others, he desired a truce until the whole question of ecclesiastical procedure could be reconsidered, and perhaps the questions of law re-argued which had been decided by the old Courts. But it must not be forgotten, and we earnestly trust the new Primate will not fail to bear in mind, that there are other persons and parties to be considered in this matter besides the Ritualists. Neither the Evangelical party, nor the strong Protestant feeling which exists among a large proportion of the laity of all parties, can either with justice or safety be disregarded ;  
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and a compromise is the utmost that can reasonably be expected of them on this subject. There are, as it seems to us, points on which such a compromise might be possible. If, for instance, the rubrics of the Church were now for the first time being drawn up, the practice of mixing water with the sacramental wine could not reasonably be prohibited. From the earliest account preserved to us of the administration of the Sacraments in the Early Church—that of St. Justin Martyr—we know that this custom prevailed at the middle of the second century. No one contends that either the use or the omission of the water is essential to the validity of the Sacrament; and in matters in themselves indifferent, customs ought, as far as possible, to be allowed, which are sanctioned by such early authority. It is more doubtful whether, as has been often suggested, some distinction could be drawn between town and country parishes, on the ground that a degree of liberty might, without injustice to the parishioners, be allowed in the former which would be unreasonable in the latter. It is, indeed, true that in London scarcely any parishioner is under the necessity of attending his parish Church from a lack of other accessible places of worship. He can find, without much difficulty, ministrations congenial to him, whatever may be his predilections. In the country, on the other hand, it is a great hardship that a congregation, with strong predilections in either direction, should be liable at any moment to have a service forced on them which directly affronts their feelings. To meet the ordinary necessities of the Church, it would be desirable that a moderate degree of ritual should be established which should be practically uniform, and it is difficult to see how exceptions from such a ritual could be legally provided for.

There will remain, moreover, when all is said and done, the difficulty on which the Ritualists have so passionately insisted, as to the authority of the so-called State Courts. The unfortunate legislation of the Public Worship Act may be modified; but nothing can alter the fact, that in the last resort a State Court of some kind or other, whether the Queen in Council or the Queen in Chancery, must be supreme. If the Church of England were disestablished, this difficulty would still remain; and no device can evade it. All that can be hoped is that by some modification of the forms of procedure, such as the Archbishop seems to have had in view, and by due guarantees for the authorities of the Church being consulted, the Ritualists, or most of them, may be induced to recognize that they suffer no practical injustice in this respect. But it would be a grievous mistake, far more serious than any yet committed, if it were to be understood that by some means or other the pretensions  
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of the Ritualists were to be unreservedly admitted. The new Archbishop will perhaps be able to appeal to them, on one ground, with more force than the late Primate succeeded in exerting. Some members of the High Church school had a feeling about Archbishop Tait which recalls Addison's humorous account of the Tory foxhunter's appreciation of the sound churchmanship of the neighbouring shire. 'For,' said he, 'there is scarce a Presbyterian in the whole county, except the Bishop.' The orthodoxy of Bishop Benson's churchmanship is unquestioned; and perhaps he may succeed in asking the Ritualists to consider whether they can reasonably force on the Church of England, at the risk of schism, ceremonies and vestments which no Churchman since the Reformation, however high his doctrines, has ever used or attempted to use. One would think that the ceremonies which satisfied Laud, Andrews, and Cosin, might be sufficient, even for Mr. Mackonochie; and it is possible that this view of the case may have especial weight, when urged by a Primate of Bishop Benson's antecedents. For our part, it is in the name of the old High Church party that we have ever opposed the Ritualists. It is for the sake of the distinctive principles for which that party was, and is, jealous, that we protested recently against the course taken by Dr. Pusey in the latter part of his life; and for the same reason, while willing, for the sake of peace, to see some compromise effected, we feel bound to repel the ungenerous advantage which has been taken of the late Archbishop's touching anxiety to leave behind him a truce in the present contentions. The matter will need the utmost care and consideration for all parties, if it is to be satisfactorily adjusted; and an attempt on the part of the Ritualists to boast of a triumph over those who, in the exercise of their full rights, have conscientiously resisted them, would be the most likely of all means to exasperate the quarrel afresh.

But these controversies and contests, loud and distracting as they were, occupied, after all, but a very subordinate place in the large sphere of Archbishop Tait's Primacy. It was not his fault, but that of the perversity and self-will of the Ritualists, that his attention was in any degree diverted from worthier objects; and the manner in which they have wasted the energies of men like Archbishop Tait during the last twenty years, for the sake of asserting their private fancies in points of wholly secondary importance, will leave on them a stamp of lasting discredit in the history of the Church of England. There is no more striking evidence of the largeness and elevation of his mind, than the way in which he always rose above these passing controversies, and kept his eye fixed on the essential

tial work of the Church, and on its supreme mission. It was the grandeur and comprehensiveness of the view he took of this mission, which constituted his characteristic greatness as a Primate, and commanded the trust and homage alike of the Church at large and of the Nation. The idea which was ever prominent in his mind was the national character of the Church and its national duties. In employing this language, he indulged none of the vague dreams by which some Broad Churchmen are misled, of a practical identification of the State and the Church; and the charge of Erastian tendencies which some High Churchmen have not been ashamed to bring against him, even since his death, is totally unfounded. In his Charges he expressed in the clearest manner his conception of the Church as an independent institution, deriving its vitality from its Divine Head, and in no way dependent on the nation either in respect of its essential functions or of its permanent existence. That it is established is but an accident of its position—a most beneficent accident, but still an accident and in no way essential to its life. Thus in his Charge of 1862 he said (p. 33), ‘Our commission as a Church comes direct from Christ’s delegation, and we trust to His promise for a never-ending stability. As an established Church, on the other hand, we may be overthrown, and our security must greatly depend on our being thus rooted in the heart of the nation in which God’s providence has established us, and bound up with what the nation acknowledges to be its best interests.’ There was always, even in the days when it was propounded, something artificial and unreal in Hooker’s theory of the Church and the nation being the same community in different aspects; and it is in the present day flagrantly inconsistent with facts. It was Archbishop Tait’s merit to look facts in the face; and he fully realized that the Church of England was an institution within the nation, distinct from it, though most intimately bound up with it, and charged with a great mission to it. The plain question, therefore, on which its existence as an establishment depended, was whether the privileges and opportunities which it enjoys in that capacity are for the good of the nation as a whole. As an established Church, he recognized that it stood in precisely the same position as every other institution, and could only be maintained so long as the people at large were sensible of the value of a Church invested with such duties and opportunities. This view of the position of the Church is most clearly stated in that part of his Charge of 1862, from which we have already quoted. He there says (p. 32):—

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'No doubt it is a peculiar difficulty of this century, not perhaps in our country alone, that an established Church has never before been maintained in the midst of an unbounded toleration of all communities that differ from it, with most perfect religious as well as civil liberty. I should feel alarmed as to the stability of our established system, if I did not believe that we are, and are likely to continue, a truly national Church, commanding the affections of the nation, and representing on the whole the nation's Faith. The days when a dominant Church amongst us could look for the support of any extraneous helps derived from some lingering remnants of the spirit of persecution, are happily for ever gone. We stand on the merits of the system we administer—on its being interwoven with the noblest associations of our national history—on its giving strength to the constitution of our Christian land—on its being felt to be promotive of sound learning, good education, well-regulated piety, pure morality, and thus advancing the best interests of the people whom, for Christ's sake, we serve in the maintenance of His truth.'

'We stand on the merits of the system we administer.' Those words might well be taken as a pregnant summary of the spirit of Archbishop Tait's whole Episcopacy, and especially of his Primacy. He was deeply convinced of the greatness of those merits, and he ever insisted on them with a generous pride. In his first Charge as Archbishop, in 1872, he reviewed the present position of the Church of England, and vindicated in various aspects its capacity for meeting the needs and difficulties of the day. He discussed the opportunities it afforded for the co-operation of the laity in its work; the value of its great cathedrals, and of the institutions connected with them; its capacity for missionary work to the masses of our own people, and its power of forming a link of union with the rest of Christendom. He exposed the fallacy of the notion that it is held in any servitude by the character of its judicature, and he showed with striking force the evidence it had afforded of its capacity to alter its system to meet the new wants of the time. Within his own episcopate, the use of the so-called State services had been discontinued; a very material relaxation had been made in the terms of clerical subscription, giving to the clergy in this respect a reasonable liberty, with which, as he said, it may be doubted whether other communities have been so formally invested; the Table of Lessons for use in public worship had been entirely remodelled; and a very important amendment had been applied to the Act of Uniformity in respect of the public services in our Churches. A shortened form of daily service had been authorized; permission had been given to divide the services on Sundays; special services had been

been sanctioned for special occasions, and Sermons were allowed to be preached in churches without the accompaniment of the ordinary Prayers. He urged that the Church had thus been proved to possess the power of adapting itself to any necessities of our day and generation; that it allowed a greater liberty of opinion, within the limits of essential truth, than any other rival Communion; and that, with all these advantages, it was entrusted with unbounded opportunities for carrying its message into every corner of the nation, and thus, by promoting the cause of Christ, rendering the most essential services to the country at large. In a brief introduction to an interesting work recently published on 'Lambeth Palace and its Associations,' by the Rev. J. Cave-Browne, the Archbishop gave a picturesque illustration from Lambeth Palace itself of this view of the capacities of the Church and of the office he held:—

'Even if we confine our thoughts to the time—now nearly seven centuries—during which the Archbishops have lived in Lambeth, we find ourselves connected by the associations which cluster round these walls, with each step in the onward progress of our Church and people towards fuller light and higher liberty. We can find memorials here of the successful efforts made to secure freedom from the thralldom of Rome, which marked the reigns of the later Plantagenets, and of the Lancastrian and Yorkist Sovereigns. We can trace the mode in which Christian influence was maintained throughout the land in spite of marauding barons and rapacious kings. We can see how the professed followers of Christ bore themselves amid the struggles preceding that great upheaval of society in which the hitherto non-privileged classes asserted their rights as Englishmen. We learn how the Church of England, notwithstanding the grave faults of many of its rulers, adapted itself—under the good hand of God—in all these troublous times, and in the changing days which followed them, to the real wants of the English people. The admonitions of places are, to the student of history, as powerful as the admonitions of books. Men's hearts may well be stirred, and their loyalty to the National Church confirmed, as they trace the many memorials in the architecture, pictures, and ornaments of Lambeth, which bring them face to face with the past, and so arouse their high hopes for the future.

'This power of adaptation to the ever-varying circumstances of the nation's life, which has secured the Church's influence through so many centuries, is not likely to forsake us now. We may see a frequent example of it in the use to which these buildings are put to-day. Juxon's Great Hall and the adjoining "Guard-room," built for a very different purpose, afford abundant space and opportunity for those larger gatherings of clergy and laity, by which men seek to further the work of Christ in these somewhat democratic times. Two great Conferences of Bishops from every quarter of the world

world have met at Lambeth, as a national centre, within the last few years. Missionary and charitable agencies of every kind now find here their annual meeting-place; and it may well be doubted whether, in their long history, these old halls have ever been filled with men more zealous to uphold the Church of their fathers, or more active to promote the advancement of Christ's kingdom upon earth. May God, who has helped us hitherto, give wisdom to their counsels and vigour to their work! *Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.*—Page xxvii.

Such was his conception of a National Church—a Church with National duties, National opportunities, and therefore National privileges. 'A National Church?' he exclaimed, in his Charge of 1876 (p. 102), 'what does the phrase mean? Wherever the State, feeling its Christian responsibilities, provides that in any way the ministrations of religion shall be secured to all its people, there is a National Church.' The Church, therefore, in his view, would hold its ground so long as the clergy realized and fulfilled the wide commission thus entrusted to them, and made themselves felt as the servants, for Christ's sake, of every class, every interest, and, at least in point of willingness, of members of every communion in the country. He indulged the hope, that as these characteristics of the Church were better appreciated, the Nonconformists would some day be able to reconsider their relations to it; and while anxious to cultivate communion with foreign Episcopal Churches, he more than once expressed a strong feeling that our more urgent and more practical duty was to endeavour to promote union among Christians at home. His conviction of the position of the Church in these respects found a brief and earnest expression at the conclusion of his first Charge as Primate in 1872. 'My friends,' he said:—

'I do believe that with the clearest and most unhesitating maintenance of the great Gospel truths, with the clearest protest against errors which are dangerous to the soul, on one side and on the other, the Church of England still stretches wide its arms and desires to bring souls to God, and is antagonistic to no Church or individual, so far as that Church or individual is faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ.'

This is a noble and generous conception alike of the work and of the claims of the Church, and it appealed to the heart and the best instincts of the nation. The sense that the Primate was thus exerting the influence of his great office, not to maintain the exclusive privileges of the Establishment and his order for their own sake, but to make them the most valuable and beneficent of National Institutions, at once raised the whole

whole controversy respecting the relations of the Church and the State to a higher level, and tended to make men ashamed of mere sectarian polemics. Connected with this largeness of view was the spirit of generous confidence in which the Archbishop ever strove, on all important questions, to do justice to the feelings and opinions of the Laity. One of the High Church journals, in reviewing his career, described him, with some disparagement, as the Archbishop of the Laity. Such a phrase was a confession, all the more melancholy, because unconscious, that it was possible for the Clergy to entertain interests which could be separated from those of the Laity, and that there are persons who would have preferred an Archbishop of the Clergy. It was the late Primate's honourable characteristic to be Archbishop of the Church at large, of Laity and Clergy alike; and by virtue of this character he commanded a confidence which he could have won in no other capacity. The paramount necessity of co-operation and friendly understanding between Clergy and Laity is another point on which he takes especial pains to insist in his Charges. Happily we are able to point to a signal guarantee that in this important respect he is likely to be heartily followed by his successor. Bishop Benson contributed a most learned and instructive article on St. Cyprian to the 'Dictionary of Christian Biography during the first eight centuries,' of which we are glad to see that the third volume is just issued. In the course of this article, which shows how deeply he has studied the example of that great Bishop, he makes some striking remarks on an important part of St. Cyprian's career. It will be remembered that St. Cyprian, notwithstanding the general excellence of his administration, led his church into error on the subject of the validity of Baptism by schismatics or excommunicated heretics. 'The visible Church,' says Bishop Benson, 'according to him, included the worst moral sinner in expectation of his penitence; it excluded the most virtuous and orthodox baptized Christian who had not been baptized by a Catholic minister.' In this strange error St. Cyprian had the entire support of the Episcopal Synods of his province; and Bishop Benson makes the following striking remarks on the cause of this error and its remedy:—

'The unanimity of such early councils and their erroneousness are a remarkable monition. Not packed, not pressed; the question broad; no attack on an individual; only a principle sought; the assembly representative; each bishop the elect of his flock; and all "men of the world," often Christianized, generally ordained, late in life; converted against their interests by conviction formed in an age of freest discussion; their chief one in whom were rarely blended intellectual  
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and political ability, with holiness, sweetness, and self-discipline. The conclusion reached by such an assembly uncharitable, unscriptural, uncatholic, and unanimous.

'The consolation as strange as the disappointment. The mischief silently and perfectly healed by the simple working of the Christian Society. Life corrected the error of thought. . . . The disappearance of the Cyprianic decisions has its hope for us when we look on bonds seemingly inextricable, and steps as yet irretrievable.

'It may be noted, as affording some clue to the one-sided decisions, that the laity were silent, though Cyprian seemed pledged to some consultation with them. It must have been among them that there were in existence and at work those very principles which so soon not only rose to the surface, but overpowered the voices of her bishops for the general good.'—Vol. i. p. 573.

We forbear to make any comment on this striking passage. Observations more pregnant with instruction in reference to the present controversies in the Church, and more full of hope for the spirit in which the new Primate is likely to deal with them, could not well have been made; and we rejoice to observe that, in his farewell address to the diocese of Truro, he has already given a pledge that he will continue to be animated by the same spirit. After thanking the Clergy in words which prove by their warmth and vividness the earnestness of the work in which he has been united with them, he addresses the Laity 'in terms of deepest respect and gratitude,' expressing the belief that by their co-operation in the various works of Christian charity, 'the laity of our day have opened a fresh era in the Church.' Not less reassuring is the generosity he displays in acknowledging 'with love and gratitude that activity for Christ's sake, that openhandedness, that kindness towards all good works, that favour at beholding growing activities in the Church, which have been shown by the Wesleyans and by very many others, who nevertheless have and use energetically organizations of their own.' An address more fitted to bespeak the confidence of all classes in the nation—Clergy, Laity, and Nonconformists alike, could hardly have been penned.

But our sketch, incomplete as it must be, of the spirit which rendered Archbishop Tait's Episcopacy and Primacy so memorable and beneficent would be essentially imperfect, if we did not conclude by referring to the deep spiritual convictions which animated his ministry, and which were the spring of all his other energies. If he gloried in the privileges and opportunities of the Church of England, if he vindicated on all occasions her capacity for acting as the great civilizing agency of the nation, it was because of his profound sense of the vivifying power of the great realities proclaimed by the Gospel, and his intense  
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personal appreciation of the central truths of our faith. No man was more penetrated with the conviction that the Gospel is 'the power of God unto salvation,' spiritual and moral, individual and social. He was never wearied of insisting on the supreme efficacy and importance of elementary Gospel truths, and of the utter insignificance, in comparison with them, of the controversies by which the Church was distracted. It is not a little striking and touching to notice how this principle permeated his whole life, and was, as it were, the bond which united all parts of it in complete unity. Thus the spirit of his work as Dean, as Bishop, and as Primate, was clearly embodied in the following passage at the conclusion of one of his farewell sermons at Rugby School (p. 319; edition of 1850):—

'The last twenty years have been for our Church a time of many controversies. Men have been contending very earnestly, each for his own peculiar view of scriptural truth: matters of very little importance have, not unnaturally, on all sides, been magnified into articles of Christian faith: and the Church has been divided into very keenly contending parties. I do not say that this has been simply an evil; it has been a necessary consequence of that outpouring of religious earnestness, for which we have to bless God's Spirit. But no one, I suppose, will doubt that it has been attended with great evils. Such controversies have even at times invaded our places of education; sometimes the noisy disputes, which ought for ever to be excluded from the hearing of the young, have been injudiciously pressed in schools; more frequently schools have become narrow seminaries for one or other of the Church's contending parties. Here, now, for twenty years, it has been endeavoured to bring up the young as Christians, without binding them to party; to make them love the Church of England, because in its forms and discipline is to be found the best mixture of pure scriptural truth, with comprehensive charity. And this work has not been without its fruit; men are becoming convinced in the world that there is a Christianity far wider and, as more loving, so more holy, than any which the spirit of party knows. They are becoming convinced that the Church of England best fulfils its mission in this great country, by that temperate upholding of the great Gospel doctrines in their simplicity, which draws a marked line between them and all human systems, however ancient or however valuable. It is only in this its wise comprehensiveness, that, in the days which are coming, the Church of England can hope to maintain its influence as the Church of a great and enlightened nation, and be very extensively blessed of God. I would have each young man who hears me to ponder well on this truth, which it has been the constant object of the instruction of this place, for many years practically to impress upon him. In the university—in the world—whether as a directly commissioned minister of Christ's Gospel, or ministering in some worldly calling—let him labour not to approve himself as of this or that theological school, but as a Christian; let him not waste his

Vol. 155.—No. 309. D religious

religious power and energies on matters which have to do at the best only with the outward shell, or case of Christianity: but let him cling himself, and press on others, the pure and simple word of Christ, which is the essence of the Gospel. Parties in religion will all have disappeared when Christ comes: and those are His best disciples now who are occupied most with the great simple truths which shall last through eternity. The theoretical religious teaching of this school will have fulfilled its work, if it shall have trained a band to minister in the various ecclesiastical or secular offices of Christ's Church, as many, thank God, have been trained already and are now ministering, who are at once earnest in their belief and maintenance of Christ's real truth, and yet full of forbearing charity.'

To these convictions, and to this sense that he was worthily carrying into effect the spirit of Arnold's life, he recurred, as will be remembered, in his last words in '*Macmillan's Magazine*.' There may always be some who will doubt whether he duly appreciated the importance of the Apostolic organization which the Church of England inherits, or the extent to which her just claims on the nation are founded upon it; and, like most men, he probably appreciated one side of truth more clearly than another. But there can be no question that in his description of what he deemed his leader's system he depicted a view of the work and teaching of the Church which appealed with unusual force to the convictions of his countrymen at large. To quote from that paper:—

'Men rejoiced to welcome a manly, straightforward, expansive, Christian system, which, holding as for dear life to the Divinity of Christ, and deeply imbued with the spirit of St. John's Gospel, had a marvellously attractive power. It troubled them not with the dry bones of departed controversies, but ever asked them with the voice of a trumpet, What are your own personal relations to the Father, and the Saviour, and the Holy Spirit? It pointed out to them how the Christian religion was no matter of forms and compromises, how it breathed the Saviour's love into the soul, and ever inculcated the following of His example; how it looked far beyond the individual, and the section of the Church to which the individual belonged, to the Commonwealth as part of God's workmanship, into whatever political form it might be moulded. He could not conceive of a State, doing perfectly its duty as a State, without the moving principle of religion. He spurned all theories of separating education from religion, or statecraft from that refining leaven which alone can enable a statesman to seek for his countrymen the highest objects of their existence.'

We believe the homage Archbishop Tait commanded was mainly due to the conviction he produced on his countrymen that these were the great objects on which his heart was set. They saw in him a man who was sensible, above all things, of the  
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momentous mission with which he and his Church were entrusted to their hearts and consciences, and who subordinated all personal, sectarian, and controversial considerations to these great ends. In this assurance they gave him hearty confidence and support in his work, and rendered him unstinted gratitude. We are passing, as he said, into a new period of the Church's life, and its rulers will have to adapt themselves to its peculiar emergencies. It may be given to the new Primate to bring into prominence some other aspect or element in the old truths; and our compensation for the loss of great men consists in the manner in which new minds bring out fresh sides of truth, and fresh possibilities in old institutions. But we cannot wish anything better for the Church of England than that her Primates may always appreciate the great principles which animated the life of Archbishop Tait, and that, in substance, they may make those principles their paramount rule in the discharge of the momentous duties of their office.

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ART. II.—*Progress and Poverty; an inquiry into the cause of Industrial Depression, and the increase of Want with increase of Wealth. The Remedy.* By Henry George. London, 1882.

THERE has been a strong disposition among certain English critics to regard Mr. George as though he were nothing more than a charlatan, and to think, upon that ground, that a passing sneer will dispose of him. In both these views we consider them wholly wrong; but even were the first of them never so well founded, we should fail to see in it the least support for the second. Were Mr. George's subject mathematics or Biblical prophecy, then no doubt the case would be widely different. An ingenious writer, not many years ago, maintained that the earth was shaped like a Bath bun; and another, that Mr. Gladstone was the real beast of the Revelation; but had Dr. Tyndall lectured against the first theory in Albemarle Street, or had Canon Farrar denounced the second at Westminster, we should have thought the distinguished critics about as wise as the men they criticized. We do not find a 'Janus' crossing swords with the Jumpers, nor the Astronomer Royal refuting Zadkiel's Almanac. But though the Zadkiels and the Jumpers of abstract science and theology are for ever safe from any serious notice, and reach their highest honour when we sometimes condescend to smile at them, the moment they enter the domain of politics they become amenable to a new kind of tribunal.

Our meaning is not recondite. False theories, when they bear directly upon action, do not claim our attention in proportion to the talent they are supported by, but in proportion to the extent to which action is likely to be influenced by them; and since action in modern politics so largely depends on the people, the wildest errors are grave, if they are only sufficiently popular. How they strike the wise is a matter of small moment; the great question is, how they will strike the ignorant; and the modern politician, who disdains to discuss a doctrine merely because none but the very ignorant could be duped by it, acts much like a man who lets himself be knocked down by a burglar, because his honour will not permit him to fight any one but a gentleman. Thus it is easy to call Mr. George's proposals ridiculous, and to say that his fallacies have been again and again refuted; but nothing is gained by these facile and futile sarcasms. For practical purposes no proposals are ridiculous unless they are ridiculous to the mass of those who may act upon them; in any question in which the people are powerful, no fallacy is refuted if the people still believe in it; and were Mr. George's book even a lower class of production than it has ever been said to be by its most supercilious critics, we should not, for that reason, in the present condition of things, esteem it one jot less worthy of a full and candid analysis.

Let those who disagree with us consider the following facts. 'Progress and Poverty,' whatever its merits or its demerits, is remarkable first and foremost as containing one special proposal. This is a proposal, urged with the utmost plainness, for the wholesale and indiscriminate plunder of all landed proprietors. We say *plunder*, and we use the word advisedly; that, and that alone, will express Mr. George's meaning. Other writers have again and again suggested that it would be well if the class in question could be bought out by the State; but Mr. George's point is, that there shall be no buying in the matter. Let us not buy them out; let us simply use force and turn them out. 'That,' he says, 'is a much more direct and easy way; nor is it right,' he adds, 'that there should be any concern about them.' Now without pausing at present to comment on this teaching, let us ask simply what success it has met with. 'Progress and Poverty' has been published but for three years—for three years in America, and in England only one. In America its sale was so large and rapid, that it had already gone through a hundred editions there, before it was known by so much as its name here; and here, though its circulation has been most probably smaller, its reception in some ways has been even more significant. In America the author, so far as  
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we have been able to learn, has failed hitherto to make any practical converts. He has been more fortunate on this side of the Atlantic. One of the chiefs of the Irish Land League has become his enthusiastic disciple; and what was yesterday the mere aspiration of the thinker will probably to-morrow be the actual demand of the agitator. Nor is this all, or nearly all. Mr. George's London publishers have lately re-issued his book in an ultra-popular form. It is at this moment selling by thousands in the alleys and back streets of England, and is being audibly welcomed there as a glorious gospel of justice. If we may credit a leading Radical journal, it is fast forming a new public opinion. The opinion we here allude to is no doubt that of the half-educated; but this makes the matter in some ways more serious. No classes are so dangerous, at once to themselves and to others, as those which have learnt to reason, but not to reason rightly. They are able to recognize the full importance of argument, but not to distinguish a false argument from a true one. Thus any theory that serves to flatter their passions will, if only put plausibly, find their minds at its mercy. They will fall victims to it, as though to an intellectual pestilence. Mr. George's book is full of this kind of contagion. A ploughman might snore, or a country gentleman smile over it, but it is well calculated to turn the head of an artizan.

This alone would suffice to give it a grave importance; but half of the story yet remains to be told. It is not the poor, it is not the seditious only, who have been thus affected by Mr. George's doctrines. They have received a welcome, which is even more singular, amongst certain sections of the really instructed classes. They have been gravely listened to by a conclave of English clergymen. Scotch ministers and Nonconformist professors have done more than listen—they have received them with marked approval; they have even held meetings, and given lectures to disseminate them. Finally, certain trained economic thinkers, or men who pass for such in at least one of our Universities, are reported to have said that they see no means of refuting them, and that they probably mark the beginning of a new political epoch.

It is easy to think too much of the importance of facts like these; it is equally easy to think far too little of them. It is to this latter extreme, we fear, that the Conservative party inclines; we have therefore no hesitation in putting our case strongly. We say once more, and with even greater emphasis, that were Mr. George's arguments intrinsically never so worthless, were his knowledge never so slight, his character never so contemptible,

temptible, his book has acquired an importance, from the special success it has met with, which would make it our duty to examine its wildest falsehoods with the same attention we should give to the gravest truths.

We have other reasons, however, for taking Mr. George seriously. Our arguments thus far have supposed him to be a charlatan pure and simple; but we have supposed that for argument's sake only. Our own judgment of him is something widely different. It is true, as we purpose presently to show in detail, that in all his main positions he is as false to fact as the most crack-brained astrologer, and as hostile to society in his proposals as the most malignant criminal; but in spite of this, he himself is neither criminal nor crack-brained. In tone and in moral method he betrays many faults and weaknesses. His self-conceit is inordinate, his temper is often petulant, his finer feelings are so tainted by self-consciousness, that he can rarely express them without striking an attitude; and his practical programme, as we have seen, is monstrous. None the less we believe that, in spite of all these defects, the intention he has started with is thoroughly pure and honest; and that, however his character may change for the worse hereafter, he is at present an unselfish philanthropist. He is the friend of the poor, he is not the enemy of the rich. He seeks to save, not to ruin civilization; and he almost equals a Czar or an English Tory in his hatred and horror of our modern proletarian anarchists. Morally, therefore, he fully deserves a hearing; and our condemnation of his doctrines, though it will certainly not be softened, will at least be accompanied by a certain respect for himself. What we have said of his character applies with equal force to his intellect. Grave as his errors are, they are the errors of a vigorous thinker; and he falls into delusions which most men would escape from, from perceiving arguments that most men would be blind to. It is indeed no exaggeration to say, that he uses more logical strength in floundering in the quicksands of falsehood, than has sufficed to carry others far up the rocks of truth. Should any reader, out of prejudice, be inclined to question this, let him turn aside from Mr. George's main thesis, to the remarks he makes by the way, and to his handling of subsidiary subjects. We shall there find not only casual sentences which have all the terseness, and more than the truth, of Hobbes; we shall find chapters also in which certain of the most cherished delusions of Radicalism are submitted to a keener and far more merciless criticism than they have ever met with since they began their wretched existence. Mr. George's power will thus be at once apparent.

In

In the strength with which he attacks one order of falsehoods, we shall learn the strength with which he supports another ; and if the delusions to which he is himself a victim are greater and more dangerous than those over which he triumphs, this will only form the weightiest reason possible why we ourselves should try to dispel the former. The difficulty of the task is, we think, not equal to its importance. It has required greater skill on Mr. George's part to see his way into his errors, than it will require on ours to see the way out of them.

If this be the case, however, it is but fair to Mr. George to acknowledge that, in some measure, we have his own talent to thank for it. His book is a model of logical and lucid arrangement. He shows us exactly what he wants to prove, and the exact steps by which he means to prove it. The track of his thought is thus so distinctly marked, that we can at once see where he stumbles or goes astray, or where he jumps instead of bridging a chasm. Half the ease we find in proving his meaning false is due to the clearness with which he shows what his meaning is.

The great problem which he attempts to solve is as follows. He starts with reminding us that the present century has been, so far as material progress goes, the most astonishing period in all human history. Wealth has increased beyond the dreams of the alchemists. Science and industry have performed greater miracles than any foreseen by Bacon in his visions of the New Atlantis. Nor do the wonders show any signs of ceasing. Scarcely a week passes without some new achievement—some new invention which will minister to our comfort, or help us to escape from some immemorial evil. But there is an evil which, amidst all this progress, nothing touches, nothing seems to alleviate. On the contrary, it is growing daily greater ; and, having long been a disgrace, it will soon be a menace, to our civilization. That evil is the poverty of the industrial classes. It is true that, in some sense, the poor have been always with us ; but never before were their numbers or their misery so great and so portentous as they are, or are fast becoming. 'Material progress,' says Mr. George, 'does not merely fail to relieve poverty ; it actually produces it : ' and it can be seen to do so, he adds, under such varieties of local circumstance, that the fact in question is plainly no mere accident, but is bound up in some way with material progress itself. Here, he exclaims (we are quoting his own words), 'is the great enigma of our times. It is the central fact from which spring the industrial, social, and political difficulties that perplex the world, and with which statesmanship and philanthropy

thropy and education grapple in vain. From it come the clouds that overhang the future of the most self-reliant nations. It is the riddle which the Sphinx of Fate puts to our civilization, and which not to answer is to be destroyed.' Mr. George in his present volume undertakes to answer it. He engages to show us, not only why poverty is connected with progress, but further, that the connection is not in any way necessary; that the evil is artificial, not natural; and that it is in our power almost at once to cure it.

That men hitherto have failed to understand this is due, he says, to the following simple fact. Almost as soon as the riddle he speaks of began to be widely asked, some of the acutest of modern thinkers supplied the world with an answer to it; that answer has hitherto been all but universally accepted; and in certain essential points that answer is wrong. We have missed the truth, because we have rested content with falsehoods. These falsehoods are no vague things. They are two well-defined doctrines, which at present form the basis of all Political Economy. They are, the current theory of wages, and the current theory of population. Now in these theories, were they only true, we should no doubt find exactly what we are looking for—a full and sufficient explanation of poverty keeping pace with progress. Unfortunately, however, we should find more than that. We should find not only what was the cause of the evil; we should find also that there was no possible cure for it. We should have to regard it as something ordained by Nature; and, however the benevolent might still continue to deplore it, none but the ignorant would see any hope in attacking it. Such a conclusion Mr. George pronounces to be horrible. It is wholly repugnant, he says, to our inherent sense of the fitness of things; and it ought of itself to be enough to condemn the theories that support it. But what ought to be is not always what is. The impious theories—for so Mr. George describes them—still hold their own. They still lead the world to impute to God or Nature, what is really the result of our own social injustice. The first step therefore is, fully to expose their falsehood. Before the reader can be shown the cure for poverty, he must be shown that it has never been really proved to be incurable.

Mr. George begins accordingly with the current theory of wages. This theory, to quote his own account of it, is 'that wages are fixed by the ratio between the number of labourers and the amount of capital devoted to the employment of labour, and that they constantly tend to the lowest amount on which labourers will consent to live and reproduce, because the increase in the  
number

number of labourers tends naturally to follow and overtake any increase in capital.' This theory, Mr. George maintains, is not only not the truth, but is the direct reverse of the truth; and no true conception of the social problem is possible till we have once for all put another in the place of it. His own counter-theory is as follows. 'Wages,' he says, 'instead of being drawn from capital, are drawn from the produce of the labour for which they are paid.' This, he tells us, is the great primary truth, which we must learn to substitute for the hitherto current falsehood; and the moment we have done so, a new light will break on us. 'For if each labourer,' he argues, 'in performing the labour, really creates the fund from which his wages are drawn, these wages cannot be diminished by the increase of labourers; but on the contrary, as the efficiency of labour manifestly increases with the number of labourers, the more labourers, other things being equal, the higher should wages be.'

This, however, says Mr. George, is only half the matter. It will avail us little to have demolished the current theory of wages, unless we demolish also the current theory of population. It will be observed, he says, that in the inference just quoted he has been obliged to make a proviso, '*other things being equal.*' He supposes, that is to say, that the productive powers of Nature do *not* tend to diminish 'with the increasing drafts made upon them by increasing population.' But that is the very thing which at present the economists suppose they do; and he is thus led to the second point, in which he declares the economists to be wrong.

'The current doctrine,' he says, 'as to the derivation and law of wages, finds its strongest support in a doctrine as generally accepted—the doctrine to which Malthus has given his name—that population naturally tends to increase faster than subsistence: . . . so that doubling the application of labour does not double the produce.'

To put the case more plainly, he quotes Mill's well-known statement of it:

'A greater number of people cannot, in any given state of civilization, be collectively so well provided for as in a smaller. The niggardliness of nature, not the injustice of society, is the cause of the penalty attached to over-population. An unjust distribution of wealth does not aggravate the evil, but, at most, causes it to be somewhat earlier felt. It is in vain to say that all mouths which the increase of mankind brings into existence bring with them hands. The new mouths require as much food as the old ones, and the hands do not produce as much.'

'All this,' says Mr. George, 'I deny. I assert that the very reverse of

of these propositions is true. I assert that in any given state of civilization a greater number of people can collectively be better provided for than a smaller. I assert that the injustice of society, not the niggardliness of nature, is the cause of the want and misery which the current theory attributes to over-population. I assert that the new mouths which an increasing population calls into existence require no more food than the old ones, while the hands they bring with them can in the natural order of things produce more. I assert that, other things being equal, the greater the population, the greater the comfort which an equitable distribution of wealth would give to each individual. I assert that in a state of equality the natural increase of population would constantly tend to make every individual richer instead of poorer.'

Such are the results of Mr. George's destructive criticism. Wages are not drawn from capital; population does not increase faster than do the means of subsistence. Having established, as he conceives, these two great principles, he appeals in triumph to the reader to note the consequence of his victory. He 'has raised,' he says, 'an Antæus from the earth.' He has shown that poverty, whatever its true cause be, is not caused by any permanent law of nature. What then? The inference surely is simple:—it must be caused somehow by some behaviour of man. Again he asks, what then? And the answer is simpler still:—let governments for the future make men behave differently. Let us agitate a little; let us pass a few Acts of Parliament; and, so far at least as material comfort goes, the earth will presently be turned into a garden of Eden. To Mr. George all this seems exceedingly plain sailing. To say that an evil is caused by human conduct, is for him the same thing as to say that it is curable. Human conduct can of course be altered by legislation; and he has nothing now to ask but, *in what* human conduct is wrong.

The answer to this question forms the real gist of his book. The wrong conduct, the universal piece of injustice, to which all the poverty of the civilized world is attributable, consists, he says, in our treatment of land as private property. As labourers multiply, and machinery grows more perfect, not only is there more wealth in the world absolutely, but more, also, in proportion to the number of labourers. The labourer, however, still remains poor. What becomes of the wealth? Mr. George tells us that it is all absorbed in rent, and is thus drained away in the bottomless pockets of the landholders. A nation, he says, grows more and more productive; but wages do not rise, nor does interest on capital rise; the only thing that rises is rent; and the landholders are the only class that grow richer. They form,

form, as it were, a waste-pipe low down in a cistern, which prevents the water, no matter what the supply be, from ever rising above a certain level.

Mr. George, in arguments which we shall by-and-by touch upon, supports this position with much labour and emphasis; and he then proceeds to his great practical message. If the rest of the world is poor, because the landholders are rich, the cure for poverty is to seize upon the landholders' property, and forcibly make it over to the nation at large, or to the State, without, as he puts it, making any 'bother' about compensation. Were the landholders to be compensated, or bought out, we might as well leave the matter alone. We should be simply paying out of one pocket, what we put into another. What we have to do is, not to buy, but to take. The proposal, no doubt, may at first sight seem startling to us; but Mr. George tells us we may make our consciences easy. The landholders, he says, are nothing but a set of robbers; and the State, in fleecing them for the good of the general public, would be doing nothing but again claiming its own. Let the State do this, he continues, and the thing we have dreamed of is accomplished. Poverty and misery will be at once cut at the roots. The change will be as great, and very nearly as sudden, as the transformation scene in a pantomime. Some colossal fortunes may perhaps shrink in the process; but all, save the very rich, will be seen to have grown richer. The tramp, and the beggar, will be men of leisure and affluence. Want will be unknown. It will be a thing of the barbarous past. All tears will be wiped away from all eyes; and even those who lose most in pounds, shillings, and pence, will be more than compensated, by seeing how just their loss is; 'for in welcoming Justice, men welcome the handmaid of Love.' 'Let imagination,' exclaims Mr. George, 'fill out the picture: its colours grow too bright for words to paint.'

Such, in outline, is Mr. George's argument, which thus resolves itself into the following five propositions.

Firstly. As the production of wealth grows greater, the share that goes to the labouring class grows less.

Secondly. The labouring class creates its own wages as it receives them; it being wholly false that wages are drawn from capital.

Thirdly. Population does not increase faster than do the means of subsistence; and thus the current explanations of poverty are no explanation at all.

Fourthly. Poverty really is caused by the appropriation of land by individuals.

Fifthly.

Fifthly. Poverty would be cured by the confiscation of the land by the State.

Each of these propositions we shall now discuss separately. The first we shall keep till last ; but the other four we shall take in the order in which we have just stated them ; and in each case we shall show Mr. George to be wholly wrong.

His theory of wages we shall examine with some minuteness ; not that it is really essential to the rest of his argument, but because it will prepare us for the kind of blunderings that follow it. His statement of it naturally divides itself into two parts ; firstly, the proof that wages are *not* drawn from capital ; secondly, the proof that they *are* drawn directly from labour.

He begins, accordingly, with reminding us that, were the current theory true, the more abundant the capital, the higher would be the wages. 'High wages,' he says, '(the mark of the relative scarcity of labour) must be accompanied by low interest (the mark of the relative abundance of capital), and reversely low wages must be accompanied by high interest.' He then directs us to observe what actually happens, and declares with the utmost confidence that the above is 'not the fact, but the contrary.' The fact is, he says, 'that interest is high, where and when wages are high, and low, where and when wages are low.' (P. 17.) To see that he is correct, he says, we need only open our eyes to one of the plainest phenomena in the whole world of business.

'In those alternations,' he says, 'known as "good times," and as "hard times," a brisk demand for labour and good wages is always accompanied by a brisk demand for capital, and stiff rates of interest. While, when labourers cannot find employment, and wages droop, there is always an accumulation of capital seeking investment at low rates.'

Mr. George, however, is not content with generalities. He seeks to clench the matter by one particular instance.

'In California,' he says, 'when wages were higher than anywhere else in the world, so also was interest higher. Wages and interest have, in California, gone down together. When, however, wages were five dollars a day, the ordinary bank rate of interest was twenty-four per cent. per annum. Now that common wages are two dollars or two dollars and a half a day, the ordinary bank rate is from ten to twelve per cent.'—P. 17.

Wages, therefore, he argues, are clearly not capital divided by the number of labourers ; which is the same thing as saying that they are not drawn from capital at all. Mr. George takes little merit to himself for exposing this fallacy. His only wonder

wonder is, that any reasoning man should have been deceived by it. The grand truth that must replace it is, he thinks, equally evident; and we have only missed it hitherto through some strange logical obliquity. That grand truth, as we have seen already, is, that wages are drawn directly from the produce of the labour for which they are paid, and that 'the maintenance and the payment of this labour do not even temporarily trench upon capital.' (P. 22.) In certain cases, and to careless observers, Mr. George admits that they no doubt seem to do so; but this is only because the observers *have* been careless, and in examining the matter have never begun at the beginning. Mr. George will show them what the beginning is.

'Supposing,' he says, 'a hundred men to be landed without any stock of provisions in a new country. Will it be necessary for them to accumulate a season's stock of provisions before they can begin to cultivate the soil? Not at all. It will only be necessary that fish, game, berries, &c., shall be so abundant, that the labour of a part of the hundred may suffice to furnish daily enough of these for the maintenance of all, and that there shall be such a sense of mutual interest, or such a correlation of mutual desires, as shall lead those who in the present get the food, to divide (exchange) with those whose efforts are directed to future recompense. [That is to say, the crops of the ensuing year.]'—P. 66.

There, exclaims Mr. George, is the whole matter in a nutshell. This illustration will surely enlighten every one; it will explain his point, and at the same time show the truth of it. The point is, he says, to put it in different words, that wages are drawn from '*contemporaneous* production' of food, not '*previous*' production; and the men whose work will produce food in the future, or other objects of desire which are not food, are virtually paying in advance those who give them food in the present. If, of the hundred men in the new country, half plough and sow, while the other half catch and cook enough rabbits for the whole of them, this arrangement only exists, though the fact that the second half wish for the corn that will be produced by the labour of the first, and the first half wish for the rabbits that are caught by the labour of the second; each at the same time wishing for the results of its own labour also. Each, that is, wishes for rabbits and corn both; but both can only be obtained by this division of labour.

'We [thus] see,' says Mr. George, 'that each labourer is endeavouring to obtain, by his exertions, the satisfaction of his own desires; we see that, although the . . . division of labour assigns to the producer the production of but a . . . part . . . of the particular things he labours to get, yet, in aiding the production of what other producers

producers want, he is directing other labour to the production of the things he wants—in effect, producing them himself. And thus, if he makes jack-knives and eats wheat, the wheat is really as much the produce of his labour as if he had grown it for himself, and left wheat-growers to make their own jack-knives.’—P. 68.

In other words, his wages are drawn from a fund newly created by the very work for which he is paid them. We shall, in fact, get a clearer view of the matter if we cease to say that he ‘*earns*’ them, and say instead that he ‘*makes*’ them. He makes them himself, they are not advanced by capital. To this, says Mr. George, there are never any exceptions, and the very cases which are most certain to seem so, are precisely those which prove the rule most clearly, not as exceptions to, but as examples of it. A ship, for instance, may take two years to build; and wages are paid to the workmen long before it is finished. But these wages do not come out of capital, for before the capitalist pays them, ‘his own capital has been added to by the value of the partially completed ship; . . . as is shown by the fact that if he were asked at any stage of the construction to sell [it] . . . he would expect a profit.’ (P. 59.) Thus the workmen have added to his capital before they take anything from it; and the part that they have added is the precise part that they take from. They simply receive a proportion of what they have already given.

Such is Mr. George’s new theory of wages. Let us now see what its value is. To begin, then, with the first part of it, his demolition of the doctrine that wages are drawn from capital: his apparent easy triumph is here entirely due to his forgetting half the doctrine before he begins attacking it. This doctrine, at starting, he says quite correctly, is that wages are fixed by the ratio between two quantities—‘the number of labourers, and the amount of capital devoted to the employment of labour.’ This is the doctrine which he is going to prove false. But when we come to the promised attack we find, to our no small surprise, that the first of the said quantities has disappeared altogether; that for the *ratio between the two* he has substituted the *amount of the second*; that even from that he has taken its most essential qualification; and that, in place of the doctrine which he says has deceived everybody, he is tilting at one which was never even stated by anybody. Economists never said that the rate of wages in a country was determined by the amount of capital in that country, but by the ratio between the amount of capital seeking investment, and the number of labourers seeking employment. It is perfectly true that in good times interest is high, and that in bad times interest is low.

low. But this does not mean that there is less capital in the good times than the bad, in proportion to the number of labourers; but merely—and this is a very different thing—that there is less in proportion to the number of undertakings in which the employers of labour become anxious to use it. What we have here to deal with is, not the sum total of capital, but the sum total of the capital that can be employed with profit. The theory of wages is concerned with this alone; and the very rise of interest, that Mr. George appeals to, proves that this is greater in good times than in bad. His position is refuted, and its absurdity shown, by the very fact which he cites to support it. We are not the first to notice this truly singular reasoning. It has been exposed already by M. Emile de Laveleye\* in a brief review of Mr. George's book; and that review, though in most points insufficient and careless, contains one passage at any rate which we may quote with advantage here. It refers to what Mr. George alleges about California, 'that *there* wages were high when capital was scarce, while in England capital is abundant and wages low.' To this statement, which as a Californian himself, Mr. George brings out with a somewhat bullying air, M. de Laveleye, a complete master of the subject, calmly replies as follows:—

'I do not hesitate to say that, relatively to the amount of wages paid, the amount of capital advantageously employed in California far exceeds that in England. In California, every field-labourer or small proprietor possesses his tools, his land, his timber, or his mines; and there are scarcely any *hired* workmen, because every one sets up on his own account. In order to induce an able man to work for *wages*, you must offer him a very large share of the produce, which is considerable; wages are, therefore, of necessity high. In England, capital employs workmen only when they are to be had cheap, for the profit to be made is much reduced by competition. The demand for a labourer at two dollars a day, which was unlimited in California, could not exist in England, for his labour there would not be worth two dollars. . . . We see, then, that in California capital demands hands at any price, and in unlimited number; whereas in England the demand is limited, and at a low price. The theory of economists therefore holds good.'

Such is Mr. George's famous outset. This is what he calls 'raising an Antæus from the earth.' He boasts, like Don Quixote, that he will cut a giant asunder; and his blow, when it falls, merely knocks down a nine-pin. This beginning is hardly promising, and as we proceed further matters become worse. If he fails in showing that wages are not drawn from

\* 'Contemporary Review,' November 1882.

capital, he fails still more signally in showing that they are drawn from the produce of the labour they are paid for. His error here is of so crude and glaring a kind that it can only escape detection from the very fact of its obtrusiveness. To reveal it to all the world, nothing is needed but to point at it.

Let us take Mr. George's illustration of the workmen who build a ship. It is one which, he thinks, must prove his case conclusively. The ship, let us say—speaking only of wages, apart from materials—will be two years in building, and it will cost ten thousand pounds. Thus we shall have the capitalist every week paying the workmen (in round numbers) a hundred pounds in wages. Mr. George maintains that, before even the first week's payment is made by the capitalist, the hundred pounds has been already advanced him by the workmen in the shape, we will say, of the ship's keel. For just as the finished ship, or the produce of a hundred weeks' labour, is neither more nor less than the capitalist's ten thousand pounds, not lost or lessened, but merely changed in form, so, says Mr. George, the produce of one week's labour is neither more nor less than the capitalist's hundred pounds. It is simply so many sovereigns that have been handed to him over the counter, and which he has given change for in silver, minus the commission. The keel is the sovereign, the men's wages are the silver.

Now the parallel here drawn, so far as it goes, is true; but, though true, it is signally incomplete, and it stops exactly at the point which would have made it relevant to the discussion. A sovereign is a sovereign to the workman just as well as to the capitalist, but the result of a week's work on the keel of a ship is not. That to the workman, if like a coin at all, is like the coin of a foreign country, which, until he has changed it, is merely a piece of rubbish to him, and which he can change only because the capitalist will give him change for it. In giving his work then to the capitalist, and in return getting his wages, he is not giving a sovereign and getting twenty shillings, but giving a lump of dirt and getting a sovereign; and the number of sovereigns he gets for the lumps of dirt depends on the number of sovereigns the capitalist has at his disposal. Give a penny apiece to a hundred starving beggars, and send them to a baker's late some Saturday night. If the baker in his shop has only fifty rolls, each of the men can get only half a roll apiece. Their pennies, were they shillings, would get them nothing more. The journeymen shipwrights are exactly like these men with the pennies; the capitalist they are working for is exactly like the baker. Now what, in effect, does Mr. George say to this?

Put

Put into these terms, we at once see its absurdity. He says that the rolls are not drawn from the baker's shop, but out of the beggars' pockets. The beggar does not give a penny for a roll, but he gives a roll for a roll; or rather, he brings a roll into the shop for a moment, and then with the same roll simply walks out again. If that be the case, we may ask, Why does he go into the shop at all? Why should there be any buying and selling in the matter? And so with the ships. If the workmen in building it really make their own wages, why do they work for the capitalist and not for themselves? The essence of the transaction is that there is an exchange. The gist of the question is, why should the exchange be made? Why is one thing given for another? And Mr. George's answer is, that the two things are the same.

This, were it true, would be merely half an answer; but in point of fact it is not true. It would not be true, even when the ship was finished. This, however, is not Mr. George's point. His point is, that it is true the very moment the ship is begun; and he thinks he proves this by saying that, at any time during its building, the unfinished ship has a definite money value, and the owner would expect to be able to sell it at a profit. Very likely he would; but he would expect to sell it to whom? Plainly, to some other capitalist, who would only buy it that he might finish it, and who, until it were finished, could put it to no use whatever. Or it might possibly pass through a dozen different hands, and at each transfer a higher price might be paid for it; but its value would still depend on the prospect of its being finished by some one, and until it was finished would be value in prospect only. Who would give a farthing for the finest keel in the world, if the conditions of sale were that it was to always remain in the dock, and that nothing more was to be added to it? Surely Mr. George must see that, whatever it might have cost the capitalist, it would not be equivalent to the wages paid in making it, for it would not be equivalent to any value at all. Or let us put the case in a slightly different way. Let us suppose that the ship is an experiment, and when finished turns out a failure. Let us suppose, for instance, that it is like the Bessemer steamer. Does Mr. George think that this piece of floating lumber, which will never carry either man, woman, or cargo, nor add a fraction to the productive powers of anything, is in any way the source of the seventy thousand dinners which a hundred workmen have eaten during the two years they have been engaged on it? So far as producing those dinners goes, the men might just as well have been paid to twiddle their thumbs. This surely must be evident to even the

meanest capacity. And what is true of a finished ship, if only it sails badly, is true of any ship before it can sail at all. We are not denying that, if the ship succeeds, the work done on it during the first week will be worth the week's wages some day; but that they are not drawn from it now is at once proved by the fact, that the wages are paid the same, whether the ship succeeds or no. The work of the first week, if taken alone, is equally valueless in either case, and it will be so for a hundred weeks to come; but the value of the wages is complete the moment they are paid; and the beef, the beer and so forth, which they are used to purchase, have been necessarily produced a hundred weeks previous to any practical return being made for them. That is to say, they have been drawn from capital.

We have more yet to add. Let the ship be successfully finished, and ready to take in cargo; and let us agree that at last the owner has his capital back again—that the ship to him is now the same as 10,000*l*. True, it is the same to him, but it is not the same to the shipwrights. It is capital only to one who has more capital to expend upon it. Unless it can be manned and victualled, it would be as valueless still as ever; so that, even had it been completed before a penny had been given in wages, the wages would still be determined by what the capitalist was able to pay for it. If *he* could pay little, nobody else could pay anything. The value of the ship would be therefore its value to him, and each workman's wages would be a fraction of that value. Even on this supposition, wages are drawn from capital. Mr. George's case is so bad that it cannot be proved, even from his own erroneous premisses.

Surprising, however, as his position with regard to this question is, we can easily trace the false steps that have led him to it:—

'The fundamental fault,' he says, 'that in all economic reasoning must be firmly grasped, and never let go, is that society, in its most highly developed forms, is but an elaboration of society in its rudest beginnings, and that principles obvious in the simple relations of men are merely disguised, and not abrogated or reversed, by the more intricate relations that result from the division of labour, and the use of complex tools and methods.'—Page 29.

And he then proceeds to the illustration we have already quoted of the hundred men who settle in a new country. In this small compass the whole matter is before us. What Mr. George calls his 'fundamental truth,' is about the most fundamental falsehood that it was in his power to formulate. No doubt, society in its most highly developed forms is the same as society in its rudest

rudest beginnings in some points ; but there are other points in which it is altogether different, and of these the most important is precisely the point in question. No one ever said that capital was essential to all production. All that is said is, that it is essential to some production ; that is to say, the production of civilized men, by which they are distinguished from, and not assimilated to, savages. That the man goes behind the wheelbarrow, is no proof that the horse does not go before the cart. A savage, no doubt, may live from hand to mouth, picking fruit and catching game as he requires it, but he can only live thus where Nature is always prodigal, and even then only his lowest wants are satisfied. Let his wants expand a little, and there is the germ of a change at once. If he is content with eating dates, and the crop of dates is unfailing, he of course need not accumulate them ; his store-room may be the trees. But if he wishes to get a crystal, which is two days' climb amongst the mountains, accumulation begins in an instant ; dates for two days are collected. The exact moment when such an event takes place varies with different climates and the wants of different communities, and the bounty of Nature always tends to postpone it. It is, however, only a question of time. Thus Mr. George's supposition with regard to the hundred settlers is not impossible, it is simply quite irrelevant. All it shows is that, under certain specified circumstances, civilization can begin without previous accumulation of capital ; but Mr. George fails to note that these circumstances are exceptional, and that, though they may foster a civilization as long as it is in its cradle, they will be at once destroyed by it as soon as it begins to toddle.

For let us note what these circumstances are. They are a supply on the spot of 'fish, game, berries, and so forth,' so easy to take that it might just as well be in a larder, and so abundant that nothing need be done to maintain it. Now, no doubt there are some new countries where a state of things like this actually does exist, but it exists only so long as the countries are new. By-and-by, as population increases, the game and the berries, though they may increase also, will increase only because labour is now applied to them ; because game is bred as well as merely caught, and fruit-trees planted as well as merely rifled. Thus, though the food of the first year may be the produce of 'contemporaneous' labour, that of the fifth, the tenth, or the twentieth, will be the produce of 'previous' labour. Wages are only not drawn from capital so long as the food-supply needs no human care to maintain it. So much, then, for Mr. George's

case. Let us now remind him that that case is exceptional, and let us ask him to consider the normal case instead of it. Let us suppose that in the new country there are no game and berries at all. Some of the finest corn-land in the world was in this condition when the first settlers came to use their ploughs upon it. On what does Mr. George think that these settlers lived? There is no room either for doubt or quibbling here. They lived evidently on food they had brought with them, that is to say, on capital, and nothing but capital. Or let us take a clearer example still. A trading-ship is sent on a six weeks' voyage. During those six weeks on what do the crew live? Mr. George delights in illustrations, and with illustrations we have answered him. His are exceptional, and do not prove his point: ours are normal and homely, and altogether disprove it.

We will not be content, however, with confuting Mr. George ourselves. We will make him do it out of his own mouth:—

'In the great San Joaquin Valley,' he says, 'there were [in 1877, owing to a total failure of the crop] many farmers without food enough to support their families until the next harvest time, let alone to support any labourers. But the rains came again in proper season, and these very farmers proceeded to hire hands to plough and sow. For every here and there was a farmer, who had been holding back part of his crop. As soon as the rains came, he was anxious to sell before the next harvest brought lower prices, and the grain thus held in reserve, through the machinery of exchanges and advances, passed to the use of the cultivators—set free, in effect *produced*, by the work done for the next crop.'

We will request the reader to consider this passage well. Had Mr. George expressly designed it to destroy instead of supporting his theory, he could have written nothing better adapted to his purpose. The farmers, he admits, are enabled to go on with their labours only because some other farmers have corn already accumulated. But this last year's corn, he actually goes on to declare, is the produce of the ploughing done for the crop of next year. Surely if this be the case, the result will be somewhat singular. If this year's ploughing produces last year's crop, then this year's ploughing can multiply last year's crop. The more acres the farmer ploughs, the more of last year's bushels will appear in the padlocked barn. This absurdity, of course, needs no comment. But though this is not true, the exact reverse is, and, what is more, Mr. George himself admits it. Though this year's ploughing cannot increase last year's corn, the amount of last year's corn does limit this year's ploughing. Thus once more we see that wages are  
drawn

drawn from capital. Mr. George's enemy here has found him out with a vengeance. His illustration is like a Balaam, which he has invoked to curse the economists, and which, as soon as he has got hold of it, blesses them altogether.

But we have already dwelt too long upon this branch of our subject. Let us now pass on to the next. It will afford the reader a very similar spectacle. Mr. George attacks the Malthusian theory exactly as we have seen him attacking the theory of wages—with the same weapons, the same ferocity, and with the same ill-success. He begins with declaring, much as he did in the former case, that the falsehood he is about to expose is the most palpable thing conceivable, and would never have become current but for certain adventitious circumstances. One of these was, that it flattered and soothed the rich, by assuring them that they were not to blame for the vice and misery of the poor. The other, which is far more important, is that it seems to fit in with the Darwinian theory of evolution. Darwin, it has been said, 'is Malthus all over,' and conversely it is supposed that Malthus is 'Darwin all over.' Mr. George admits that this view of the matter is plausible, and further, that if true, it would be all in favour of Malthus. His first care, therefore, is to show us that it is not true, and that, however Malthusianism may resemble Darwinism on the surface, it is at bottom a wholly different thing. His point here he makes with considerable skill, and it is with pleasure that we acknowledge that he does so, though, as we shall see presently, it is really no use to him afterwards. Darwin, he says, asserts that there is a struggle for existence among the animals, Malthus among men; but the first assertion may be true, and the latter wholly false, because in a special way men and animals differ:—

'Of all living things,' Mr. George writes, 'man is the only one who can give play to the reproductive forces, more powerful than his own, which supply him with food. . . . Both the jay-hawk and the man eat chickens, but the more jay-hawks the fewer chickens, while the more men the more chickens. Both the seal and the man eat salmon; but when the seal takes a salmon there is a salmon the less . . . while, by placing the spawn of the salmon under favourable conditions, man can so increase the number of the salmon as to more than make up for all that he may take. . . . Within the limits of the United States alone, there are now forty-five millions of men, where there were only a few hundred thousand; and yet there is now within that territory much more food *per capita* for the forty-five millions than there was there for the few hundred thousand. It is not the increase of food that has caused this increase of men; but the increase of men that has brought about the increase of food. . . . In short, while all through the vegetable and animal kingdoms the

limit

limit of subsistence is independent of the thing subsisted, with man the limit of subsistence is, within the final limits of earth, air, water, and sunshine, dependent upon man himself.'—Pp. 116, 117.

Now, in all this, with the exception of one parenthesis, Mr. George is as true as he is lucid; and even in that parenthesis the error is implied rather than stated. It is a sin not of commission, but of omission. But that omission, as we shall presently see, is fatal; and though what we have just quoted may be very fine writing, it will turn out to be very poor reasoning. Mr. George says that, as men multiply, they widen, *pari passu*, the limits of their subsistence, and will continue to do so till every mile of the earth is peopled: therefore, he says, till this remote event be accomplished, the limits of subsistence can never be pressed against by population. The premiss is true, but not the implied inference. It by no means follows, because the limits of subsistence are elastic, that very great pressure may not be required to stretch them. Mr. George argues as though they must be one of two things—so absolutely rigid that they can be bent by nothing, or so absolutely yielding that they can be bent by anything. If he can prove that they are not like the trunk of an oak-tree, he thinks he has proved that they must be like the twig of a hazel. It never occurs to him that there is yet a third alternative, and that they may possibly be like the bow of Ulysses. Because they are not a ridge of mountains which no one can climb, they need not be a chalked line which anybody can step over. They may instead be like a long succession of forts, which are always being taken, but always being taken with loss. This third alternative Mr. George utterly misses; and it is this third alternative that represents what is really the case. The earth, he says, '*could*' maintain 'a thousand billions of people' as easily as at present it maintains its thousand millions. Mr. George declares that no one can doubt the fact; and for our present argument we have no wish to dispute it: but he seems hardly aware what the fact he has stated is. The earth *could*, he says, maintain a thousand billions of people. This in itself, however, is only half a sentence. The word *could* is conditional, and is wholly without meaning, except as referring to some implied clause of conditions; and this clause Mr. George has altogether forgotten. The earth *could* maintain a thousand billions of people, only *if* the thousand billions of people knew how to extract their maintenance from it. The whole of New York might be built upon cooked beef-steak; but unless the New-Yorkers knew that the steak was there, it would not keep a single beggar from starving; and beggars might starve and die

die in the streets for centuries, before chance revealed the abundance they had all this while been walking on. The earth, five hundred years ago, was as large as it is now; but before Columbus discovered America, it was but half its present size to the then population of Europe; and though America had been yellow with corn from Long Island to San Francisco, the European limit of subsistence would not have been an inch the wider for it. 'The final limits of earth, air, water, and sunshine,' though they may some day prevent the limit of subsistence from expanding, are simply the limits of its maximum, they are no measure of its minimum. Because a quart-bottle will hold no more than a quart, it does not follow that there need be in it so much as a wine-glass. The question is, not how much food exists, but how fast is it found?—not, whether hunger is in advance of the powers of nature, but whether it is in advance of the powers of human invention and enterprise.

We will come back to this point presently. We must first observe how Mr. George reasons in neglect of it. In particular spots, even over very large districts, he admits that population may be too dense for the soil to nourish. Nay, it may not only outstrip, it may even destroy the food-supply. He cites London as an obvious case in point. The corn and mutton consumed by the inhabitants of the City are not sown and fattened on the asphalt pavement. But the inhabitants of London might be doubled on its present area; and yet they would press on the limits of subsistence no more than they do already. For though they did not grow corn or breed sheep, they would be producing objects of human desire of some kind, and that is virtually producing corn and sheep somewhere. And what is true of London may, some day, be true of England; indeed it is partially true now. English soil will not produce enough food for the English people; but the English people virtually produce enough food for themselves. Though they may not have worked directly in the furrows, they have worked for the workers, and that comes to the same thing. The Lancashire manufacturer who clothes the American ploughman is, in effect, increasing the world's harvest himself. For the economic condition of no place is of any private interpretation. That is the essence of Mr. George's doctrine. We must regard the earth as a whole, not country by country; and as long as food is raised on the planet somewhere, it is altogether a minor question where. The more factories there are in one place, the more corn-fields there will be in another; and if there is corn in Egypt, there cannot be famine in Palestine. '[Thus],' says Mr. George, 'the globe may be surveyed and history may be reviewed in  
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vain for any instance of a considerable country in which want can be fairly attributed to an increasing population.' (P. 95.)

It is, of course, plain that the foregoing arguments are closely bound up with Mr. George's theory of wages; and that in itself is enough to show that they must be false. But, besides his theory of wages, there is another error involved in them—another distinct stone added on to the fabric of falsehood; and it is that error which we are now about to expose. Mr. George, as usual, does all he can to help us. He supplies us himself with the exact arguments we are in want of. We have only to do the one thing that he does not do, and that is to draw from them the only rational inference. The reader will have observed that in the sentence we just now quoted, the author slips in a certain word of qualification. Never, he says, during the whole course of history has want in any country been caused by the pressure of population—that is to say, he adds, in any *considerable* country. Now to this word *considerable* Mr. George appends a foot-note. It is as follows:—

'I say considerable country, because there may be small islands, such as Pitcairn's Island, cut off from communication with the rest of the world, and consequently from the exchanges which are necessary to the improved modes of production resorted to as population becomes dense, which may seem to offer examples in point. A moment's reflection, however, will show that these exceptional cases are not in point.'

Now that is the very thing we propose to show they are, and we fear that Mr. George cannot have bestowed the moment's reflection he speaks about, or he would certainly have given a very different account of the result of it. A country like Pitcairn's Island is, he says, an exceptional case. However true may be his own theory generally, it is at all events false there. He has driven Malthus ignominiously out of Europe and America; but the dishonoured philosopher has found one refuge at any rate, where to this day he reigns like a fallen angel; and Mr. George descries him in the remote southern seas, still sitting on his dolorous throne and watching one wretched population pressing against the limits of subsistence. In Pitcairn's Island, as Mr. George admits, Mr. George is wrong, and Mr. Malthus is right. Now what is the reason of this? The reason, says Mr. George, is that the island is 'cut off from communication with the rest of the world.' Plainly, however, he cannot mean this statement absolutely. Pitcairn's Island is not in the moon. It is washed by a terrestrial sea. Ships have touched at it, and ships do touch at it. All then that Mr. George can possibly mean is, not that it is cut off from  
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from communication with the rest of the world, but that it cannot communicate with it without a certain effort and difficulty. But Pitcairn's Island is not peculiar in this. The condition is essentially that of every other country; and the difference between it and them is one of degree only. Of all other countries, England and America are perhaps the two which are now most closely connected; but the connection was not established without infinite pain and effort; and it costs constant effort every day to maintain it. All we need here speak of is the question of the American food-supply. This reaches England only through the most complex and delicate machinery, which was slow in construction, which is easy to derange, which it is possible to ruin, and which it is difficult to add to. England only gets from America because it gives to America; and what it gets depends, not on what America grows, but on what the Americans desire of the things that England makes. Thus, so far as Englishmen subsist on the produce of American corn-fields, it is not the extent of the corn-fields that forms the limit of this subsistence, but the wants and the tastes of the Americans as related to England's powers of supplying them. Now such wants and tastes are of all things the most liable to vary. There may be a point beyond which they cannot shrink, as there is certainly a point beyond which they cannot expand; but though they may never entirely disappear, yet any day they might dwindle; and did they dwindle, what would happen is obvious. The limits of subsistence for England would be suddenly narrowed, and the population of England would at once be pressing against them. England would partially 'be cut off from communication with the rest of the world.' It would be advancing within measurable distance of the condition of Pitcairn's Island.

Mr. George, therefore, in speaking of the limits of subsistence, has wholly mistaken what those limits are. They are neither the powers of nature by themselves, nor the hands and hunger of men by themselves. They are something far more complex, and far harder to deal with. They are conditions of society and civilization in one country as compared with another; they are ignorance and knowledge; cowardice and courage; force of habit, and local attachments. In a word, they are the limits of the human character—the limits, not of the wants, but of the wills of men; not of the number of hands that could work for food, but of the enterprise, the knowledge, and the genius, that directs them where to work for it. Many men starve in their own country because they love it too well to leave it, or because they are too weak to  
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make the effort required to do so. Many men starve, not because there is no work to be done, but because they do not know where the work is; and the more civilization advances, the more labour is divided, and the more densely the world becomes peopled, the more fatal does such ignorance become, and such knowledge the more difficult.

Here then are two limits, at least, that population tends to press against—the limit of habit and local attachment, and the limit of knowledge; and it is by limits of this kind that, practically, the limit of subsistence is prescribed. Thus it is not, as Mr. George supposes, one thing, but many. There is a separate limit, not only for every country, but for every district, and for every town. There are limits within limits, circles within circles, like so many india-rubber rings enclosed in larger ones; and the thickness and elasticity of no two are alike. Sometimes one may yield and enlarge suddenly, and then for a time the pressure against it ceases; again another, instead of expanding, may contract. The Malthusian theory does not deny this. All that it asserts is that, in expanding the indiarubber rings some pressure has to be always exerted; and that on the average a certain proportion of people are always injured by the pressure before they are able to relieve it. To put the Malthusian theory into these terms is not only to show that it is notoriously and indubitably true, but that it is the very truth that Mr. George himself has all along been asserting. The limits of subsistence are widened by discovery or invention; but the mother of invention is necessity, not comfort; and the child is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth in pain.

What, then, have we seen thus far? Merely that Mr. George, for all his pains and his bravado, has left the economists exactly where he found them. Instead of showing that there is no connection between poverty and the limits of capital, and poverty and the limits of subsistence, he has unintentionally shown us how strict this connection is. Here, however, is a point important to notice. Neither has Mr. George shown unintentionally, nor the economists intentionally, that *all* poverty is due to the above-named causes, but merely that some is, and probably always must be. The most bigoted Malthusian would not dream of maintaining that, because some poverty was caused by the increase of population, more could be caused by the increase of pick-pockets, and that a great deal more might not be caused by fires. Thus though Mr. George has failed in proving his first two points, it does not follow that he is not partly right in his third. His third point is, that the

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cause of all poverty is the private ownership of land ; and that, if private ownership were abolished, poverty would cease. Now it is plain from what we have just seen, that this cannot be true of all poverty ; but we have seen nothing as yet to show that it may not be true of some. That is a question on which we have yet to enter. Like the one we have discussed already, it divides itself into two parts. First, does private ownership in land, as a fact, cause any poverty at all ? and secondly, would any poverty be lessened by making all land over to the State ?

We begin with the first. With regard to this, we have already stated Mr. George's general position. Private property in land causes poverty, because it diverts rent into the pockets of the land-holders. That is to say, it perpetually mulcts the productive workers of the community of a certain part of their produce. Now let us at once say that thus far Mr. George is entirely right. We not only concede his point, but we cannot conceive how any one could doubt it. If a tenant's rents are every year remitted to him, *cæteris paribus*, he is of course a richer man. If they are not remitted to him, *cæteris paribus*, he is poorer than if they were. A beggar would be a Cræsus if he had never to pay his bills ; and if our zero-point of wealth is fixed by our getting any one thing without payment, we of course become poor relatively the moment we have to pay for it. Poverty thus used, however, is wholly a relative term ; and whether it means anything or nothing in respect of the present enquiry, depends wholly on the absolute meaning we attach to it. The question is not, are men poorer because they pay rent ? That, of course, they are. The question is, how much poorer ? The main point of Mr. George's argument is, not that rent robs tradesmen of truffles, but that it robs beggars of bread. It is only when we come to this question of quantity, that we join issue with him ; and here we affirm that he is not only wrong, but grotesquely and absurdly wrong. His errors, as he puts them, are diffused over so many paragraphs, adorned with so much excited rhetoric, and intermixed with so much acute reasoning, that their true character may escape the ordinary reader ; but let them only be put into a brief and comprehensible form, and to any sane man they will sound like the ravings of a lunatic.

For what Mr. George asserts is this. As population increases in a country, there is not only more wealth in that country actually, but more in proportion to the increased number of inhabitants. Each thousand pounds of capital naturally yields higher interest ; each labourer naturally earns ('i.e. is maker of') more wages. But the whole of this increase is swallowed

lowed up by rent. The land-holders alone get richer; and capitalists and labourers remain just where they were. Let us take an example. There is a small farm in a remote country district, bringing the farmer in a hundred pounds a year, out of which hundred he pays thirty in rent. By-and-by a town springs up in the neighbourhood; the small farmer becomes a large market gardener, and his hundred pounds a year soon mounts to a thousand. His gross annual profits, before his rent is deducted from them, are thus nine hundred pounds more than they were before; and if to these profits his rent bore the same proportion as formerly, his net income would be seven hundred, not seventy, pounds a year. It would have increased by an annual six hundred and thirty pounds. But, according to Mr. George, nothing of this kind happens. The whole of the six hundred and thirty pounds are confiscated by the landholder. This is ridiculous enough, but Mr. George means more than this. Add six hundred and thirty pounds to the original rent of thirty, and the tenant's profits are still three hundred and forty. His original income still would be nearly five times as much as before. But Mr. George maintains that it actually remains the same—that it is not increased at all. That is to say, out of the annual thousand pounds of produce, the landholder takes, not six hundred and thirty pounds, but nine hundred and thirty; and the tenant still remains with nothing but his original seventy!

The particular illustration we have just given is our own; but it includes nothing but what Mr. George actually says. We can well imagine that the reader may doubt the fact: we therefore present him with Mr. George's own words. Having devoted an entire chapter to impressing on us the obvious truth that, 'when productive power increases, as it is increasing in all progressive countries,' the value of land proportionately increases also, and rents become proportionately higher, Mr. George proceeds solemnly to draw from it the following inference: 'If the value of land,' he says, '[thus] increases proportionately, *all the increased production will be swallowed up by rent, and wages and interest will remain as before.*' (P. 154.) Nor does this statement stand by itself. Mr. George repeats it over and over again, first in one form, then in another. He makes it wholly impossible for a moment to doubt his meaning.

A more astonishing piece of reasoning than this, we venture to say, cannot be found in literature. Let us apply it for a moment, not to the rent of land, but to the wholly analogous case of the interest on borrowed capital. It is, of course, true that the more money a man borrows, the more annual interest he will  
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have to pay. Supposing he is able to borrow at five per cent., if he pays fifty pounds a year for the use of one thousand pounds, he will pay a hundred pounds a year for the use of two thousand. That is to say, the sum he pays the lender will increase proportionately \* to the sum he borrows from him. But Mr. George's meaning is nothing of this kind. He asserts, indeed, that the sum will increase proportionately; but that is his premiss; it is very far from being his conclusion. His conclusion is that, *because* it will increase proportionately, *therefore* it will not increase proportionately at all; on the contrary, it will increase out of all proportion. In other words, because the first thousand pounds is borrowed at five per cent., therefore the second must necessarily be borrowed at fifty, or at whatever rate will swallow up the borrower's profits.

Now a state of things like this is, no doubt, not inconceivable; indeed, under certain exceptional circumstances, and in certain places, it may be actual. And just as there may be usurers in the lending of money, so also there may be usurers in the letting of land. We do not assert the contrary. What we do assert is that, though private ownership of land may produce such a result sometimes, the result is accidental, and in no way necessary; and the only question before us is, not, must it take place always?—for then it certainly need not: but does it take place, as a fact, in the times and the countries we are dealing with? The two countries Mr. George specially deals with are England and America. It will be quite enough if we ask, does it take place there? We have no need here for theories and deductions. Mr. George's formal reasonings may be cast to the four winds. We have merely to look notorious facts in the face, and ask, not, what must be? but what is?

Is it then a fact in England and America, that the land-holders, as production increases, pocket all the increase, and that all the rest of the community, so far as wealth goes, remain stationary? Do merchants, manufacturers, and bankers, starve, and do land-holders alone make fortunes? Is *nouveau riche* a synonymous term with land-holder? To ask this question is to answer it, and to answer it with a derisive negative. Have the men, whom we hitherto supposed to have made fortunes in cotton-spinning, been not really cotton-spinners, but merely the ground-land-

\* The word *proportionately* may perhaps be somewhat ambiguous, but Mr. George expressly uses it in its ordinary and obvious sense, as equivalent to *in the same ratio as*: for in the sentence that follows the one just now quoted, he says that if the value of land, *instead of increasing proportionately*, 'increases in greater ratio than productive power, rent will swallow up even more than the increase.'—P. 154. The error to be guarded against is the misuse of the word *proportionately* for increasing in an increasing ratio.

lords of factories? Have Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain made neither screws nor carpets, but wrung their fortunes in rack-rents from anonymous firms that have? Are these Sauls really among the prophets? So far are land-holders from being the only class that gain by material progress, that they are not even the class that gain most by it. Mr. George alludes continually to the wealth of the Duke of Westminster. Let him compare that with the wealth of the house of Rothschild. Even in towns, where land is most remunerative, it brings more per foot to the occupier than to the owner. Or let us take a case from the history of the midland counties. An embarrassed squire discovers coal on his property. A company is formed, a pit is opened; and the embarrassed squire suddenly rolls in riches. Mr. George, no doubt, would find this a fine theme for his eloquence. If we wanted to see where the newly-found wealth went, he would tell us to look into the squire's stables, at the new wing of his house, or at his wife's jewels and carriages. All, he would say, that the coal should have added to the well-being of the country, is diverted to himself by this rapacious and useless blood-sucker. But let us put this wretched rhetoric to the test of facts, and how much truth shall we find really at the bottom of it? What proportion of the value of each ton is, as a fact, paid to a man like the squire in question? If a ton of coal at the pit's mouth be worth eight shillings, of that eight shillings the squire would receive about sixpence. Instead of receiving the larger part of its value, he would receive but one-sixteenth of it; whilst if we measure its value by its cost to the general public, instead of one-sixteenth, he would receive little more than one-fiftieth. Men who have coal on their property become, no doubt, extremely rich; but they are rich, not because out of each ton they appropriate much, but because there are many tons out of which they appropriate little. Finally, let us pass to a case which, though not really so strong as this, is perhaps here more forcible, because it is more notorious—the normal case of the owners of agricultural land. Of all securities in which money can be invested, agricultural land is the one which yields the lowest return. There is no need to substantiate this fact. It is so well known as to be proverbial. We are at the present moment speaking more particularly of our own country; but, as Mr. George says that his theories are exemplified better here than anywhere else, our own country by itself is quite sufficient to refute him. We say, to refute him; but it seems almost an abuse of the word to talk about refuting an assertion so monstrous as Mr. George's. Even M. de Laveleye, whose hatred of large landlords is as great

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as Mr. George's own, who avowedly sympathizes with the aims of the Irish Land League, and who would in England be ranked with the extremest Radicals, puts aside Mr. George's statement on this point, as a thing below the level of criticism. 'A single glance round,' he says, 'is enough to show its falsehood.'

'Who,' he exclaims, 'occupies the pretty houses and villas which are springing up in every direction in all prosperous towns? Certainly more than two-thirds of these occupants are fresh capitalists. The value of capital engaged in industrial enterprise exceeds that of land itself; and its power of accumulation is far greater than that of ground-rents. The immense fortunes amassed so rapidly in the United States, like those of Mr. Gould and Mr. Vanderbilt, were the results of railway speculation, and not of the greater value of land. We see, then, that the increase of profits and of interest takes a much larger proportion of the total value of labour, and is a more general and powerful cause of inequality, than the increase of rent.'

We do not quote this passage to corroborate our own denial of what Mr. George has said, so much as to convince our readers that Mr. George has actually said what we have denied; and thus to bring home to them what an extravagant falsehood underlies the main argument of this mischievous book.

We do not say that what Mr. George asserts could not happen, we do not even say that it never has happened. All we say is, that it does not happen. Much of the money of England once went to Rome. Possibly some day much may go again; but we are perfectly certain that much does not go at present. Mr. George would be quite as much in accordance with facts, if he said that modern poverty was due to the growing exactions of the Pope, as he is in saying that it is due to the growing exactions of the landlords. So far indeed are the exactions of the landlords from growing, that, though rents increase absolutely, they tend to decrease relatively. They become less in proportion to the ability of the people to pay them; and though the landlords may still, as a class, be the richest people in the country, that is not because their rents are higher, but because they themselves are fewer in number. A district which, if rented at four pounds an acre, would barely keep two thousand attorneys in villas, might be rented at two, and keep ten dukes in castles. This will show that what we assert is not in contradiction to reason; whilst an appeal to history will show that it is in accordance with fact. Once more, let us refer to M. de Laveleye. 'In the Middle Ages,' says that gentleman, 'the number of persons living on the interest of capital was exceedingly few. Nearly all the rich lived

lived on the produce of land. Now, in countries where civilization is advanced, as in England, more than half the rich live on the interest of their capital.\* Had Mr. George been a person of the least historical information, he would have known this fact without requiring to be told it. Had he known it, he could scarcely have missed perceiving that, put in another way, it simply amounts to this; that his own theory is not only false to facts, but that it absolutely inverts them, and that the history of progress, so far as land is concerned, is virtually the history, not of the rise of rent, but, as related to progress generally, of its constant and steady decline.

Now how is Mr. George's position affected by our recognition of the true state of the case? Something of what he asserts is still left to him, and to that something we bid him welcome. Though rent declines, it certainly does not cease; and, as we have said already, if all rent could be abolished, rent-payers certainly would be so much the richer. So much we concede, and willingly. But it is evident from the facts we have been just considering that the increase of riches thus gained to the public, though it might do something to alleviate poverty for the moment, for the moment even would only do little, and each succeeding year it would do less and less. To attempt to cure poverty by the abolition of rent, would be the attempting, in the case of a leaky cistern, to remedy the waste from a hole in the side, by checking evaporation at the surface. Something might be done in that way, but not much. In a small and in a decreasing percentage of cases, the evil might be nipped in the bud; but it would not be even so much as touched at the root.

If Mr. George, then, likes to assert the above theoretical proposition, he is, we say, welcome to do so. Even theoretically it means exceedingly little. But our main objection yet remains to be made to it; and that is, that practically it means nothing at all. Having shown that the cure, supposing it to be applied, would be inadequate, we shall now point out that it is wholly impossible to apply it.

Mr. George proposes to abolish rent by making the State the universal landlord; and rent would thus virtually cease, he says, not by ceasing to be paid, but by being paid for purposes that would benefit those that paid it. It would, in other words, be transformed into a land-tax, which would take the place of all other forms of taxation. The way in which he says such a change would be most easily effected will explain perhaps more exactly what the change he contemplates really is.

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\* 'Contemporary Review,' November 1882, p. 795.

'I do

'I do not propose,' says Mr. George, 'either to purchase or to confiscate private property in land. The first would be unjust, the second, needless. Let the individuals who now hold it, still retain, if they want to, possession of what they are pleased to call *their* land. Let them continue to call it *their* land. Let them buy, and sell, and bequeath, and devise it. We may safely leave them the shell, if we take the kernel. *It is not necessary to confiscate land; it is only necessary to confiscate rent.*

'Nor, to take that for public use, is it necessary that the State should bother with the letting of lands, and assume the chances of favouritism, collusions, and corruption, that it might involve. It is not necessary that any new machinery should be created. The machinery already exists. Instead of extending it, all we have to do is to simplify and reduce it. By leaving to landowners a percentage of rent, which would probably be much less than the cost and loss involved in attempting to rent lands through State agency, and by making use of this existing machinery, we may, without jar or shock, assert the common right to land by taking rent for public uses.

'We already take some rent in taxation. We have only to make some change in our modes of taxation to take it all.

'What I propose, therefore, as this simple, yet sovereign remedy, which will raise wages, increase the earnings of capital, extirpate pauperism, abolish poverty, give remunerative employment to whoever wishes it, afford free scope to human powers, lessen crime, elevate morals, and taste, and intelligence, purify government, and carry civilization to yet nobler heights, is—*appropriate rent by taxation.*'

It is not essential to Mr. George's scheme, that it should be carried out exactly in the way thus indicated; but the means he recommends will illustrate the end he insists on. Now let us suppose that end accomplished; let us suppose all rent to be appropriated by taxation. How will this tend to produce the effect he prophesies? We gather from Mr. George that it will do so in four ways:—firstly, by abolishing all existing taxation, and thus making living incalculably cheaper to every one; secondly, in case the land-tax should exceed the existing revenue, by returning the surplus to the tax-payers, in the shape of public works or otherwise; thirdly, by preventing land-owners from keeping land unoccupied in expectation of a rise in its value, and lastly, by making rents themselves lower. Let us take these four ways in order.

As to the first, we may grant Mr. George his point. His programme, if carried out, would no doubt make living cheaper, and for a time certain classes might be really the better off for it. But it would be for the time only; for if living became

cheaper, soon wages would become less, and things would again be just where they are now.

As to the second point, it is no doubt conceivable that the proposed land-tax might yield a surplus to the Government, which they might expend, as Mr. George suggests, partly in public institutions, and partly in direct assistance to the poor, such, for example, as endowing their children on marriage. But nothing would be really gained by this in the end. For it is the very essence of the case, that the surplus thus employed should be returned to the community as a gift, not as wages for labour. Now such a gift must take one of two forms. It must be either of the nature of a free library or museum, or else it must be of the nature of a free largess of corn. Only in the latter case, however, will it bring any relief to what Mr. George means by poverty. Starving men cannot eat books or fossils, and beggars are beggars still, though they beg under marble porticoes. The only gift—for we repeat it is a gift we are dealing with\*—that could in any way save from poverty those that would else be poor, is not money spent on the public generally, but money given to individuals for the purposes of private consumption, such, for instance, as the marriage portions Mr. George speaks of. If the land-tax therefore were to yield any surplus revenue, this would enable the State to touch the suffering classes, only by converting it into a vast charitable institution, ready to give inexhaustible out-door relief. The State would be thus doing, only on an infinitely larger scale, what it did with such disastrous effects for the populace of ancient Rome. In the very act of relieving poverty, it would be creating it. It would be quenching thirst with sea-water. As to this fact there is no room for doubt. The evidence of all experience is in agreement, and is conclusive; and even Mr. George himself, by implication, admits the truth of it. One illustration, however, happens to occur to us, which is so singularly apposite, and also so little known, that it may be worth mentioning here. Mr. George's expedient for the abolition of poverty was actually tried in England, on a small scale, some eighty years ago. A certain philanthropic gentleman left an estate of four thousand a year to the inhabitants of three villages in Herefordshire. He did, that is to say, just

\* Mr. George is essentially not a State Socialist. He emphatically does not mean that the State is to be the one capitalist, and that all the nation are to be either clerks or operatives in the national house. He further expressly repudiates the doctrine, that every one should work according to his ability, and be paid according to his wants.

what

what Mr. George recommends. He nationalized (as it were) amongst the tenants what was once the revenue of the squire. Before many years had elapsed, these three villages had become three warrens of paupers. More misery was produced by this ill-advised generosity, than could have been possibly caused by the most merciless rack-renting ; and so wretched and scandalous did the state of things become, that a special Act had to be passed through Parliament to revoke the gift that had caused so much misery. There is yet another case, also not generally known, in which Mr. George's programme has again been virtually anticipated. It has been alluded to recently in a slight but most sensible work by Mr. John Polson, entitled 'Affluence, Poverty, and Pauperism.' 'There is a fund,' says Mr. Polson, 'raised every year by Jews throughout the whole world, for the benefit of the poor Jews in Palestine. . . . This fund is called the "Haluka."' A correspondent of the 'Jewish Chronicle,' writing from Jerusalem in August 1880, says:—

'In regard to the Haluka—here at Jerusalem, the Rabbis, the heads of the Hebrew communities, and the converts, distribute money and provisions, and sometimes pay *taxes and house-rents*, ostensibly in charity, but practically in support of indolence, and in encouragement of poverty. . . . If the regeneration of Syria is to be attempted . . . the first step would be to regulate the Haluka, . . . which at present corrupts and demoralizes the Jewish population.'

We may therefore dismiss at once Mr. George's dreams of a possible surplus revenue as a means for the cure of poverty. It would do less in the desired direction than even the nominal cheapening of the cost of subsistence which might result from the readjustment of taxation. Nothing, then, now remains for us to consider, but the two last of the four ways mentioned, in which Mr. George declares that his magnificent scheme will operate.

These two are really the most important, and, could Mr. George make good his case with regard to them, it would be of comparatively little matter that he lost it with regard to the two others. For the deepest root of poverty, according to him, is not that private property in land makes living dear, but that it tends to shut out an increasing portion of the population from the only means of making any living at all ; that is to say, it keeps land idle, or put to relatively unproductive uses, which millions of the poor are longing at this moment to occupy, and out of which, if they occupied it, they could make an excellent living. Mr. George's exact meaning as to this point it is somewhat difficult to define. Indeed, it seems he has not been at the trouble to make it very exact to himself. Sometimes his lan-

guage suggests that he contemplates every citizen becoming a tenant of the State to some extent, and drawing some advantage *directly* from his occupancy of a part of the soil; and again, at other times, he speaks of farmers and farm labourers as though the existing system would still continue, and the latter would benefit only through the increased wealth of the former and their increased number, which would cause a competition for labour. Were Mr. George's proposal really worth anything, it might be worth while to examine this particular question more closely; but, as matters stand, the reader will see presently that one confusion more or one confusion less does not affect the result one way or the other. It is enough for us to grasp what Mr. George does make clear; having examined this, we shall have little need to go further. Now his general meaning, or argument, is plain enough. He means that, if land were the property of the State, any one who wished to get land would be able to get as much land as he could use; and that, having got it, he would be able to thrive on the use of it far better than he would now.

He would be able to get land because it would no longer pay large holders to monopolize it. It would enable him to thrive, because the sum he would have to pay would be less in proportion to his earnings than what he would pay now.

On these two points Mr. George is quite explicit. We will quote his words as to each of them. As to the first he says:—

'Land speculation would receive its death-blow; land monopolization would no longer pay; for, . . . if the man who wished to hold land without using it would have to pay very nearly what it would be worth to any one who wanted to use it, . . . no one would care to hold land unless to use it; and land now withheld from use would everywhere be thrown open to improvement.'

As to the second he says:—

'Everywhere that land had attained a value, taxation, instead of operating as now, as a fine upon improvement, would operate to force improvement. Whoever planted an orchard, or sowed a field, or built a house, or erected a manufactory, no matter how costly, would have no more to pay in taxes than if he kept so much land idle. . . . Thus, the bonus that, wherever labour is most productive, must now be paid before labour is exerted, would disappear. The farmer would not have to pay out half his means, or mortgage his labour for years, in order to obtain land to cultivate; the builder of a city homestead would not have to lay out as much for a small lot as for the house he puts upon it; the company that propose to erect a manufactory would not have to expend a great part of their capital for a site. And what would be paid from year to year to the State would be in lieu of all the taxes now levied upon improvements, machinery, and stock.'—Pp. 392, 393.

Hereupon

Hereupon Mr. George breaks forth into a pæan of triumph :—

‘Consider,’ he exclaims, ‘the effect of such a change. . . . With natural opportunities thus set free to labour, the spectacle of willing men unable to turn their labour into the things they are suffering for, would become impossible; the recurring paroxysms which paralyse industry would cease; every wheel of production would be set in motion; demand would keep pace with supply, and supply with demand; trade would increase in every direction, and wealth augment on every side.’

To all this we reply—as Mr. Burchell did to the fashionable gossip of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs—‘Fudge!’ We maintain that Mr. George’s scheme would have none of those effects that he enumerates; and that, though for a moment some classes might benefit by it, even they would benefit by it for the moment only, and that these classes would emphatically not be the poorest. We maintain that in the long run, so far as the general public is concerned, the evils Mr. George complains of would remain wholly unaltered; that rents would be no lower; land no easier to get; and that the beggar might go houseless in the streets, exactly as he does now. And we make use of Mr. Burchell’s exclamation, because Mr. George is not only talking nonsense, but nonsense which so clever a man as he is ought himself at once to have seen through.

To make this perfectly clear to the reader, we must ask him to dwell for a moment on a point we have not yet touched upon. Though Mr. George would turn all landholders into tenants of the State, he does not propose to turn them into tenants at will. On the contrary, he asserts, with all the emphasis possible, that one of the first essentials to making the most of land, is complete security of tenure; and the effect of his scheme, so far as the occupiers are concerned, would be, he says distinctly, to make them practically ‘the owners, though in reality they would be the tenants of the whole people.’\* Now, bearing this in mind, let us take a simple example. Mr. George’s scheme, we will say, has been put into operation; and a man under its provisions possesses a farm, for which he pays a certain rent or tax. Now Mr. George tells us that, no matter what use the man put this farm to, whether he ‘planted it as an orchard, sowed it as a field, or built on it a house or manufactory, no matter how costly, he would have no more to pay in taxes than if he kept so much land idle.’ Let us suppose that he builds on part of it, not a manufactory, but a town. What would happen then? As Mr. George himself has most forcibly pointed out,

\* ‘The Irish Land Question,’ by Henry George, p. 32. In this pamphlet Mr. George applies the views put forth in ‘Progress and Poverty’ to Ireland.

there

there would be a rise in the value, not only of the land built upon, but in the value of the rest, which is still, we will say, in pasture. On Mr. George's supposition, how will the man be situated now? This pasture-land is still in his possession. He cannot be evicted by the State. He cannot have his rent raised on what are practically his own improvements. But though he pays for this pasture-land no more than he did originally, other people, he knows, would be willing to pay more to him; nor is there anything in the nature of the case to prevent his holding this land on speculation, and sub-letting it on exactly the same terms as he would do were he the owner of the fee-simple. Mr. George says that the value of the land would be determined by the highest bid that would be made to the State for it, at any given moment. But the answer to this is, that a given piece of land is not in the market at any given moment. As soon as a lot was knocked down to a buyer, it would be his till he chose to part with it. Meanwhile, no matter how its value increased, this increase would be his also; nor does Mr. George's scheme provide any means of taking it from him, unless any Naboth at any moment might have his vineyard bought over his head by any speculating Ahab. The smallest attention to the commonest of existing facts would have taught Mr. George this. He need only enquire of the first house-agent he comes across to learn that, rich as are the owners of town-land, by far the larger proportion of the unearned increment goes in many cases into the pockets of middle-men. And whatever these men do under their present landlords, they would do all that, and more, supposing their landlord to be the State.

As to the next point, our case is clearer still. Even supposing true what we have just shown to be impossible, that rents would become less owing to the State being the landlord, how would this benefit either of these two classes—men who wished for land in a district already occupied, or men too poor to pay any rent at all? Mr. George does not pretend that rent would cease; and he does not pretend that acres would be multiplied. No matter who owned the ground of Bond Street, and no matter how low the rents were, for all that there would not be a shop the more. If all the shops were occupied, the street would be barred to any new tradesman, no matter how anxious he was to set up business there; nor would the fact of the street being really national property, in which he himself therefore had some infinitesimal share, give him any more right to the use of a single inch of it, than the fact of his having a share in the Great Northern Railway would enable him every day to go from York to London for nothing. So, too, with  
regard

regard to the poor: is it easier for a beggar to pay a pound to the State than to pay it to a private landlord? Mr. George tells us that the main merit of his scheme is the benefit it will confer upon men in the plight of beggars—not on the moderately rich, but on the extremely poor. But not once, in the whole course of his pages, does he attempt to answer the question we have just asked. Supposing a tradesman fails, and can no longer pay his land-tax. The State will evict him, just as a private landlord would. He will be as completely houseless and homeless in the one case as in the other. Supposing in his misfortune he met Mr. George at the street corner, who informed him that he had an inalienable right to the soil of England. Perhaps, at first, he might see some hope in this; but we doubt much if he would continue to do so, when he learnt that this inalienable right was nothing but an inalienable right to pay rent to the Government—and even that, for a site only, without so much as a shed upon it.

But it is impossible here to criticize Mr. George's meaning, because, so far as we can see, there is absolutely no meaning to criticize. From the beginning of his argument to the end of it, we seem to have been going from bad to worse. But this, the most important part of it, eclipses all the rest. His other fallacies, however grave in reality, are all defended with some show of argument, and many of them with extreme ingenuity; but this he supports by nothing but vehement and repeated assertions, which, though sometimes they may wear a false appearance of calm, are always in reality on the verge of becoming hysterical. Such being the case, there seems but one course open to us. False arguments can be met by true arguments; attempts at proof can be met by disproof; but a mere assertion which has no proof to back it, which is plainly made only in the blindness and excitement of passion, and which is in direct defiance of every principle of common sense—such an assertion can be met by nothing but a curt and contemptuous contradiction. Where Mr. George attempts to prove himself right, we have proved him wrong; it is here sufficient if we simply assert him to be so. We appeal from Mr. George in hysterics to the public in a state of sobriety; and we have every confidence that the public will bear us out.

We have now followed Mr. George through all his main positions; and, one after another, we have shown them to be wholly untenable. In doing this, we have sincerely regretted one thing, that, in showing how unsound he is in all that is essential to his case, we have had no space to show how justly and how brilliantly he reasons on many points that are  
accidental

accidental to it; but this omission has been unavoidable. At some future time, we may possibly find occasion to supply it; but that time is not now. At present we must content ourselves, not with extending our criticisms, but merely with summing them up and completing them. What, then, we have seen is this. Mr. George's book is in a double sense a failure. He has not destroyed any of the theories of the economists; he has not established any theory of his own. He has not shown that wages are not drawn from capital. He has not shown that population does not press against the limits of subsistence. He has not shown that private ownership of land is the cause of poverty; and finally, he has not shown that, even if it were, it would be possible to abolish it. On the contrary, he has shown just the opposite. He has shown that, however a robbery of the present generation of landlords might for a time benefit the more opulent and influential of the robbers, private property in land would itself remain untouched. It would change hands, and it would change in name. But it would certainly not pass into the hands of the poor, and, if it changed in anything but in name, it would be merely a change for the worse. We go even further. We cancel the 'if' we have just used; and we assert that the change would be for the worse—absolutely. We assert that, if the existing landed aristocracy of the United Kingdom were dispossessed, and the land taken by the State, whilst town land would be no cheaper than it is at present, all other land would be dearer; and we shall prove this from Mr. George's own admissions. Were the State the landlord, then, according to Mr. George, as we have just seen, rent would be fixed by the 'highest bidder;' it would be, as he elsewhere puts it, 'the full competition rent.' Remembering this, let us turn to the following passage, which occurs in the opening chapter of Mr. George's pamphlet on Ireland:

'Miss C. G. O'Brien, in a recent article in the 'Nineteenth Century,' states that the tenant-farmers generally get for such patches as they sublet to their labourers twice the rent they pay the landlords. And we hear incidentally of many "good landlords," i.e., landlords not in the habit of pushing their tenants for as much as they might get by vigorously demanding all that any one would give.

'These things, as well as the peculiar bitterness of complaints against middle-men and the speculators who have purchased encumbered estates, and manage them solely with a view to profit, go to show the truth of the statement that the land of Ireland has been, by its present owners, largely underlet, when considered from what we would deem a business point of view. And this is but what might be expected. Human nature is about the same the world over, and the

the Irish landlords as a class are no better nor worse than would be other men under like conditions. An aristocracy such as that of Ireland has its virtues as well as its vices, and is influenced by sentiments *which do not enter into mere business transactions—sentiments which must often modify and soften the calculations of cold self-interest.* But with us the letting of land is as much a business matter as the buying or selling of pig-iron or of stocks. An American would not think he was showing his goodness by renting his land for low rates, any more than he would think he was showing his goodness by selling pig-iron for less than the market price, or stocks for less than the quotations. So in those districts of France and Belgium where the land is most subdivided, the peasant proprietors, says M. de Laveleye, boast to one another of the high rents they get, just as they boast of the high prices they get for pigs or for poultry.\*

This points its own moral. According to Mr. George's scheme, the landlords would be dispossessed, and the middlemen would be left. The State would be harder than the landlords, and the middlemen would be harder than the State.

We have one observation more to make, and that relates, not to Mr. George's economic theories, but to the general proposition with regard to modern society with which he sets out. As wealth increases, he says, the poor not only get absolutely more numerous, and relatively more poor, but relatively more numerous, and absolutely more poor. The poor get poorer, he says, as the rich get richer; all intermediate conditions are being eliminated; society is fast dividing itself into 'the extremely rich and the extremely poor.' Now we cannot discuss this assertion at any length. We can only say that, though it is continually made, and though to superficial observation there seems much to justify it, all who have studied the subject carefully are unanimous in declaring that it is wholly untrue. The poverty that underlies civilization is, no doubt, a terrible evil; it may easily develop into a dangerous one: but, so far is it from being *relatively* an increasing evil, that there is every reason to believe it to be somewhat diminishing; whilst as to the middle classes, instead of being destroyed by modern progress, they are, on the contrary, its special and most evident product.

Such then is the wretched tissue of falsehoods which form the integral part of Mr. George's book. Such is the book which an Irish agitator takes for his gospel, and which has actually passed for a new revelation in the science of Political Economy. We have no fear that thinking men will be long deluded. But the danger of Mr. George's book is, that it does not appeal to

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\* 'Irish Land Question,' p. 4.

thinking men. The popularity it aims at, the popularity it has attained, is due, not to the keenness of its arguments, but to the peculiar character of its rhetoric and the policy of confiscation which it advocates. Mr. George distinctly says that what he trusts to for the success of his doctrines is their appeal to the 'popular imagination.' 'Even the most prejudiced,' he adds, 'can be relied on to listen with patience to an argument in favour of making some one else pay what they now are paying.\*' But he is far from relying only on the naked passion of covetousness. He does all he can to clothe and ally this with the combined excitement of religious and of class feelings. His pages bristle with allusions to Dives and Lazarus, to the goodness of God and the cruelties of rich men, to the agonies of white slaves and the orgies of white slave-owners. Current political economy, he says, is 'blasphemous' and 'cynical'; and his 'blood boils' when he thinks of the theory of Malthus. Now all this is intelligible to the lowest class of readers; and it has this double danger, that it excites their worst passions, by a false appeal to their best; whilst the arguments of the book, as distinguished from its rhetoric, are to such readers nothing but a sort of logical hocus-pocus—a magical formula in a tongue they do not understand, which justifies the counsels given them in a tongue they do.

We do not believe Mr. George to be insincere. We believe, on the contrary, that his first and most complete dupe is himself; and as this is the best, indeed the only excuse we can make for him, we shall present the reader at parting with a specimen of his singular simplicity in the face of his own arguments. Mr. George tells us, and we believe him to speak quite honestly, that the sight of all the poverty and distress in the world have led him to doubt in the possibility of a wise and benevolent God. But now, he proceeds, since he has found out how to remedy poverty, since he sees prospectively vice and misery dying away from the earth, his faith in God, and in God's goodness, is coming back to him. There is something pathetic in this *naïve* avowal; but it is surely one which no sensible man would have made. Does not Mr. George see, that if the vice and misery that has so long existed in the world is any valid argument against the goodness of God, the argument would be strengthened, not destroyed, were this evil to come suddenly to an end?

Mr. George's vindication of God's ways is on a par with his vindication of his own scheme for amending them.

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\* 'Irish Land Question,' p. 41, from a chapter entitled 'How to Win.'

- ART. III.—1. *Le Palais Mazarin et les grandes habitations de ville et de campagne au dix-septième siècle.* Par le Comte de Laborde, Membre de l'Institut, etc. Paris, 1846.
2. *Louis XIV. et Marie Mancini, d'après de nouveaux documents.* Par R. Chantelauze. Paris, 1880.
3. *Inventaire de tous les Meubles de Cardinal Mazarin. Dressé en 1653 et publié d'après l'original, conservé dans les archives de Condé.* Londres, 1861. (Edited by the Duc d'Aumale for the Philobiblion Society.)
4. *Histoire de France pendant la Minorité de Louis XIV.* Par A. Cheruel. 4 vols. Paris, 1879-1880.
5. *Lettres du Cardinal Mazarin à la Reine, à la Princesse Palatine, etc., écrites pendant sa retraite hors de France en 1651, 1652.* Par M. Ravenel. Paris, 1836.
6. *Histoire de France. Richelieu et la Fronde.* Par J. Michelet. Paris, 1858.
7. *La Misère au temps de la Fronde et Saint Vincent de Paul, ou un chapitre de l'histoire du Paupérisme en France.* Par A. Feillet. Paris, 1862.
8. *La Jeunesse de Mazarin.* Par Victor Cousin. Paris, 1865.
9. *Les Nièces de Mazarin.* Par Amédée Renée. Paris, 1857.
10. *Lettres, Instructions, et Mémoires de Colbert, publiés d'après les ordres de l'Empereur.* Par Pierre Clément. Paris, 1861.

ON the 26th of October, 1630, the armies of Spain and France were drawn up in hostile array under the walls of Casale. A series of long and intricate negociations, arising out of the question of the Mantuan succession, had been rendered abortive by the duplicity and faithlessness of several of the high contracting parties, who were no less than five in number, each of them swayed by distracting interests. At length the patience of Louis XIII. was exhausted, and positive orders had been issued for the attack, which would (if we may believe M. Michelet) infallibly have ensured decisive victory for France and an immediate march on Milan, when a captain in the Papal army, as the first shots were fired, waving a white flag of truce, galloped between the opposing lines, crying, 'Pace, pace; alto, alto.' The French army was thus balked of its triumph by no other than Jules, in after years Cardinal, Mazarin; and M. Michelet adds that, with characteristic love of effect, he had kept the treaty in his pocket for a week, in order to cause a greater sensation by its production at some critical moment.

The widest diversity of opinion exists upon the character and policy of this sagacious statesman, who wielded the destinies of France

France during the long minority of Louis XIV., and added three provinces to the territory of the House of Bourbon. In the eyes of Michelet, he is an unprincipled actor, libertine, and gambler, who subordinated every question of State policy to the meanest regard for his personal interests; a miser, whose glaring avarice was without a single redeeming quality; a poltroon: in those of M. Laborde, he is the patriotic and indefatigable Minister, whose fame in making France illustrious by his splendid victories abroad, and by his enlightened patronage of art and literature at home, is but slightly tarnished by a pardonable, if excessive, regard for his own private fortune. The calm judicial tone of M. Cheruel's history inclines to the more favourable estimate. Ample means exist for deciding between these conflicting judgments, for the literature of the period is immense, and apparently inexhaustible. Besides thousands of 'Mazarinades,' which teemed from the press during the troubles of the Fronde, and Mémoires in boundless profusion, the archives of the Foreign Office and the presses of other great Parisian libraries contain an enormous mass of letters, memoranda, and note-books of the great Cardinal, and his hardly less famous secretary and steward, Colbert. Much light is thrown upon the private life of Mazarin, to which we now chiefly confine ourselves, by the admirable work of M. Laborde which stands at the head of this article. His volume of 'Notes,' published separately, and restricted to 150 copies, is already exceedingly scarce. Nor should we omit to notice the excellent edition of the 'Inventaire,' privately printed by the Duc d'Aumale for the Philobiblion Society.

Jules Mazarin was born July 14, 1602, at Piscina, a little village in the Abruzzi, to which his parents had resorted to avoid the summer heat of Rome. His father, Peter Mazarin, was a Sicilian of moderate condition, *homme d'affaires* at Rome to Don Philip Colonna, Grand Constable of Naples. His mother, Hortense Bufalini, renowned for her beauty and spotless reputation, was the Constable's ward and god-daughter. He came into the world *coiffé* and with two teeth,—a happy omen, to which he liked to allude. Early indications of talent and grace awakened hopes of his future eminence. At five years old he was remarkable for vivacity and *bonne grâce* in his religious exercises. At seven he went to the Roman College, then in the hands of the Jesuits. At sixteen years of age, when the celebrated comet of 1618 appeared, Father Grassi, the astronomer of the company, put him forward to sustain a public thesis, in the presence of a large assembly of cardinals, princes, and *litterati*, gathered in the college hall. A little later, at a grand

grand dramatic representation to celebrate the canonization of St. Ignatius, he was selected to play the principal rôle, that of Ignatius himself, and filled it with singular success. With his mother's beauty, at once bright and gentle, winning and bold, with a frank face, a pleasant gaiety, and a ready aptitude for everything, *especially for intrigue*, the child was father of the man.

The Jesuits made every effort to secure so promising a neophyte. To avoid falling into their hands, Mazarin abandoned study for a life of dissipation. Brought up with the sons of the Constable, who were about his own age and delighted in his society, he laid himself out to please, and in the Colonna palace he acquired the manners, the tone, and the vices, of good society. The passion for high play raged at Rome, and Mazarin addicted himself to it with ardour. Here he displayed all the best qualities of a practised gamester—courage even to rashness, and imperturbability of temper. In all the vicissitudes of the game he was never seen to change countenance, never heard to utter an unseemly word. As he frequently won largely, he kept a train of servants, dressed in the richest garments, and wore the most costly jewellery. 'The magnificent,' he was wont to say, 'has heaven for his treasurer.' One day his luck changed, and he was obliged to pawn his wardrobe and his jewel-case; but with a few livres, raised on a solitary pair of silk stockings, he quickly won enough to redeem all that he had pledged.

To break off such habits and associations, he was despatched to Spain as a gentleman of the bedchamber to Jerome Colonna, who intended to study canon law at the University of Alcalá, and politics at the Court of Madrid. His early passion for gambling (he was but seventeen) was not extinct, but he had no longer the same opportunity of pledging his property in case of serious loss, as Jerome would have been displeased had a member of his retinue appeared at any time meanly dressed. One unlucky day, however, the temptation proved too strong; he risked and lost all on a single throw. A wealthy Spanish acquaintance, named Nodaro, observed his depression and asked the reason. The wily Italian pretended to be anxious at the failure of remittances from Rome. This led to the offer of a loan, which was accepted with feigned reluctance, and was punctually repaid out of his heavy winnings on the day when the Roman post came in. Nodaro proposed to give Mazarin his daughter in marriage. The young people loved one another, and nothing was wanting but Don Jerome's consent. We can imagine the winning earnestness and fervour of the devoted lover. Don Jerome wisely offered no objection, but feigned urgent necessity for  
Mazarin's

Mazarin's immediate return to Rome with important despatches for the Constable, who sternly bade his *protégé* think no more of so foolish a marriage, but drown any feelings of disappointment in hard work. It was the classic remedy for stricken lovers, 'Res age, tutus eris:' but what issues hung on the adoption of the well-worn counsel!—the future arbiter of Europe within an ace of sinking into obscurity as the son-in-law of a Spanish notary!

Whatever vices Mazarin had contracted, idleness assuredly was not one of them. He now studied civil law, and at twenty took his degree of doctor *in utroque jure*. Without resources, without family connections, without any fixed avocation, he was glad to accept a captaincy in a regiment of the Papal army which was to occupy the Valtelline. When the forces of the Pontiff were withdrawn, for six years under Bentivoglio, Barberini, and Sachetti, he unravelled the tangled maze of politics in which the various states of Italy, with Austria, France, and Spain, all held their part; and he soon made it clear how thoroughly he had grasped the leading threads, and how skillfully he could weave them into the designed pattern. In diplomacy all his varied qualities found their true sphere of action. Subtle, adroit, insinuating, persuasive, indefatigable—himself a veritable Proteus—how he hurried from post to post in the thankless and almost hopeless task of striving to soothe the pride of the Austrian Collalto, to restrain the omnipotent Richelieu, and to hold the faithless Savoyard to his plighted word, his days spent in unwearied negotiations, his nights in penning endless despatches to his sovereign at the Vatican,—all this is described in M. Cousin's book. Even his master hand cannot redeem from overpowering dulness the prolix details of a transaction, which centred round a petty Italian state, but involved the hazard of a European war. Yet the patience, the insight into diplomatic mysteries, the industry, the acquaintance with the policy of the different courts of Europe, above all the introduction to Richelieu acquired at this period, made it priceless as a school of training in statesmanship, and determined the scene, as it secured the success, of Mazarin's future career.

On the entrance of Mazarin into the service of Louis XIII. we are met by some of the most intricate and obscure problems of his private life. As a *protégé* and partisan of Richelieu, he was not likely to be acceptable to the Queen; but the theory has been stoutly maintained, that the great Cardinal designedly threw the handsome young Italian, then in his twenty-eighth year, across the path of Anne of Austria. Court scandal asserted that when Buckingham and 'baby Charles' visited the Louvre, the former

former had pushed à outrance his admiration for its Spanish mistress, and Mazarin's handsome features singularly resembled and recalled those of the English envoy. Michelet, whose love for prurient details equals that of a monk of the Middle Ages, affirms that the brother of Louis XIV. stood in the closest relationship to the future Cardinal. Yet on Richelieu's death Mazarin, retained in office by Louis XIII., continued the policy of his great leader, even in its opposition to the Queen's wishes. He arranged at the King's bidding the minute directions which limited Anne's powers as Regent: he prepared for his own immediate return to Italy so soon as certain necessary details were settled: he kept in the background whilst Gaston and Condé surrendered their powers to the Queen: he was unseen whilst Beaufort was swaggering in haughty but premature triumph, and appeared neither in the ranks of the 'Importants' nor in the 'Journée des Dupes.' Even when the grand 'lit de justice' was held, at which the late king's will was contemptuously set aside, and the infant monarch, accompanied by his royal mother and surrounded by all the splendour of the French court, invited the Parliament to disallow its provisions, he took no part in a demonstration at which every minister of the Crown was entitled and might have been expected to attend. His enemies were confidently anticipating his immediate dismissal, when, at the first council held by Anne of Austria, with her full powers as Regent, she nominated, to all but universal amazement, Mazarin as her first minister. He was (she said) so able, so faithful; above all, so *disinterested*!

Contemporary Memoirs give a vivid picture of Mazarin's life and demeanour at this critical period. He was gentle, unassuming, accessible, full of kindness and fascination. He entertained as simply as a private person. He wanted nothing for himself: his own connections being in Italy, he should regard all the Queen's servants as his family. The antique statues sent him from Rome were the only relatives he wished to have in France. Friends and foes are unanimous in describing the charm of his manners, the exquisite finish of his dress, and the beauty of his person. At forty he was one of the handsomest men at Court. A good figure, above the middle height, a clear complexion, eyes full of fire, a large nose, a broad and majestic forehead, hair chestnut and slightly wavy, his beard darker and carefully curled, his hands beautiful and well kept,—it was impossible, wrote Mme. de Motteville, who bore him no good will, not to be carried away by his seductiveness. The Regent herself had no mean pretensions to beauty. Like a true Spaniard, she knew how to combine devotion and coquetry. She longed for absolute

lute power, but was too indolent to exercise it. She passed her days in long prayers, prolix talk, and heavy meals. Every morning she gave audience in bed to a crowd of men and women indiscriminately, and breakfasted and heard mass in her dressing gown, with her hair gathered in a comb. Every evening, when the formal visit of the princes of the blood was over, she passed an hour or more in private with Mazarin, discussing home and foreign politics, gallantry, or what you will. If on the woman's side there was implicit trust, on the man's part there was untiring vigilance and suspicion. Mazarin distrusted, and probably not without reason, the Queen's intimate friends, her waiting women, her almoners, even her long hours of devotion and consultation of spiritual guides, male and female. He retired from the royal presence to record daily in his voluminous *carnets* his impressions and anxieties; to enter memoranda of the price with which one courtier must be bought, or the urgency with which another must be removed.

What were the true relations existing between them? The stream of filthy pamphlets that issued from the press of Paris during the Fronde affirmed a criminal intercourse in the coarsest phraseology. Never was Minister more shamefully bespattered and befouled. Never was the licence of the press more disgracefully abused. All the fiercest invective of a ribald time, envenomed by hatred and unchecked by decency, was heaped upon Mazarin. The language of these scurrilous lampoons would dishonour Holywell Street and raise a blush in Billingsgate. Nor was the ecclesiastical profession of the Minister of itself any refutation of imputed immorality in a day when De Retz, the coadjutor Archbishop of Paris, lived in open concubinage and fostered, if he did not write, the most licentious of these libels. The earliest of them appeared immediately upon the death of Louis XIII. in 1643, and from that date to the end of the Fronde the mingled wit and bile of a thousand hostile pens was poured forth in broadsheet, caricature, and doggerel. Moreau in his '*Bibliographie des Mazarinades*' gives the titles of six thousand of these essays in vituperation; and Laborde has reproduced some characteristic extracts, and has reprinted entire that once famous ditty the '*Custode de la Reine, qui dit tout*,' of which only a single copy was once thought to have survived. We prefer to leave untouched these unsavoury *morceaux* with their inevitable lacunæ, even in the Notes, for which their author apologizes as '*un peu scabreuses*.'\* They may serve in their

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\* M. Laborde says of the *Mazarinades*, '*Je ne sais rien de plus violent sans raison, de plus ordurier sans esprit.*'

degree to illustrate the history and manners of their time. They at least prove by force of numbers a general belief in the closest intimacy between the Queen Regent and the Minister. Mazarin regarded this torrent of invective with sublime indifference, and only a single allusion to it is to be found in his notebooks.

We turn for further light upon our question to another class of evidence; namely, that of contemporary *Mémoires*. No doubt historians have been misled by their reliance on works of this kind, which too generally reflect the prejudices or malice of their authors; but we may cite as witnesses two writers, each of whom enjoyed special opportunities of obtaining trustworthy information, whilst neither had any apparent motive for misstatement, and who are yet diametrically opposed to each other on this subject. Madame de Brienne relates that she one day ventured to inform the Queen Regent of the injurious reports concerning her which were current in the court and the city.

‘As I withheld nothing from her, I observed, without seeming to notice it, that the Queen coloured “jusque dans le blanc des yeux.” When I had ended, Anne, with tears streaming from her eyes, replied, “Why have you not told me this sooner? I acknowledge that I like Mazarin, I may say even tenderly, but the affection which I have for him does not amount to love; or if it goes so far, without my being aware of it, my senses have no share in it: my mind only is charmed by the beauty of his mind. I do not deceive myself. If there be a shade of sin in this affection, I renounce it before God and the saints whose relics repose in this oratory. Henceforth I promise I will only speak with him on *Stato* business, and will break off the conversation when it touches upon other subjects.”’—‘*Mémoires inédits de Louis Henri de Loménie, Comte de Brienne*,’ quoted by Laborde and Chantelauze.

Now for our second witness, who is no less a person than Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans:—

‘The Queen-mother, widow of Louis XIII., not content with loving Cardinal Mazarin, had ended by marrying him. He was not a priest, and had not the orders which could prevent his contracting matrimony. All the circumstances are now well known. The secret passage by which the Cardinal resorted every night to her is still seen at the Palais Royal. The old Beauvais, first woman of the bed-chamber to the Queen-mother, was in the secret of her marriage: this compelled the Queen to comply with all the demands of her *confidante*.’

M. Laborde remarks upon this testimony, that although not contemporaneous it is the more trustworthy, as the day for intentional misrepresentation was over; that Court secrets are

preserved 'comme traditions;' and that its author received all such reports with an impartiality only equalled by the cynical baldness with which she relates them.

The internal evidence, however, is stronger and, as we think, conclusive. A voluminous correspondence between the Queen Regent and Mazarin, during the flight of the latter from France in 1651-52, published for the French Société de l'Histoire by M. Ravenel, settles the matter beyond dispute. Under the privacy of a cypher, the key to which M. Ravenel's industry has discovered, they addressed each other without reserve, and never did the most ardent of lovers use language more passionate or more tender. Some of their letters, which are now published for the first time by M. Chantelauze, breathe not merely a spirit of gallantry, but of genuine affection. It should not be forgotten that they were written after years of the closest intimacy, and when the Queen Regent, who was two years older than the Cardinal, was nearly sixty.\*

This unchangeable love can alone explain the immutable fidelity with which Anne, through all vicissitudes of fortune, and even to the hazard of her crown, clung to the Cardinal. May it not, alas! also account for the moroseness and ill-humour which in later years Mazarin dared to vent upon his loyal and stedfast Mistress? We should add, that the marriage of Anne and Mazarin is now recognized by modern French historians of high authority, such as Michelet, Cheruel, and Chantelauze.

The earlier days of Mazarin's premiership must have been days of intense private anxiety. He had no strong personal following. The Regent's attachment to him was as yet untried. The princes of the blood, though divided by mutual jealousies, were not unlikely to unite in order to crush him. Beaufort formed a plot to assassinate him, and it affords a curious illustration of the tone of mind then prevalent, that H. Campion, a gentleman of the Duke's retinue, although he abhorred the murder, *felt bound in honour* to obey his patron, and only stipulated that he should not be required actually to strike the fatal blow. A quarrel between two ladies of the Court led to a revelation of the conspiracy and the imprisonment of Beaufort; and Mazarin, strengthened in position by this failure, redoubled his efforts to purchase the good will of all those whose enmity might be dangerous. The Queen Regent could not refuse anything, and was a prey to the most importunate and shameless mendicancy. One day it was discovered that she had heedlessly given away the estates which were charged with the

\* We would refer particularly to the letters printed by Chantelauze, pp. 387-9 and 412-13.

maintenance of the royal table, and the Court was in danger of starving. Pensions, governments, dignities, favours of every kind, were lavished on all sides.

‘ La reine donne tout,  
Monsieur joue tout,  
M. le prince prend tout,  
Le Cardinal fait tout,  
Le Chancelier scelle tout,’

was the popular cry. Such gratifications were hardly likely to secure trustworthy service, and the *carnets* abound in lamentations over the ingratitude of their recipients.

On his first arrival in Paris, Mazarin had lodged with M. de Chavigny at the Hôtel S. Paul, and had afterwards been assigned apartments first in the Louvre and then in the Palais Royal. In 1646 he purchased the Hôtel Tubæuf from the President of the Cour des Comptes. The site, which is now occupied by the ‘Bibliothèque Nationale,’ and surrounded by a dense population, was in the quarter which was then becoming fashionable, and comprised ample space for gardens and stabling, as well as for a palace suited to the wealth and splendour of the Queen’s favourite. The choice of an architect and of artists for its decoration was matter for serious diplomatic discussion. Mazarin hoped to secure the services of Bernini, to whom he offered a pension of 75,000 livres; but on the Pope’s refusal to allow him to leave Rome, Mansard, a French architect, was selected to design the building. Cardinal Barberini was more successful in his application that Romanelli and Grimaldi should adorn with frescoes the walls and ceilings of the rising palace, which comprised, in addition to the usual apartments, special galleries for sculpture and pictures, a library so planned as to be accessible to the public, and stabling of extent and completeness hitherto unheard of.

The progress of the building excited the liveliest interest amongst the Court ladies. All classic mythology was to be reproduced upon the ceiling of the great galleries; and, as a bevy of beauties looked on approvingly, Romanelli silently introduced the portrait of the fairest into his design. On their next visit the likeness was detected, and a clamour of discontent and jealousy arose. In vain did the artist plead, ‘How could I, with one pair of hands, paint you all at once?’ He could only appease them by painting every one of them in turn.

The galleries were gradually filled with a splendid collection of pictures and statuary: and the influence of a taste for art thus inspired in Louis XIV., and through him into the French nation, can hardly be exaggerated. Agents were employed

throughout Europe, wherever there was opportunity, to enrich the Palais Mazarin with all that was precious in material or beautiful in design. Clarendon complains that after the murder of Charles I. Mazarin 'sent to be admitted as a merchant to traffic in the purchase of the rich goods and jewels of the rifled crown, of which he purchased the rich beds, hangings, and carpets, which furnished his palace at Paris.' The banker Jabach was sent over to London; and, although the gems of the royal collection went to Madrid and Brussels, he secured some prizes. It sounds incredible that the Cardinal, influenced by some strange whim or misled about their priceless worth, actually refused the offer of Raphael's cartoons at three hundred pounds. Perhaps the troublous times distracted his attention, or begot a fit of parsimony for which we cannot be too grateful.

The catalogue of the pictures included in the 'Inventaire' drawn up by Colbert comprises nearly five hundred examples. No doubt they were of various degrees of merit, but the taste and judgment are not to be lightly depreciated, which contributed thirty pictures to the present gallery of the Louvre, and the Duc d'Aumale asserts there is not one of them of which the gallery has not good reason to be proud. We must refer our readers to the 'Inventaire' and to the Duke's interesting annotations for a detailed account of them. The Cardinal took a personal interest in adding new examples; and when a case arrived with a fresh purchase from Rome or Venice, its contents were eagerly criticized and their genuineness discussed. The history of the acquisition of the *Sponsalia* of Correggio deserves special mention. Mazarin had long coveted and vainly tried to obtain it from his old allies, the Barberini. At length the Queen Regent was incited to ask for it, and it was reluctantly yielded to her entreaties. Not long after its arrival in Paris, it was transferred to the Palais Mazarin, to the intense mortification of the donors, who loudly protested that they only parted with it on condition that it should grace the royal galleries.

It would occupy the entire space at our command to give even a brief *résumé* of the works of art enumerated in the detailed catalogue before us. Mazarin was a born collector, and had all a collector's fondness for accumulation, so that to the end of his life he was continually buying additional treasures, and in his powerful position numberless presents were sent to gratify his well-known tastes. We cannot do more than allude to the statues which he prized so highly, and whose strange destiny it was to pass to an owner who wantonly mutilated and destroyed them. A similar fate befel a portion of the tapestry—a special feature

feature of the Palais Mazarin, which deserves more than a mere passing mention.

No less than thirty pages of the 'Inventaire' are occupied with the bare recital of the hangings which adorned the Cardinal's walls. The looms not only of Paris and Lyons, but those of Flanders and Holland, of Portugal and England, and of the Italian cities from Milan to Naples, were all laid under contribution, so as to form an assemblage equally rich in almost every branch of this costly art. The catalogue enumerates about forty series of grand designs; each one comprising a sequence of from half-a-dozen to a score of panels of life-size. History, sacred and profane; lives drawn from the Old and New Testaments and Apocrypha; mythological fable and classic legend and Roman story; the arts that adorn and the pursuits that enliven life; designs from Titian and Albert Dürer,—all looked down grandly from the walls on the throng that filled the salons of the Palais Mazarin. Upon no portion of his treasures did Mazarin bestow greater care; and, when they had been dispersed on his flight from France in 1651, their restoration was the most grateful offering that could be presented to him. The Queen of Sweden gracefully relinquished the large purchases she had made from the Cardinal's collection, and Colbert's energies were ever on the alert to recover lost specimens or to acquire new ones.

Before we pass altogether from the productions of the loom, we shall pry for a minute into the chests and wardrobes of the best-dressed and best-attended statesman of his day. 'Two hundred and seven yards, one-third, and half a quarter [the fractions indicate the accurate pen of the exact Colbert] of crimson velvet; 119 yards of gold Florentine brocade, embroidered with flowers; two other pieces of Florentine brocade, with flowers of gold on a silver ground; two entire lengths of green Genoa velvet, containing 57 yards and two-thirds, "less a twelfth;" 22 pieces of Milanese velvet of rose-red, amounting to 292 yards'—such are the first few items of the list, from which we learn that the 'armoires' of the palace held 824 yards of velvet, 258 of satin, and 749 of rich damask, besides 368 more of other textures, varying from violet gauze to yellow Chinese brocade. Nor was this store excessive, when we consider the demands on it which must have been made at times by the grand chamberlain of the household, the steward, and the master of the horse.

The wardrobe of his Eminence, although restricted by the ecclesiastical character of its owner, included five-and-twenty complete suits of every rich material then in vogue, from the heaviest scarlet velvet to the finest ruby lawn. We cannot linger

linger over the elaborate record, with all its minute niceties of spotted taffetas and flame-coloured petersham, of violet doublets and costly baldricks, of scores of garters with their bunches of ribbons of endless lace and fine linen, and, characteristically enough, of scented gloves. One item we give entire, as well worthy a dandy of the first water :—

‘Un parasol de damas rouge cramoisy à fleurs, tout uny, garny de frange de soie meslée de plusieurs couleurs, avec le bois de poirier façon d’ébène.’—‘Inventaire,’ p. 238.

The Cardinal assuredly surpassed all other Premiers in foppery.

Mazarin was a born virtuoso, whose wealth and influence enabled him to gather all that his taste desired, and his taste was indeed multifarious. Shrines, monstrances, reliquaries, chalices, jewels, buried for years in the treasuries of distant monasteries,—priceless works that had been a labour of love, wrought without stint of toil and time, the pride and production of a lifetime—masterpieces of the goldsmith’s art, on which a luxuriant fancy had lavished all that was quaint in fancy or elegant in form, in a day when artists of high rank worked in the precious metals, and when the intrinsic worth of the material was but a fraction of the value imparted to it by chasing and sculpture and enamel—in what profusion such things were amassed we will only indicate before we pass on. Twenty pages of the ‘Inventaire’ are devoted to an enumeration of articles in rock-crystal, amber, coral, and other precious materials, ‘enchassées dans de l’argent vermeil doré.’ The catalogue of the gilt plate in the mansion and the chapel fills upwards of twenty more; and equal space is required for ‘argent blanc servant d’ordinaire.’ We fear to get hopelessly beyond our depth if we venture to do more than to glance at the forty pages of ‘litz et emmeublementz,’ where, amidst the technicalities and mysteries of a nomenclature which might puzzle an antiquary and upholsterer combined, we recognize grand state beds with their gorgeous carving and velvet hangings, heavy with fringe of bullion, and posts adorned with massive bouquets of real silver flowers. Twenty-two cabinets of ebony or tortoiseshell, elaborated in the style which recent sales have made so familiar, graced the salons, in which also stood copious store of tables of rich mosaic, of alabaster and porphyry and the choicest marble.

Such a collection must have exercised an immense influence upon the national taste, and we are persuaded that France is largely indebted to Mazarin for its subsequent pre-eminence  
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in art. For the Cardinal did not hide away his treasures, he loved to exhibit them; and, whilst audience of himself was extremely difficult to secure, his galleries were at all times accessible.

A like spirit of munificent liberality prompted the formation of his library. The recent foundations of the Bodleian at Oxford, and of Cardinal Borromeo at Milan, may indeed have suggested a proposal which was carried out with rapidity and judgment. We should bear in mind, as M. Laborde remarks, that, whereas nothing is commoner than to collect 40,000 volumes and place them at the public disposal now, nothing was more unusual then. The King's library at that date contained only 10,000 volumes, and admission to it was an exceptional privilege. Mazarin found in Naudé a capable and experienced librarian, who traversed almost all Europe to make purchases; and as soon as 10,000 or 12,000 volumes had been got together, the collection was opened, probably in 1644. Under the feigned name of Mascurat, and in the form of a dialogue, Naudé set forth the advantages thus conferred upon students and the learned, which foreshadow our own Museum Reading-room (with the addition of the *paper*):—

*'Mascurat.* It will be open to all the world, no living soul excepted, from eight in the morning to five in the evening. There will be chairs for those who only wish to read, and tables furnished with pens, ink, and paper, for those who want to write, and the librarian and his attendants will be under strict orders to give the studious all the books they can ask for in every language and branch of science, and to take them back and restore them to their places when they have done with them.

*'Saint Ange.* I do not suppose for my part that there will be any great crowd. For most learned and judicious persons will prefer to pass by this library, as they have done hitherto, rather than be exposed to the caprice of the Swiss, or to the insolence of so many pages and lackeys in order to enter.

*'Mascurat.* Were I to admit that the Swiss and porters of the great houses were such as you have just portrayed, even were they Cerberuses, since men of letters resemble those Orpheuses who know how to charm them, you need not fear that the *entrée* to the Cardinal's palace will not always be open to those who wish to visit the library. And as a proof that it is so, I recollect having seen, every day when it is open, more than 80 or 100 who all studied there at once. But since literary men are easily rebuffed by the slightest noise or bustle, all their difficulties and apprehensions have been met by arranging a private entrance, which will open on the Rue de Richelieu, over which will be engraved in letters of gold upon a slab of black marble,

“Entrez, vous tous qui voulez lire; entrez.”

The

The patronage which Mazarin thus extended to literature was not confined to the provision of this public library. Corneille, Chapelain, Voiture, Balzac, and Des Cartes, were all in the receipt of pensions from him. The golden age of French literature was beginning to dawn, and its birth was fostered by the Cardinal, who favoured the drama, introduced the opera into France, and founded the Institut.

Hardly had the volumes been arranged upon their shelves, when they were exposed to imminent danger. The greater portion of the library was not fully acquired before 1648; and in the following year the outbreak of the Fronde drove Mazarin from Paris, and placed the treasures of his palace at the mercy of his foes. To all the jealousy awakened in the native *noblesse* and the *Parlements* by the usurpation of absolute power, was added the envy excited by so lavish a display and expenditure of wealth by a foreigner, at a moment when there was widespread misery throughout France, and when the necessities of the State were only supplied by the most oppressive forms of taxation.

‘Who could ever have believed,’ wrote a pamphleteer of the day, ‘that one insignificant stranger, sprung from the dregs of the people, born a subject of the King of Spain, should have mounted in six years upon the shoulders of the King of France, have laid down the law to all the princes, imprisoned some, driven others into exile, and built in Paris a palace which puts that of the King to shame, and where luxury is carried to its highest point, even in the horses’ mangers?’—*‘Lettre d’un Religieux.’*

The popular odium soon found expression in the decree of the *Parlement*, which ordered the splendid collections of the Palais Mazarin, the library included, to be confiscated and sold; and Naudé in despair published a pathetic letter of remonstrance against so grievous a mistake.

‘Its 40,000 vols.,’ he pleads, ‘have been collected by the care of several kings and princes in Europe, by all the ambassadors that have set out of France these ten years into the most remote places. To tell you that I have made voyages into Flanders, Italy, England, and Germany, to bring hither whatever is rare and excellent, is little in comparison of the cares which so many crowned heads have taken to further the laudable designs of his Eminence.’ He presently supplies some interesting details. The collection includes ‘200 Bibles, translated into all sorts of languages; a history, the most universal and most complete of any ever yet seen; 3500 vols. of pure mathematics; all the old and new editions of the classics, the fathers, and the schoolmen; the lawyers of 150 provinces, most of them foreigners; the synods of more than 300 bishoprics; for rituals and offices of the Church, an infinite number; the laws and foundations of all religious houses, hospitals, communities, and confraternities;

ternities; the rules and practical secrets in all arts, both liberal and mechanic; and manuscripts in all languages and all sciences.'

At the prospect of the destruction of so magnificent an undertaking by those who should have been the first to protect it, no wonder if Naudé gives the reins to his eloquence, and indulges in some romantic flights. Its loss would surpass the sack of Constantinople or the destruction of the '*Æneid*!' He even hints that the annihilation of the *Parlement* itself would be a minor calamity.

'Frangatur potius legum veneranda potestas  
Quam tot congestos noctesque diesque labores  
Hauserit una dies supremaque jussa senatûs.'

The danger was for the present averted, but on Mazarin's second flight in 1651 the collection would inevitably have been dispersed, had it not been that the small prices obtained for the earlier lots put up to sale caused the attention of the *Parlement* to be directed to more profitable spoils.

It would be curious to trace the gradual change in etiquette and manners from an early period to the refinement and politeness of modern courts. How much coarseness of thought and language prevailed in Mazarin's time is abundantly illustrated in M. Laborde's '*Notes*,' but many of his anecdotes would not bear transference to our pages. It is horrible to think of the splendid hotels of Paris defiled by habits which would disgrace a hovel, and of the foremost men in Europe degraded by revolting and obtrusive indecency. Possibly the frightful scenes of a desolating war, which had covered half the Continent with unutterable misery, had brutalized the generals as well as their armies; and the former brought back to court the tone of mind acquired in the camp. The Duke of Lorraine openly boasted that his soldiers were cannibals, and the despatches of Condé and Turenne drily record scenes of widespread desolation and appalling wretchedness, without a single expression of sympathy or pity. No wonder that the utter disregard of others' feelings thus engendered should betray itself in private society, and that the long suites of apartments, through which the guests passed before arriving in the presence of their host, '*portaient les traces du passage de ces seigneurs qui crachaient haut pour marquer leur rang et se permettaient de plus grandes libertés pour prouver leur indépendance.*'\* The times were, however, about to improve, for a curious '*Traité de la civilité*,' published by Ant. Courtin in 1673, insists that

\* '*Le Palais Mazarin*,' p. 56.

although

although a few years ago 'il estoit permis de cracher à terre devant des personnes de qualité, et il suffisoit de mettre le pied dessus : à présent, c'est une indécence.' Transatlantic republicanism has alone preserved the manners of an old court.

High play was the fashion under the Regency, and Mazarin was a skilful card-player and loved to indulge his old propensity for gambling. Whole afternoons were often thus spent, and large stakes lost and won. Many persons of doubtful antecedents and character found admission then as ever into gaming circles. Cheating was general and unblushing. Hot blood, high words, fierce recrimination, often interrupted or broke up the game. His enemies asserted that Mazarin, to whom every conceivable crime was in turn imputed, preserved all his light coin in order to pay with it his debts of honour.

M. Tubœuf called one afternoon at the Palais Mazarin to pay the balance of a considerable amount which he had lost to its master. The Cardinal placed the money in a cabinet, from whence he drew a bag containing a number of fine precious stones, which he kept taking out one by one. 'Give Madame Tubœuf,' he said, as he handled them in an absent manner, 'Give Madame Tubœuf,' and he paused to draw forth another gem, 'Give Madame Tubœuf'—'What?' at last exclaimed the impatient and expectant husband, who was hoping to be recouped in some degree for his ill-luck—'What?' he asked again with outstretched hand. 'My compliments,' was the calm reply. It was commonly reported that the Hôtel Tubœuf had been won from its owner at play, but the memoranda of several instalments of its price entered by Colbert in the Cardinal's accounts effectually refute the calumny. We may perhaps ascribe to the same unscrupulous hostility the assertion that Mazarin did not disdain himself to cheat at cards, and that he found leisure amidst the cares of State to invent the game of 'Hoc.'\* A more favourable witness affirms that Mazarin allowed himself to be cheated with indifference. Even so late as the close of the century, the Duchesse de la Ferté assembled a company of her tradespeople at her house, and played with them at lansquenet. 'I cheat them,' she whispered to Mademoiselle de Launay, 'but then they rob me.'

Amongst the charges brought against Mazarin's private character, the most serious is that of inordinate avarice; and undoubtedly his enormous fortune could not have been amassed in so brief a period except by means that we should now consider utterly indefensible. Yet, in order to estimate his conduct

\* 'On te tient inventeur du hoc, ou beau jeu de trente et quarante.'—Scarron, 'Mazarin, Œuvres,' i. p. 284.

justly, we must judge him by the standard of his own age. Shameless rapacity and unblushing bribery were amongst its most marked characteristics, and no rank was too exalted to stoop to the practice of them. Queens, princes, peers, prelates, generals—every one, in short—begged without reserve, and accepted without gratitude. Ambassadors sold the secrets of their sovereigns, servants the correspondence of their masters, ladies the confidence of their lovers. Many a high reputation, like that of our own De Foe, has fallen terribly through the revelation of secrets long buried in the archives of the State. Mazarin's private note-books repeatedly record his irritation at the continued hostility of those whom he had tried to conciliate by ample presents. He complains that De Jars, who had accepted two abbeys, worth 20,000 livres de rente, besides a *commanderie* of equal value, and other considerable gratifications, still threw his whole influence against his benefactor. A lady of much higher rank, Madame de Chevreuse, whose sufferings for her attachment to Anne during the life of Louis XIII. gave her deserved favour with the Queen Regent, was approached with the most costly and seductive offers. At Mazarin's suggestion, the Queen gave her first 50,000 and then 200,000 livres—an enormous sum in those days. Her apologists assert that what she wanted was not gold, but power: but, nevertheless, she took the money. At the Court of the Vatican nothing could be accomplished without bribery, and in the days of Innocent X. it might have been supposed that the Vicar of Christ had read all his Master's injunctions in a sense directly opposite to their true meaning, so barefaced was the effrontery with which the Holy Father sold promotion to the highest bidder. The chief power was in the hands of Donna Olympia, the Pontiff's sister-in-law, who was accused not merely of trafficking in benefices, but of poisoning the purchasers of her wares, in order to resell them; and it is said that she sacrificed in this way no less than one hundred and fifty victims. When Michel Mazarin was striving to be appointed a cardinal, he spread a report that Germonville, the French Ambassador, had received instructions to confer the abbey of Corbie on the Pope's nephew. On being admitted to an audience of the Pontiff, the envoy was not allowed to finish his congratulations, or to broach the subject of the intended gift, before Innocent anxiously interrupted him:—'Does not his Majesty wish to confer some abbey on the Cardinal Panfilio?' As Germonville enlarged upon the value of the donation, 'the Pope's countenance gradually recovered its serenity, and he seemed to grow ten years younger, whilst his eloquence redoubled in expressing his

his thanks.' The anticipated boon was, however, still withheld. A long diplomatic correspondence ensued; and Mazarin followed up negotiations conducted by secret agents, to whose success he professed the most profound indifference, by the despatch of such a force against the papal territories as proved that he was terribly in earnest. At length the terms were finally settled, and the desired honour conferred on Michel. Donna Olympia was to have 40,000 crowns, and Prince Ludovisio, another nephew of Innocent, the revenues of the principality of Piombino. The whole affair from first to last was a contest of craft, duplicity, and trickery, in which Mazarin came off victorious. Olympia received only fair words, and some French goods not worth 8000 crowns: Ludovisio got nothing. Yet this transaction was stated by President Novion, in a full assembly of the *Parlement* of Paris, to have cost the country a sum equal in present value to two millions sterling.

We repeat that Mazarin must be judged by the standard of his own day—a day when the foremost in Church and State helped themselves with both hands, and greed knew no bounds, except lack of opportunity. Perhaps a more startling example may serve to illustrate how low was the tone of public morality at this period. There was no man who had benefited more largely by Mazarin's accession to power than Condé. He had been chosen by him at an early age, during his father's lifetime, to command the French army in the Low Countries, and was indebted to him for the opportunity which gained him the crowning honour of his victory at Rocroi. But Condé regarded his military skill and renown, not as splendid gifts to be employed for the benefit of his country, but as instruments with which to extort, in the hour of her peril, an advanced price for his services. At a critical juncture in 1646, when the power of Mazarin was weakened by the failure of the siege of Orbitello, whilst that of Condé was enhanced by the capture of Courtrai and Mardyke, Condé held sullenly aloof from the Court, and was only won over by the gift of domains worth 500,000 crowns. 'It was at the price of the governments of Champagne and Stenai that his services could be secured to protect the frontiers of Champagne, and to cover the siege of Gravelines.'\*

There are other circumstances to be taken into account before we can arrive at a just decision. The times were strangely out of joint. Would France have been the better if power had been transferred from the hands of Mazarin to those of that miserable puppet Gaston, or to the turbulent Frondeurs under

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\* Cheruel, i. p. 282.

the guidance of De Retz, or even to the capable but greedy Condé? Public money was regarded as the legitimate prey of those who were fortunate enough to be the first to grasp it. The sturdy resistance of the *Parlement* of Paris to the exactions of the Minister was prompted, not by any patriotic abhorrence of illegal taxation, but by a determination to uphold the exemption of the lawyers from bearing their fair share of the public burdens. De Retz bears evidence against his own party that 'chacun d'eux songeoit aux petites portes.' M. La-borde has discovered and gives a facsimile of a bond of association, long smothered beneath the dust of the 'Bibliothèque Royale,' adorned with the large sprawling signatures of all the leading Frondeurs, Montmorencies and Gondys, La Roche-foucaults and Caumonts, La Tremouilles and Sévigné; and this is its purport. The signatories undertake mutually to aid each other to preserve 'the goods, honours, charges, and benefices,' of which they might be deprived. Even the sword of Condé was at the service of Spain against his own country, so soon as he thought his own claims not sufficiently regarded. 'It is a great misfortune,' wrote Mazarin on his tablets, 'that it would be enough to raise France to the highest degree of prosperity, if only Frenchmen were devoted to France; but this cannot be obtained.' Patriotism was an idle name. It was every one for himself, and plunder for us all.

Another extenuating consideration should not be overlooked. In the bankruptcy of the State Treasury the personal credit of the Minister was frequently pledged for the national service, and thus private and public money became inextricably confused. Doubtless the statesman who thus relieved, at his own individual hazard, the exigencies of the moment, felt no more compunction in helping himself to an ample return for his venture when opportunity arose, than modern financiers have scrupled at profiting by the necessities of an Eastern despot or of a South American republic. The alternations of Mazarin's private fortune partook much of the nature of a gambling speculation, in which the most hazardous risks are incurred in the hope of netting gigantic profits. Besides, although no man in Europe had so clear a conception of the foreign policy which was essential to France, he frequently expresses, in his correspondence with Colbert, his ignorance of and distaste for all financial matters. Whatever came to hand in the shape of governments, abbeys, or available public funds, was, according to the prevalent mode of thought, to be dealt with on

' . . . The good old rule, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.'

In

In this respect Mazarin did not rise above the moral standard of his time, but we are not aware that he fell below it. His opportunities for amassing an enormous fortune were exceptional, and he took full advantage of them.

For a long time, however, Mazarin's tenure of power was very precarious. In 1649 he had to leave Paris. The Fronde was for the moment triumphant, and the Cardinal was proclaimed an enemy to the public peace; his goods, moveable and immoveable, were ordered to be sold; all his collections except his library were dispersed, and the revenues of his abbeys and appointments confiscated. Hardly had he recovered from the effects of this outbreak, when a more serious revolt in 1651 drove him altogether out of France. The condition of his affairs, as described in the letters of Colbert, who entered Mazarin's service at this critical period, was indeed desperate. Debts, bills, engagements, acceptances of every kind, poured in upon the energetic but bewildered steward, who was as yet only partially in his employer's confidence, and was ignorant of what further liabilities might be pending. Again and again, Colbert urged that it was absolutely imperative that Mazarin should employ some capable agent, who must have the fullest knowledge of the affairs of his Eminence, and must be trusted unreservedly, if Mazarin would extricate himself from his embarrassments. A flood of light is cast upon Mazarin's private affairs by this correspondence, and the position it reveals might well seem hopeless. The enmity of Tabouret, de Bertillat, and others who had charge of the finances, was only checked by the immutable perseverance with which the Queen Regent upheld the Cardinal's interests, but even her influence had now to be cautiously exerted. The income arising from Mazarin's numerous abbeys was intercepted, his principal debtors threatened to become bankrupt, moneys coming in from a distance were burdened with heavy charges and ruinous discount, a shoal of small creditors thronged the salons of the Palais Mazarin, clamouring for payment, and creating scandal. So low had the Cardinal's credit sunk, that Colbert writes, March 3, 1651: 'Your Eminence has not at this moment 1600*l*. that you can assuredly call your own, and the same condition of things will undoubtedly arise again in the future, unless the entire control of all your affairs is confided to some able and intelligent person.' Promptitude, firmness, and above all secrecy (as it was impossible to say who was to be trusted), could alone avert utter ruin.

The same unvarying tone of anxiety pervades Colbert's letters long after Mazarin's triumphant restoration to power. On July 19, 1653, Mazarin writes: 'The truth is that to-night,  
when

when this payment has been made, there will not be a sou at Court, not only for the army, but even for bare subsistence. This is why I pray you, without losing a moment, to press Messieurs les Surintendans to send us the prompt succour of at least 100,000 francs; and if they want my jewels to enable them the more readily to obtain this amount, you will give them to them.'

A whole year later (July 7, 1654) his affairs are in no better condition. 'I dare not speak to your Eminence about your affairs. In the months of July, September, and October, 1651, they were not as bad as they are now; and I have nothing to receive for six months to come, and incessantly vast payments to make. Even the ordinary income of the establishment has been diverted, and I am at my wits' end to get it restored. . . . I often tax myself to learn whether it is my fault, but I can find nothing to reproach myself with as far as my industry is concerned.'\* A single line in an earlier letter gives a vivid picture of the Queen Regent's estimate of Mazarin's financial capacity: 'Sa Majesté m'a répondu que vous estiez estrange et que vous n'aviez jamais un sol.'†

Are we to ascribe to these remarkable vicissitudes of fortune Mazarin's singular intermixture of parsimony and extravagance? His enemies asserted that his avarice extended to the most petty and unworthy expedients; that he withheld from Louis XIV. (during his minority) and from the Queen Regent what was requisite for the simplest and most ordinary necessities of their condition; that he even allowed the King's wardrobe to fall into disreputable decay, and prevented his visiting his sentries at their posts for the want of a few pistoles.

Whilst we must remember that the Memoirs of the time retail all the petty gossip of the palace backstairs, and often give expression to the malice of disappointed suitors, there may yet have been some grounds for the accusation of certain petty meannesses, from which neither Philip II. nor our own Queen Elizabeth can be absolved. Madame de Motteville somewhere mentions with surprise, that she and the other ladies attendant upon the Queen were allowed to partake of cake—evidently quite an exceptional indulgence—on the occasion of an evening visit paid by Anne to the Palais Mazarin.

No sooner was the management of the Cardinal's estate committed to Colbert, than scrupulous attention was bestowed on the minutest details of domestic economy.

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\* 'Lettres de Colbert,' p. 206.

† Ibid.

'We have in the stables of your Eminence two large greyhounds, which consume fourpence a day each. If your Eminence intends to give them away or return them, it would be well to be rid of them as soon as possible.'

From Vincennes he writes as follows:—

'We have three calves which are fed by six cows, besides plenty of fresh eggs: the first would be excellent immediately. We have six dozen Indian fowls—as many pullets as cockerels, which have been well kept and are excellent. A hundred sheep and ewes, so as to have early lambs. The little Indian sow has had six young ones, three of which are dead, and the rest can scarcely survive as she has no milk.'

Even as late as the year 1659, Colbert enquires whether certain rooms should be dismantled for a thorough cleaning. The earnest remonstrances of his steward only elicit from Mazarin the remark, 'I believe all you say, and I see well enough that I waste in a day more than you can contrive to economize in a couple of years; but it is impossible "me refaire."'" On another occasion he writes more explicitly, and in terms which go far to rebut the charge of overweening rapacity, when we consider the confidential nature of their correspondence, and the absence of any reason why Mazarin should have thought it necessary to assume a mask.

'It is well that you should know this, once for all, in obliging me to apply myself to my affairs as I am doing at present, that I am fifty years of age, that I have been in greater difficulties than I am at this moment, and that it has never been in my power to make any effort to put my affairs on a sound footing. It is essential that you should supply this deficiency for me, and that you should not attempt to exact from me that care which it is impossible for me to give to my private interests, which I have long been accustomed (both by inclination and by habit) to forget for affairs of State.'—*Laborde*, p. 44.

On the whole, there seems good reason to conclude that Mazarin's vast private fortune was not amassed by unscrupulous rapacity on the part of the Cardinal, but by the intelligence, the industry, and the integrity of the great financier who had the entire control of his estate.

We are curious to know what Colbert had to say about a strange freak of prodigality in which Mazarin indulged during the Lent of 1658, and which is recorded by *Mdlle. de Montpensier*:—

'The Cardinal behaved in a most gallant and extraordinary manner. He invited to supper their Majesties, Monsieur, the Queen of England, the

the princess her daughter, and me. We found his apartment grandly arranged, the supper of fish was magnificent. It was a Sunday in Lent: after supper there was dancing: he led the two queens, the English princess, and me, into a gallery which was filled with every imaginable kind of precious stones and jewelry, furniture, stuffs, all manner of beautiful things from China, chandeliers of crystal, mirrors, tables, and cabinets of all kinds, silver plate, perfumes, gloves, ribbons, fans. The gallery was as full as the stalls at a fair, except that there was nothing inferior; all was selected with care. He said nothing about what he was going to do with all this, but every one knew that he had some design, and it was reported that it was to form a lottery which should cost nothing. I could not believe it. There was more than four or five hundred thousand livres in dresses and furniture. Two days afterwards, the mystery was divulged. He held a reception and led the queen into his cabinet, whither I accompanied her, and where the lots were drawn. The grand prize was a diamond worth 4000 crowns, which was won by La Salle, a sous-lieutenant of the King's men-at-arms. I drew another, worth 4000 livres.'

Such a proceeding was calculated to provoke much ridicule amongst Mazarin's numerous enemies, and the fame of it in after years was enormously exaggerated. One writer (the Duchesse de Tallard) even represented the Cardinal as being in the habit of presenting his guests at dessert with '*plats remplis d'or, et ses nobles convives les empocher comme des olives.*' Could the keenest satire find a more fitting theme than such senseless prodigality at a time when France had lately been wasted with unutterable misery? '*Honte et misère au dehors, barbarie et misère au dedans.*'

One of the special characteristics of the period of the Fronde was the important part which women took in public affairs. In the open insurrections in the provinces, in the tumults that raged in Paris, in the secret intrigues that undermined and in the undisguised enmities that distracted the Court—alike in camp and council and closet—their passions and pretensions were omnipresent and omnipotent. The names of Mesdames de Chevreuse and de Longueville, and of a score of others, will at once occur to those who are familiar with the history of the time, to justify Mazarin's bitter complaints of their interference in the most critical emergencies of diplomacy or war. The ordinary pleasures and occupations of their sex had so far lost their savour to the ladies of the Regency, that when Madame de Longueville complained of *ennui*, and was urged by her companions to hunt or to take refuge in society, she naively replied: 'I do not care for innocent amusements.' High play, unabashed impurity, insatiable cupidity, unbridled ambition—such were

the vices which stained not a few of the ladies of the Court, when the arrival of Mazarin's nieces led to the most momentous episode in his eventful career.

Their entrance upon the stage was greeted with the usual torrent of abuse from the pamphleteers of Paris. They were fish-fags, herring-girls, she-asses. Yet, despite the cynical description of jealous rivals, their attractiveness is unquestionable; and although the exalted position of their uncle and their own prospects of immense wealth had no small share in shaping their destiny, it is unparalleled that the kings of France, England, and Portugal, should all have demanded the hand of one or other of them in marriage. We must, however, confine ourselves to the story of Louis XIV. and Marie Mancini.

The attention of Louis is said to have been first seriously directed to Marie by the undisguised concern which she exhibited at his illness, contracted in the Flemish campaign. They were almost of the same age, in their twentieth year; the king, a model of young manly beauty and grace; Marie, not beautiful, but full of intelligence, with remarkable powers of mind, which captivated the youthful monarch. She taught him Italian, read the favourite passages of her choicest authors, or declaimed them in a voice tempered by feeling and love, to which her slight foreign accent gave a further charm. If Marie knew how to enthrall, Louis knew equally well how to woo. One day meeting her in the palace garden he took her hand, and by accident hurt it slightly against the hilt of his sword. With inimitable grace he instantly flung away the offending weapon. They spent nearly all their time with one another, and the King became desperately enamoured. Where was it all to end?

The choice of a bride for Louis was naturally a question of high state policy. Marguerite of Savoy, and Maria Theresa, the Infanta of Spain, the Princess Henrietta of England, and Mademoiselle d'Orléans, were all eligible, but, for the present, Marie's power over Louis was so great, that the Cardinal is said to have proposed to Anne that his niece should share the throne of France with her son. All the royal Spanish blood of the Queen Regent boiled at the bare suggestion of such a *més-alliance*. 'I do not believe,' she replied, 'Sir Cardinal, that the King is capable of this baseness; but, if it were possible that he should entertain the thought of it, I warn you that all France would rise in revolt against you and him, and that I would place myself at the head of the rebels.' This dream, if it were ever cherished, once dissipated, Mazarin held out with noble firmness against the King's entreaties; and Marie herself, either  
from

from sheer heedlessness or because she felt secure of the King's affection, alienated the goodwill both of the Queen Regent and her uncle. She openly monopolized Louis' attention, and whispered in his ear, when the Queen was present, in defiance of Court etiquette. As for the Cardinal, she wantonly disregarded his advice, and made him the subject of her ridicule from morning till night. He wanted his nieces to be models of propriety, to be scrupulously choice in the selection of their companions, to attend Mass daily, to observe all the *convenances* of life. 'You would not believe,' writes Hortense, 'how much he was grieved at our want of religion. He urged every reason imaginable to inspire us with a regard for it. "If you will not go to Mass for your own sakes, at least do so to gain the world's good opinion."' Such counsel was hardly likely to impress clever, high-spirited, and (in modern phrase) fast young ladies, but their pranks were at times unpardonable. We can imagine the annoyance of the stately Cardinal on learning that they had flung 300 louis of his one afternoon out of the windows of the Palais Mazarin, for the fun of seeing the crowd of lackeys-in-waiting fight for them in the courtyard below.

Despite the hopes of Marie, and the avowed preference of Louis, the project for a marriage with Marguerite of Savoy was pressed on by Mazarin, and a meeting between the Courts of France and Savoy was arranged to be held at Lyons. The story of this negotiation and its issue reads like a solemn farce, in which many of the actors must have found it hard to preserve their gravity. The Queen Regent only consented to undertake the journey in hopes that the rumour of it would elicit a definite offer of the Infanta's hand for her son, and when this arrived she hastened to conclude the comedy as speedily as possible. The young king, after a hasty expression of his approval of Marguerite, and a brusque irruption into her chamber to satisfy himself that she was not deformed, treated her with marked indifference, and daily devoted four or five hours together to conversation with Marie Mancini. The conference broke up, after signing an agreement to reopen the negotiation if Louis did not marry the Infanta within a year; Anne of Austria loudly expressing her satisfaction at having got rid of all that gang, the Dowager of Savoy half angry at the failure of the negotiation, more than half pleased at a present of diamonds from Mazarin; Marguerite, whose conduct was throughout dignified and becoming, with a few tears of wounded pride; and Louis rejoicing to be set at liberty once more to spend his mornings at tennis, and his evenings with Marie and her sisters, whose carriage he attended every night to their apartments, first following it, then acting

as coachman, finally taking his place inside, and, if it were moonlight, walking with them before retiring.

Matters were now becoming serious. It is an open question whether Spain was not by this time so much exhausted, that it would have been a wiser policy for France to have persevered in the war until she had exacted very favourable terms; but the Queen Regent was bent on her son's marriage with the Infanta, and when Mazarin had once decided on this line of policy he followed it with admirable patience, resolution, and skill. It was no easy task that he had to accomplish. In reply to his mother's remonstrances against his infatuation for Marie, Louis answered with a warmth which showed that he resented her interference. It needed all the Cardinal's authority and judgment to justify his own refusal and to make the King's duty plain. In vain did the young monarch entreat his Minister on bended knees to yield to his wishes. Even the Queen was anxious that excessive sternness should be avoided, but Mazarin determined that the young people should be separated from one another; and, accompanied by two of her sisters, Marie was sent under the charge of Madame de Venel to the Chateau of Brouage, near Rochelle. As he handed Marie to her carriage the King burst into tears; '*vous pleurez et vous êtes le maître,*' were the well-known words in which she bade him farewell.

The Cardinal set out for the Spanish frontier, June 26, three days after his nieces, and from every halting-place on his journey he wrote with indefatigable diligence to Madame de Venel, to the Queen Regent, and to Louis; to the latter especially, letters full of wise and lofty counsel. 'I am delighted to hear that you are firm in your resolution, but permit me to tell you it is most absolutely necessary, in order to fulfil it, that you should make yourself the master as much as possible of your passions.' The condition of the lovers was indeed deplorable, and Mazarin consented that they should correspond with one another. He soon had reason to repent of his complaisance. The flame burst out again with increased intensity. Alarming reports came from the Queen Regent in Paris, and from Madame de Venel at Brouage, and he feared lest rumours should reach the Court of Madrid, and lest Spanish pride should take umbrage and break off the negotiation.

It is not easy to condense into a few sentences the dignified, yet outspoken, letter of remonstrance which Mazarin addressed from Cadillac (July 16) to his youthful sovereign:—

'God has appointed kings (he wrote) to watch over the welfare, the security, and the peace of their subjects, and not to sacrifice that welfare and peace to their own private passions; and when any have been

been found unhappy enough to have obliged Divine Providence by their conduct to abandon them, history is full of the revolutions and miseries which they have brought down upon their persons and their kingdoms. This is why I say it boldly, it is no time to falter, and although you are master in a certain sense to do what you think right, still you must give account to God of your actions in order to secure your salvation, and to the world to maintain your glory and reputation.'

Once more Louis promised amendment, and the negociations were advancing, when Mazarin learned that Louis was determined to have an interview with Marie, on his way southwards to join the Cardinal at Saint-Jean de Luz. Was the laborious consummation of a lifetime, built up with such carefully planned and patient toil, and designed to confer countless blessings upon Europe and undying fame upon its author, to be imperilled by the foolish fancy of a love-sick boy? Harassed by anxiety, crippled with gout, unable to leave his post lest the negociations for the treaty should be broken off, alarmed at the insinuations of the Spanish Minister that the King was too much in love to marry, Mazarin yet found it impossible to prevent the dreaded interview. He judged it therefore wiser that it should be held openly at St. Jean d'Angely. We pass over the lovers' vows and protestations, their promises of mutual fidelity. They parted, as might have been expected, more devoted to each other than ever.

It must have needed all Mazarin's finesse and patience to deal successfully with so imperious a spirit in a matter of so much delicacy. In a letter which assumes the proportions of a grand State paper, he repeated his most powerful arguments to Louis: 'I beg you to be persuaded, once for all, that I could not render you a greater or more important service than by speaking to you with the freedom which you have had the goodness to accord me when the matter concerns your service.'

The *dénouement* of this royal romance was as strange as it was unexpected. The Cardinal's bold letter offended the King's pride, which Mazarin hastened to soothe by the humblest protestations; when his niece delivered him from further perplexity by her determination to break off all correspondence with her lover. It is amusing to read in his letters to M<sup>de</sup>. de Venel the praise which Mazarin now lavishes upon the object of such recent and copious vituperation. It is mournful to find him commending Marie to Seneca as the choicest refuge for a wounded spirit. His sense of relief, however, must have been inexpressible, for, as he wrote confidentially to Colbert, 'this  
affair

affair was perhaps the most delicate I ever had to do with in my life, and has given me the greatest uneasiness.\*

To do honour to the king's nuptials the Cardinal had journeyed in state to Saint-Jean de Luz, and he informed Louis of the impression made upon the Spaniards by his magnificent retinue, which thronged the Isle des Faisans. Upon the entry of the bride and bridegroom into Paris, on Thursday, August 26, 1660, his suite surpassed even the royal household in splendour. First came seventy-two baggage mules, divided into three troops, and preceded by two trumpets in the liveries of his Eminence. Each troop was gaily caparisoned with housings of embroidered silk and tapestry, and the last troop was clothed in coverings of scarlet velvet, on which the Cardinal's arms were blazoned in gold and silver. The Sieurs Fontenelle and Moreau, his first and second equerries, followed at the head of twenty-four pages, clad in rich liveries and mounted on very beautiful horses. Next came twelve Spanish jennets accoutred in crimson embroidered velvet, and each led by two grooms. To these succeeded his carriages, seven in number, each drawn by six horses. The Cardinal's private carriage was completely covered with goldsmiths' work in silver gilt, and was surrounded by forty running footmen richly dressed, behind whom marched the Sieur de Besmo at the head of Mazarin's body-guard. In the numerous engravings which depict this grand display, the horses and mules are adorned with plumes upon their heads and cruppers, and the Cardinal's own carriage is conspicuously empty. He was too ill to join in the procession, which he witnessed with the Queen Dowager, Turenne, and many other friends, from the balconies of the Palais Beauvais.

The closing scenes of Mazarin's life do not, at first sight, present an edifying spectacle. With the completion of the Treaty of the Pyrenees, and the marriage of Louis XIV. to the Infanta, his glory reached its culminating point, and the anxieties and exertions attendant upon this last grand effort of successful statesmanship were too great a strain upon a system already enfeebled by acute disease. The marshes and malaria of the Bidassoa, amongst which he had spent three months during the negotiations, had told on him severely, and he returned to Paris a broken man. His body crippled, and his temper soured by the forms of sickness which specially engender irritability (he was tortured at once by gout and gravel); his home distracted by the caprices and misconduct of the nieces who would inherit his immense possessions; his heart saddened by the loss of the

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\* 'Lettres de Colbert,' p. 518.

only scion of his family who promised worthily to uphold its name; his mind, Prince of the Church though he was, altogether unsustained by the calm Christian confidence which can dwell joyfully upon the thoughts of death;—the polished courtier and refined gentleman sank into a peevish testy grumbler. A complication of disorders (fever, convulsions, dropsy) may be pleaded to palliate the impatience of a man worn out in mind and body. ‘Sire,’ he replied to the King, who was a constant visitor at his bedside, ‘you seek counsel from one who no longer has control over his reason, and whose mind wanders.’ Wise and earnest advice to the young monarch—words so touching that they moved Louis and his mother to tears—alternated with terrible outbursts of ill-humour and disrespect, at which the bystanders could only shrug their shoulders. The queen mother’s assiduous and affectionate concern, as she sat daily beside him, seemed specially to irritate him. ‘Oh, this woman will kill me, she is so troublesome! Will she never leave me in peace?’ Nor was the gloom of this weakness worthily relieved by the habitual presence of cards upon the bed of the dying man, whose trembling fingers carefully poised and selected the lighter pistoles with which to pay his losses.

After a consultation of nine physicians, Gueneau, the Cardinal’s medical attendant, undertook to warn him of his approaching end. It was thought advisable to exchange the noise and bustle of the Palais Mazarin for the quiet of his château of Vincennes, and the stricken virtuoso determined to take a last farewell of his treasures. With his tall figure, ashy-pale and wasted, enveloped *tout nu* in his fur-lined dressing-gown, he stole into his picture-galleries, and the Count de Brienne, hearing the shuffling sound of his slippers as he dragged his limbs feebly and wearily along, hid himself behind the arras. At each step the Cardinal’s weakness obliged him to halt, and he murmured, ‘I must leave all this!’ He went further on, holding so as to support himself, first on one object and then on another, and as he looked round at each pause he said again, with a deep sigh, ‘I must leave all this.’ At length he saw Brienne, and called to him in a very mournful voice, ‘Give me your hand, I am very weak, and quite helpless; still I like to walk, and I have something to do in my library.’ Leaning on the Count’s arm he pointed to his favourite pictures. ‘See,’ he said, ‘this beautiful canvas of Correggio, and this Venus of Titian, and this incomparable Deluge of Antonio Caracci. Ah, my poor friend, I must leave all this. Adieu, my dear pictures, which I have loved so well.’

Yet the ruling passion still continued strong in death, and  
cards

cards were constantly played by the bedside of the dying Cardinal at Vincennes, until the Papal Nuncio, on hearing that Mazarin had received the viaticum, came to confer upon him 'the Indulgence,' and from that time they disappeared. Did any sense of their incongruity ever flash across the mind of Mazarin? One day the Commandeur de Souvré, who held Mazarin's cards, made a lucky throw, and hastened to inform his Eminence, thinking that it would please him. 'Commander,' he replied, 'I am losing far more on my bed than I am winning or could win at the table, where you are holding my hand.' 'Well, well,' said Souvré, 'should we not *bury the synagogue* with all honours?' 'Yes,' replied the Cardinal, 'but it will be the rest of you my friends who will bury it, and I shall defray the expenses of the funeral.' To some obsequious visitors, who asserted that a comet was appearing to presage so important a death, he promptly replied, 'the comet does me too much honour.' Meanwhile at every altar in Paris prayers were being offered for his recovery, whilst the court and the royal family, who had followed him in his retreat, stood sad and silent around his couch. The evening but one before his death, Turenne came to his bedside to ask the hand of Marie Anne Mancini for the Duc de Bouillon. The Cardinal was evidently too feeble to enter upon such a subject, but he raised himself to embrace the warrior to whose sword he had been so deeply indebted, and selecting the costliest of the rings he wore, he begged Turenne's acceptance of it as a souvenir; then, as though proud to have such a witness of his fortitude, he roused himself to utter the words:—

'Si fractus illabatur orbis  
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.'

Had our acquaintance with Mazarin's last hours ended here, it would have been hard to accept in any Christian sense the testimony of Mdlle. de Motteville, 'qu'il faisait bonne mine à mort;' but M. Clément has discovered, in the 'Bibliothèque de Ste. Geneviève,' an unpublished MS. of the last words of Mazarin, the substance of which it is pleasing to record. Six weeks before his death, the Duc de Gramont, at his request, summoned M. Joly, the Curé of St. Nicolas-des-Champs at Paris, to attend the Cardinal at Vincennes. 'Father,' he said to him, 'you see here one who is a terrible sufferer, God alone can put him into a state of salvation. Pray for me that the sufferings which He sends may be useful to me.' On Sunday, March 6th, he sent again for M. Joly, and expressed a wish to die under his charge, and from that hour until his death at early

early morning on the Wednesday following he was unwearied in his anxiety for instruction, in his meek obedience to his director's counsels, in his repetition of passages from the penitential Psalms, and in his patient endurance of mortal agony. 'I rejoice,' he said with touching submission, 'that God has been pleased to preserve my senses, so that I can feel my pains and make "un peu de pénitence."' His last words were, 'It will soon be over with me—my senses are confused—I trust in Jesus Christ.' He was only in his 59th year.

The good fortune which had attended Mazarin during his life speedily deserted his heirs, and the splendid alliances he secured for them brought little but misery in their train. Of the five daughters of his sister Mancini, three became duchesses, respectively de Mercœur, de Mazarin, and de Bouillon; Marie was wedded to the Constable Colonna, and Olympe to the Comte de Soissons. The two Martinozzi attained yet higher rank as Princesse de Conti and Duchesse régente de Modéna. We must refer to the pages of M. Renée for an interesting sketch of their romantic fortunes. The blood of Mazarin brought no lasting welfare to the illustrious races with which it was blended. The only child of them all who did honour to his birth was Eugène, the crooked son of Olympe, Comtesse de Soissons, and the scourge of his fatherland.

We had purposed to say something of the gigantic fortune—variously estimated at from 25 to 150 millions—which Mazarin left to his heirs; something of the score of abbeyes and benefices which he impartially appropriated, from the priory of Chastenoy, returned at 400 livres, to the great Abbaye de St. Denis, which was worth 140,000; something of his charges, pensions, and appointments, which amounted to over 200,000 livres per annum, in addition to the monopolies granted him by the Crown, which brought in fully a quarter of a million more; but our allotted space is exhausted, and we must forbear. A few personal traits are noteworthy. He cannot be taxed with ingratitude—that common failing of successful men—and stood gallantly by the Barberini, who had been his early friends, against the powerful enmity of Innocent X. He was not free from superstition, and was under suspicion of practising astrology and casting horoscopes; the year 1647 he thought was under the influence of a malignant star. By temperament and conviction alike he was clement and forgiving, and his bloodless rule contrasts most favourably with the scaffolds of Richelieu. 'Rulers,' he said, 'have neither love nor hatred; their interests are the rule of their affections; with the same hand they strike and embrace in turn.'

- ART. IV.—1. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Pawnbrokers ; together with Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, July 21, 1870.
2. *The Pawnbrokers' Act, 1872, with Explanatory Notes.* By Francis Turner, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition. London, 1878.
3. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Stolen Goods Bill ; together with Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, August 25, 1881.
4. *A History of Pawnbroking.* By W. A. H. Hows. London, 1847.

**I**MAGINATIVE minds have frequently been known to amuse themselves by speculating upon the inconvenience and amazement which would fall upon this metropolis were a morning to come which brought no newspapers with it. If, however, instead of one day, a week should pass, during the whole of which every newspaper in London was suppressed, the task of depicting the astonishment, consternation, and bewilderment of the great city's inhabitants, would almost transcend the powers of that modern prodigy, the descriptive interviewing reporter. In such an event the trial would fall chiefly upon the easy classes, and not upon those which, being dependent upon daily toil for daily bread, may be said to live always from hand to mouth. Out of nearly six million souls dwelling within the Bills of Mortality, at least three-fourths come within this latter category. The only newspapers habitually read by them are those (mostly of an extreme Radical type) which are published on Sundays—such, for instance, as 'Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper,' the 'Weekly Dispatch,' 'Reynolds's Newspaper,' the 'Referee,' the 'News of the World,' *et hoc genus omne*. Two or three Conservative journals, such as 'England' and the 'Sunday Times,' struggle gallantly to hold their own against the torrent of Republicanism launched every Sunday upon the town by their Liberal rivals, but struggle, we fear, *haud viribus æquis*. Assuming that the suppression of the daily were followed by that of the Sunday newspapers, the gravest inconvenience would no doubt be felt throughout the length and breadth of the mighty camp, stretching, as the Registrar-General puts it, from Hampstead in the north to Norwood in the south—from the lowest dens of Poplar and Greenwich in the east, to Hammer-smith and Acton in the far west.

We can imagine, however, an event which would agitate and  
convulse

convulse the population of London far more deeply than the sudden disappearance of newspapers from their midst. Much has been written of late years, and excellently well written, upon that sad and pregnant theme, 'How the poor live;' but the very utmost that the pen of a Dickens or the devoted City-missionaries can achieve, when undertaking to tell us of the metropolitan poor, is to skirt the fringe of a boundless and inscrutable subject. How the poor live it would, indeed, puzzle the most enlightened of them to reveal; but we have one unerring test, and one only, to apply, which may enable us to form some faint conception of poverty's shifts. Taking what constitutes the inner ring of London, with a population of about three and a half millions, it is known that on an average twenty articles per head are pledged with pawnbrokers in the course of every year. Now out of these three and a half millions there must at least be two million persons belonging to families no member of which ever enters a pawnbroker's shop. In that case thirty millions of pledges are deposited yearly by, or on behalf of, one million and a half of people, who, cut up into families at the Registrar-General's rate of five to a family, would represent three hundred thousand households. Thus we are forced to the conclusion, that each of three hundred thousand metropolitan families is constrained by dire necessity to resort to the pawnbroker one hundred times in the course of the year, and that each, in fact, contains one or more members who are thoroughly familiar with that dismal and dingy passage, open upon Saturdays until nearly midnight, at the end of which stands generally an illuminated ground-glass door, with three balls or disks engraved above the attractive words, 'Money lent.'

Even in these few prefatory remarks we have said enough to show, that the sudden suppression of the six hundred and thirteen pawnbrokers resident in London would, if continued for a week, lead to an infinitely greater disturbance than the suppression of the newspapers. We have no hesitation in saying—and in this averment we shall be borne out by those of both sexes who, 'in misery's darkest caverns known,' spend themselves day and night, body and soul, in the service of indigence—that without the pawnbroker, or banker of the poor, the town could not go on for many days. There would, in fact, be a revolution, prompted by popular indignation if the pawnbrokers were arbitrarily abolished, by popular despair were their abolition occasioned by agencies beyond human control. Cold and unsympathetic must that heart be, which is untouched by the thought that its bearer is living in the midst of a teeming population, a vast proportion of which cannot keep a spark of fire

fire in the grate, a candle or lamp burning on the table at night, or the wolf away from the door, without pledging some humble and often necessary article with the pawnbroker, at least once, and sometimes twice or more, in every week.

Fifty years have elapsed since Mr. Samuel Warren startled the public by his 'Diary of a late Physician;' but amidst the flood of books that have since appeared, it is amazing that no such writer as Mr. Charles Reade or Mr. Wilkie Collins has ever thought of giving us the 'Diary of a late Pawnbroker.' The very hastiest and most perfunctory glance at the two Blue-books prefixed to this article would reveal what a rich vein of ore lies imbedded below their surface. Nor is it less remarkable that, fascinating as the subject is to those who care to master its details, no satisfactory or exhaustive book about pawnbroking has ever yet been written in any language. From no more competent hand could such a work have come than from that of Charles Dickens. Yet the reason why he never embarked upon it is almost too sad to reveal. His acquaintance with the pawnbroker began when he was a little lad aged ten years, and when, his father having been arrested for debt, he was living with his mother, his brothers, and sisters, in abject poverty at a wretched house in Bayham Street, Camden Town. He suffered such acute and realistic misery, at a time when (in the words of his biographer) 'almost everything in the house was by degrees sold or pawned,' that the iron had entered too deep into his soul for his tongue to speak or his pen to write about it. Some glimpses of his boyish memories are, indeed, reproduced when David Copperfield repairs to the second-hand bookseller in the City Road, as his prototype Charles Dickens went on a similar errand to a bookseller in the Hampstead Road; and we have the pawnbroker's boxes in 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' Again, in a paper contributed by him to 'All the Year Round,' Dickens gave a sketch of pawnbroking in a poor district—the result of a solitary visit that he paid one Saturday night to Limehouse. But from the vast and complicated tragedy opened up before his gaze—a tragedy which no one was ever more capable of fathoming and understanding—he sensitively recoiled.

It is obvious that, within the space at our command, it would be impossible to attempt more than the merest sketch of the history of pawnbroking, especially when its antiquity is borne in mind. Thrice within the forty-two chapters of the Book of Job allusion is made to the deposit of pledges as a security for money. The allusions in question (*v. Job xxii. 6; xxiv. 3-7*) are all uncomplimentary to the lender, and seem to imply

imply that the advance should have been made in charity, and not with a view to getting a living from money lent on good security and at extortionate interest. The Mosaic Law strictly forbade any interest to be taken for a loan made to a poor person, even though he were a foreigner; but this prohibition was afterwards limited to Hebrews only, from whom, whatever their rank, no interest might be exacted, while relief to the poor in the form of loans was enjoined upon all. As commerce grew up, the practice of usury and of suretyship was introduced; but, even at so late a date as after the return from Captivity, the exaction of either from a borrowing Hebrew was regarded as discreditable. In later times the borrowing of money prevailed among the Jews without limitation of race, though the original spirit of the Law was approved by Our Lord when He overthrew the tables of the money-changers. 'In making loans no prohibition is pronounced in the Law against taking a pledge from the borrower, but certain limitations are prescribed in favour of the poor.\*' In China, pawnbroking is of great antiquity, and pawnbrokers' shops are very numerous at the present day.† In Greece and Rome lending money upon goods was of daily occurrence; and the Roman law contains many enactments upon the subject.‡ In short, without delving further in the dust of antiquity, we may assume that borrowers and lenders have existed from the dim dawn of man's history, and that the plan of getting a loan upon the security of a material deposit was so obvious, as to have occurred to the impecunious from the very earliest times. What is more difficult to account for is that, in public estimation, the borrower has always been regarded as a generous and free-handed fellow, or what is called 'a good sort,' and the lender as just the reverse: whereas experience of mankind ought to make the spendthrift, the drunkard, the rake, and the drone, all of whom are inveterate

\* Dr. Wm. Smith's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' art. *Loan*.

† Mr. Davis says ('Chinese,' vol. ii. p. 438): 'they are under strict regulations, and any one acting without a licence is liable to severe punishment. The usual period allowed for the redemption of pawned goods is three years. The highest legal rate of interest on deposits is three per cent. per annum; but in the winter months the money advanced on wearing apparel may not exceed two per cent., on the alleged ground that poor persons may be able the more easily to redeem.'

‡ In the Greek and Roman law there was a distinction in the security for a loan, according to its remaining in the hands of the debtor or being handed over to the creditor. When it remained in the possession of the debtor, as in the case of land or immovable property, and there was only an agreement that it should be security for a debt, it was called both in Greek and Roman law *Hypotheca* (*ὑποθήκη*), denoting a thing subject to a claim or demand. When the thing pledged was put into the possession of the lender, it was named by the Greeks *ἐνέχυρον*, and by the Romans *pignus*. See 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities,' arts. *Fenus* and *Pignus*.

borrowers,

borrowers, as unpopular as the industrious, prudent, and self-denying ought to be popular. The author of 'The School for Scandal' was but following the traditions of the stage and the usages of life, when he made Charles Surface his hero, and little Moses his butt.

Nothing is more strange than that, despite the repeal of the Usury Laws, despite the universal indebtedness of the greatest nations, despite the undeniable fact that since the Middle Ages every great work has been made with borrowed money, the vague, abstract, and unreasoning dislike to the lender, whatever may be the rate at which his advance is made, still survives in all classes of society. No usury law now restrains the lender, and in like manner every trader is at liberty to get the highest price that he can for his wares. But while it would be regarded as infamous for a man to hang up a 100*l.* note labelled 'For sale,' no odium attaches to the jeweller who asks 100*l.* for a bracelet suspended in his window, which bracelet its unhappy purchaser would have difficulty in selling at a third of its price, twelve months after he had bought it. In face of these incomprehensible distinctions well might Shylock exclaim: 'Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.' But the hardest of all cases is, that this antiquated prejudice has never ceased to militate against the pawnbroker—the only trader in the United Kingdom for whom the Usury Laws are still unrepealed—to make him fair game for legislators, judges, magistrates, police commissioners, moralists, satirists, caricaturists, playwrights, and in fine for the public at large, to tilt at and inveigh against. There is no recorded history in which the pawnbroker does not figure as the object of coercive, repressive, and often of vindictive legislation; and the popular antipathy to him has always been so strong, that to attempt to reverse it in a moment were as hopeless as to bring an action for damages against some modern painter who, like Hogarth, gave him the opprobrious name of 'Gripe,' and held him up to undeserved scorn in pictures as scathing as 'Gin Lane' or 'Beer Street.'

Before reviewing the present position of 'the trade' in this country, we desire to say a few words about the antiquity of pawnbroking in England; about the origin of the three swinging gold balls, than which the London streets contain no more familiar object; and upon other cognate themes.

We have already said that the lending of money, or of commodities before money was coined, for value deposited, was practised in the patriarchal ages; but as regards this country it will suffice to state that, from the reign of William the Conqueror, commencing in 1066, to that of Edward I., commencing

mening in 1272, the Jews were the principal, if not the only, money-lenders. Many and bitter, as Mr. Hows shows, were the persecutions they underwent in pursuit of their hazardous calling. Sir Walter Scott's Isaac of York has his prototype in Aaron of York, whom Henry III. compelled to pay 40,000 marks, to get rid of a false accusation of forgery. King John, the father of Henry III., ordered a Bristol Jew to pay him 10,000 marks, or to lose a tooth every day until he complied. The Jew lost seven teeth, and then paid the sum demanded from him. But it is not less worthy of record, that the first letters of credit ever given in England issued from the Jew money-lenders in King John's time, and were addressed 'to all merchants wheresoever they may reside.'

Among these Jews there were, of course, many who advanced money upon hypothecated articles, that is, were pawnbrokers. To narrate the cruelties and the arbitrary laws to which they were subjected, might afford instruction, as tending to show that such legislation defeats its own purpose, and invariably operates against those whom it is ignorantly designed to protect. In this instance, cruelty and injustice drove great numbers of Jews out of England, and forced those who remained to close their money-bags and to enter into as few commercial enterprises as possible. In this way room was made for other usurers, and the Lombards, assisted by native Englishmen of an equally remorseless type, rushed in to fill the void. Where the Jews had scourged borrowers with whips, the Lombards scourged them with scorpions, and at length Henry III. determined that laws should be passed forbidding any persons except himself to prey upon his subjects.

'In 1251,' says Mr. Hows, quoting from 'Maitland's History of London,' published in 1772, 'the Italian usurers in London had, to their great advantage, for a long time carried on an illicit trade with impunity. They called themselves the Pope's merchants, and the clergy dared not interfere with them; and as they were protected by many of the nobility, the citizens were afraid to call them to account. But at last King Henry commanded the said usurers to be prosecuted for their illegal and intolerable extortions; several of whom being apprehended and committed to prison, the rest took sanctuary till they could accommodate matters with the King, which they did by advancing him a considerable sum; when they were again allowed to carry on their commerce as before.'

The history of the Lombard merchants, who flocked to England early in the thirteenth century, and introduced the commercial fashions and phrases of Genoa, Lucca, Florence, and Venice, into the City of London, has yet to be adequately written.

written. That they have shaped and for all time influenced the mercantile usages of this country, more than any other foreign invaders who have sought our shores for their own benefit, might easily be demonstrated; for it is to them that we owe the words 'debtor,' 'creditor,' 'bank,' 'bankrupt,' 'cash,' 'usance' (the old word for 'interest'), 'journal,' 'diary,' 'ledger,' and 'ditto;' while even our familiar '*£ s. d.*' derives its origin from 'Lire, Soldi, and Denari.' That England is greatly indebted to them for her commercial greatness cannot be gainsaid; and it is equally true that, encouraged by the hearty welcome extended to them when they took the place of their much-missed Hebrew predecessors, they availed themselves of the many opportunities afforded by the inexperience of their English customers to fleece them mercilessly. They settled in the street which still bears their name in the heart of the City, and it is certain that the three 'golden balls,' which now adorn the shops of pawnbrokers, were the Lombard arms, hung out by them above the houses or counters where they transacted business. Mr. Alchin, who was long custodian of the Corporation Library at Guildhall, held that the signs suspended over the doors of the Lombards were originally three flat yellow effigies of byzants, or gold coins, laid heraldically upon a sable field. Before long it was found more convenient to convert these flat disks into spherical gilt balls, which could be seen from all sides glittering in the light, and attracting customers to the houses above which they were suspended. Thus it will be seen that the insignia now appropriated by pawnbrokers were first employed in this country by Lombard merchants, to whom no kind of commercial business came amiss, and who advanced money upon material pledges as readily as upon bills of exchange or upon mortgages of land and houses. That the golden balls owe their origin to the Lombard merchants, and not to the coats-of-arms borne, in common with all the great Italian traders of that era, by the Medicis of Florence, is indisputably established. The idea that the three balls symbolize the odds of two to one against the goods pawned being ever redeemed is a *jeu d'esprit*, which would not deserve mention, except that it is without meaning in these times, when redeemed pledges are the almost invariable rule, and unredeemed the rare exception. We are told, indeed, in Piozzi's '*Retrospection*,' published in 1809, that when the South Sea scheme failed in 1731, Hogarth, who never spared the pawnbrokers, feigned that they hung up the three balls above their doors to represent gilt or painted bubbles—the truth being that the balls had been extensively used in this country four centuries before 1731. Other explanations of their meaning and

and origin there are in abundance, all of them being absurd. Thus, in his work called 'Pawns and Pledges,' Cobbett pretends that the three balls were figurative of golden apples taken from the gardens of the Hesperides. Again, Beckmann, in his 'History of Inventions,' intimates that the founder of the Medici family was a physician, and that the three balls were either three boluses or three cupping-glasses. All these guesses disappear before the undoubted fact, that three balls were the distinguishing sign of the Lombard merchants.

It would be impossible to estimate the influence which the Lombards exercised in the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, upon the history of these islands. 'I read whiles in the lang dark nights,' says Bailie Nicol Jarvie, in Sir Walter Scott's 'Rob Roy,' 'and I hae read in "Baker's Chronicle" that the merchants o' London could gar the Bank of Genoa break its promise to advance a mighty sum to the King of Spain, whereby the sailing of the grand Spanish Armada was put aff for a haill year.' These merchants were Lombards, and long before the reign of Elizabeth they had furnished the sinews of war to belligerent English monarchs. Thus, in 1338, Edward III., being bent upon war with France, hit upon several expedients for raising the needful money. Among others he bethought him of pawning the Crown jewels with the Lombards, and even compelled them to advance a considerable sum beyond what his deposit was worth. Again, in 1515, Henry V. had recourse to a like device for raising money; and it is a fact of which to this day pawnbrokers may justly be proud, that perhaps the two most famous battles of English history—Cressy and Agincourt—were won by monarchs who, in order to fight them, had actually pledged their crowns.

Long before Agincourt, however, a vehement antipathy to the Lombard merchants had begun to spread among the citizens of London. The obnoxious Italians were accused of clipping the coin, of extorting desperate rates of interest, and of grinding the noses of the poor. Severe edicts were passed against them, but, being much richer and abler than their English rivals, and acting with a singular union, they forced Edward III. to repeal the laws framed in hostility to them. In the reign of Richard II. the citizens of London barbarously abused and maltreated a Lombard merchant who had offered to advance to the King a sum of 10,000*l.*, which his Majesty had in vain asked the City of London to lend him. It is in connection with this reign that Shakspeare makes his first allusion to pledging, in the line,

'Redeem from broking pawn the blemished crown.'

Time went on, and the Lombards still remained the great money-lenders. Pawnbroking and money-lending became in their eyes synonymous terms, and at last the feeling against them rose so high as to find vent in several statutes, called 'The Foreign Merchants Acts,' conceived in a very hostile spirit towards all foreign traders doing business in England. When Henry VII. ascended the throne, his inordinate love of money led him to encourage commerce which increased his Customs, but trade and industry were rather injured than promoted by the paternal legislation he resorted to with a view to cherishing them. Even the profits of exchange were prohibited as savouring of usury, and the Lombards had to make evasive and furtive bargains with their borrowing customers, in order to keep on the safe side of the law. 'As it is impossible,' says Hume, 'for a nation to subsist without lenders of money, and as none will lend without compensation, the practice of usury was secretly carried on by the English themselves upon their fellow-subjects, or by the Lombards.' Two generations later, when Elizabeth was on the throne, Lord Bacon wrote his celebrated essay on Usury, clearly demonstrating that if borrowing were cramped, and the rate of interest prescribed by law, the greatest inconveniences would result; that mortgaging and pawning were necessary evils, without which trade and life itself could not be carried on; and that the opinion that usury should be abolished 'is idle, and must be sent to Utopia.'

Thus far we have seen that pawnbroking and money-lending were originally 'two cherries upon one stalk;' that until the end of the sixteenth century they were both carried on by the same merchants; and that the three balls, now identified solely with the pawnbrokers, were formerly the ensigns or arms of the Lombards. But the increase of trade in the reign of Elizabeth gradually led to a separation of the business of merchants and pawnbrokers; and the opening of the 'Royal Exchange' by Elizabeth in 1570 may be regarded as the turning-point in the history of commerce, when the Lombards lost their former influence and power.

We must now refer to the Act of Parliament, upon the margin of which are inscribed the words, 'Origin of Pawnbrokers.' Queen Elizabeth, it is true, established a registry for 'Brokers of Pawn;' but it was in the first year of James I. that a law was passed, bearing at its head the ominous words, 'An Acte againste Brokers.\*' It was in three clauses, and was framed on the obvious assumption that every 'broker' was, or wished to

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\* 1 Jac. I. c. 21, repealed by 35 & 36 Vict. c. 93.

be, a rogue. The Notes to the Act explain its purport, and are as follows :—

*Section I.*—‘Origin of Pawnbrokers, or dealers in apparell, &c.’  
‘Evils resulting from their traffic.’

‘No sale or pawne of any stollen jewells, plate, or other goods, to any Pawnbroker in London, Westminster, or Southwark, shall alter the proprietie therein.’

*Section II.*—‘Pawnbrokers refusing to produce goods to their owner from whom stollen shall forfeite double the value.’

*Section III.*—‘Not to affect Brokers between merchants, &c.’

Writers hostile to pawnbrokers have often quoted this Act as indicating the low estimation in which the trade was held in 1603 ; and, making all allowances for prejudice and narrow-mindedness, we must admit, with Mr. Hows, that nearly three centuries ago pawnbroking was not so respectable as it has since become. At the same time this Act of James I., followed by another, not less severe, of Charles I., shows that no penal enactments can crush, although they may degrade, a trade which is an indispensable part of a nation's life. The Stuarts and their coercive laws have long passed away, but, governed by milder and juster enactments, pawnbroking still survives.

We have seen that many English kings had dealings with pawnbrokers ; but we learn from the Hargrave MSS. that an attempt was made, just before the Civil War, to make King Charles I. a pawnbroker himself. Ship-money and other devices for raising supplies were failing, when it occurred to a devoted Royalist that a large pawnhouse might be established, in which the King was to have a share. The preamble of the project showed how ‘the intolerable injuries done to the poore subject by brokers and usurers that take 30, 40, 50, 60, and more in the hundreth, maye be remedied and redressed, the poor thereby greatly relieved and eased, and his Majestie much benefitted ; which is thus to be effected.’ Then follow the provisions of the scheme, to the effect that ‘the citie of London’ was to make a bank of 100,000*l.*, and ‘place it in a Pawnehouse, governed by a treasurer, four aldermen, two auditors for the King, and sundry other inferior officers.’ As the scheme never came to anything, we need not waste more time over its details than to state that ‘His Majestie was to enjoy two-third parts of the profits.’ So good, in fact, was the bargain for the impecunious Crown, that there is little occasion for wondering that the plan ‘lost the name of action.’

The King was erring, it appears, in good company when he attempted to become a pawnbroker. Long before the seventeenth century the City Guilds were in the habit of lending money on

pledges, as may be seen by referring to Herbert's 'History of the Twelve Great Companies,' which shows that in 1528 'Thomas Pykkes brought as a pledge into this house' (which belonged to the Drapers' Company) 'a stand<sup>e</sup> nutte and cover, all sylv<sup>r</sup>, and p'cell gylt.' In 1563 the Merchant Taylors' Company have the following entry: 'William Hector delivered in pledge for his fine of 40s., a Ring of Gold, for calling Thomas Wyllford "a prating boy."' Many other entries of a similar nature might be cited to show that large traders of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries imitated the example of the City Guilds, and took goods on pawn.

It may be observed, in passing, that in the times of the Commonwealth an attempt was made to introduce into England a charitable establishment for the lending of money upon pledges, in imitation of the 'Monti di Pietà,' which had been set up in the Italian cities, and of which we shall speak presently. In 1651 a pamphlet was published with the title, 'Observations manifesting the conveniency and commodity of Mount Pieteyes, or Public Bancks for Relief of the Poor or others in Distress upon Pawns.' But it appears that the project was never carried into effect.

The pawnbroking trade went on, regulated by many edicts, some of which contradicted others, but do not call for any special notice until, under Queen Anne, a Company calling itself 'The Charitable Corporation' was established in 1707. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of pawnbrokers at the beginning of the last century, 'the acts of this nefarious Corporation' (the words are Smollett's) go to prove that those who sought to oust the 'lords of the golden ball,' as Byron terms them, were very much worse than their calumniated predecessors. The proposed object of the Corporation was to lend money at legal interest to the poor upon small pledges, and to persons of better rank upon an indubitable security of goods impawned. Beginning with a capital of 30,000*l*. they soon increased it to nearly 600,000*l*., and had two offices, one on Laurence Pountney Hill, and the other in Spring Gardens. From the outset the business of the so-called 'Charitable Corporation' was conducted with unblushing effrontery. No questions were asked of any one who offered valuable property on pledge, until at last the Common Council petitioned Parliament for their dissolution, alleging that 'the Corporation, by affording an easy method of raising money upon valuables, furnishes the thief and pickpocket with a better opportunity of selling their stolen goods, and enables an intending bankrupt to dispose of the goods he buys on credit for ready money, to the defrauding of his creditors.' At last,

last, in 1731, 'George Robinson, Esq., member for Marlow, the cashier, and George Thompson, warehouseman of the Corporation, disappeared in one day.' Out of a capital exceeding 500,000*l.* less than 30,000*l.* remained, so that the shareholders lost their money and the poor their pledges. When the Corporation's books and affairs were examined, it transpired that at one of the meetings of the Company a remonstrance against the coining of notes and bonds had been made, as inconsistent with their charter for relieving the poor. 'D—n the poor,' ejaculated a manager, 'let's go into the City and get money for ourselves.' 'Charity begins at home,' remarks the 'Gentleman's Magazine' of 1732. 'Poor tradesmen must be very industrious to have any transactions with the "Charitable Corporation for the relief of the industrious poor," and not to be undone.' If space permitted, we might quote scores upon scores of contemporary passages, to show the wholesale misery caused by the first company started in this country to displace the pawnbrokers. 'These historical events,' remarks Mr. Hows, 'cannot be too well known in our day. They serve as beacons to warn the public, so that when any persons or bodies come forward with large promises to benefit the poor, we advise our fellow-countrymen to be doubly on their guard, and to think of 1731, and of the "Charitable Corporation."'

In the reign of George II., Fielding in his 'Amelia' gives a not flattering picture of a pawnbroker, though it is fair to add that he draws a picture of a justice in equally depreciatory terms.

"Indeed, and please your Honor," said she, "I took no more than two shifts of Madam's, and pawned them for five shillings, which I gave for the gown upon my back; and as for the money in my pocket, it is every farthing my own. I am sure I intended to carry back the articles as soon as ever I could get the money to take them out."

'The girl having told where the pawnbroker lived, the Justice sent to him to produce the articles, which he presently did, expecting that a warrant to search his house would be the consequence of his refusal. The articles being produced, on which the honest Pawnbroker had lent five shillings, appeared plainly to be worth thirty; indeed when new they had cost much more; so that by their goodness as well as by their size, they could not have belonged to the girl. Booth, her master, grew very warm against the pawnbroker. "I hope, sir," said he to the Justice, "there is some punishment for this fellow likewise, who plainly appears to have known that these goods were stolen. The shops of these fellows are indeed the fountains of theft; for it is the encouragement they meet with from these receivers which induces men very often to become thieves; so that they deserve equal, if not severer punishment, than the thieves themselves."'

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At the time when Fielding wrote these words, a law had just been passed, forbidding publicans to take pledges, which they had long been in the habit of doing, with a view to supplying money for their customers to spend in drink.

We now come to the end of the historical part of our subject, with the closing year of the last century, which gave the pawnbrokers of the United Kingdom a new lease by the most favourable—perhaps it would be more correct to say, the least oppressive—Act of Parliament, under which their trade had theretofore been carried on. This Act was passed on the 28th of July, 1800.\* It is true that Mr. Alfred Hardaker of Liverpool, Secretary to the ‘Pawnbrokers’ National Association’ and to the ‘Pawnbrokers’ Defence Association,’ has deposed before the Commons’ Committee of 1870, that in the Act of 1800 all the penal clauses were aimed at the pawnbroker, and none at the pledger, who is certainly not always impeccant. But this Act was, at any rate, fairer to a much-maligned body of traders than any of its predecessors; and it was due in great measure to the influence of Lord Eldon, who was raised to the Bench and the Peerage in 1799, and became Lord Chancellor in 1801, that this Act was passed. Unlike his successors on the woolsack, few if any of whom knew grinding and degrading poverty in their early days, Lord Eldon had drained its bitter cup to the very dregs. It is related by Horace Twiss that, in his old age, Lord Eldon was one day passing through Cursitor Street in company with his Secretary of Bankrupts. ‘There,’ said he, pointing to the top of a house, ‘was my first perch. Many a time have I run down from Cursitor Street to Fleet Market’ (then occupying the site now called Farringdon Street) ‘to get sixpennyworth of sprats for supper.’ Who can doubt that at this period of his life Lord Eldon was familiar with ‘the briefless barrister’s best friend’? So long as Lord Eldon lived, his health was always drunk at Pawnbrokers’ trade dinners, and his memory was toasted long after he had passed away.

For seventy-two years the Pawnbrokers’ Act of 1800 remained in force, which speaks volumes for the singularly small amount of offences committed against it. Mr. Francis Turner, barrister-at-law, has stated with admirable clearness the many and irritating objections to which this statute was obnoxious from the pawnbrokers’ point of view; and yet they worked under it contentedly, although not without grumbling, for nearly three-quarters of a century. It was succeeded in 1872 by another

\* 39 & 40 George III. c. 99, repealed by 35 & 36 Vict. c. 93.

Act, 'the outcome,' according to Mr. Turner, 'of an agitation, in which the principles on which all pawnbroking legislation should be based were very freely discussed' (35 & 36 Vict. c. 93). It was felt to be hard on the pawnbroker, that freedom of trade and of contract should be denied to him, when he lent less than ten pounds upon a certain kind of security, and conceded to all other traders. The Usury Laws having, in deference to unanswerable arguments, been abrogated for all others without exception, why, it was asked, should they be retained for pawnbrokers in respect of transactions where a less sum than ten pounds was advanced? If freedom be good in buying and selling, why not in lending and borrowing? In such a city as London, and such a country as the United Kingdom, competition, it was urged, might be trusted to keep the pawnbrokers in order, and to protect the poor pledger. It was clearly shown, moreover, that, by limiting the pawnbroker's profits, Parliament compelled him to refuse advances upon bulky articles, such as household furniture, the warehousing of which would cost more than the statutory rate of profit would cover. Furthermore, the elaborate entries in books, and the documents, which the Act of 1800 made necessary, imposed so much clerical labour, and involved the use of so much stationery, as to make pledges for small amounts and short periods unprofitable.

To any one who takes the trouble critically to scrutinize the Pawnbrokers' Act of 1800, it cannot but appear astonishing that it should have worked so long and so well. To begin with, it was full of petty regulations, all of them aimed vexatiously at the pawnbroker, but utterly useless for protection to the pledger. Secondly, the pawnbroker's profits were so circumscribed by Parliament that, had he not made up what he lost upon pledges for short periods by what he gained upon pledges for longer periods, he must soon have been in the 'Gazette.' Thirdly, almost alone among shopkeepers, he was compelled to shut his door at certain specified hours, on pain of substantial penalties. Fourthly, he had to enter all his transactions in books, which he was forced, under certain conditions, to produce, and 'generally to work and trade by line and rule to a degree which, in most other callings, would have been deemed exceedingly irksome.' And yet, notwithstanding its vexatiousness, and its infraction of Free Trade principles, the Act of 1800 worked so satisfactorily as to prove that the public, at any rate, had no cause to complain. It came out in evidence before the House of Commons' Select Committee on Pawnbrokers, in 1870, that the number of pledges taken annually in the United Kingdom amounted to the incredible total of 207,780,000 per year, and in

in the Metropolis to between thirty and forty millions. 'To this enormous total,' says Mr. Turner, 'the ratio of offences was almost infinitesimal; and, though the wording of the Act of 1800 was singularly crabbed, very few cases came before the Superior Courts.' The proportion of pledged goods or articles which had been stolen, as compared with those honestly pawned, was found to be one in 14,000.

The House of Commons' Select Committee of 1870 sat for thirteen days, and heard a voluminous mass of evidence (published subsequently in a Blue-book of 250 pages) from magistrates, police superintendents, pawnbrokers, City missionaries, and others, which threw a flood of light upon a little understood subject. The Committee consisted of seventeen members—an unusually large body—and critical readers of its Blue-book will arrive at the conclusion that, with the exception of Mr. Ayrton, the Chairman, and of Mr. Whitwell, who is now dead, the assessors little knew what original questions to put to the witnesses. It is true that the noble Lords who, with Lord Chancellor Selborne in the chair, sat in Committee upon the 'Stolen Goods Bill' in 1881, were not only more ignorant, but, with one notable exception, much more biassed, than their brethren of the Lower House in 1870. But it is impossible for any thoughtful man to read these two Blue-books attentively, without having his faith shaken in legislation which is founded upon the reports and the evidence of Special Committees, when they are composed of persons too impatient, or too biassed, to seek truth by the examination of witnesses able and anxious to communicate the long experience gained in an intricate business which, according to Mr. George Attenborough, 'a long life will scarcely suffice to enable one who is engaged in it to pursue with perfect knowledge.'

The Pawnbrokers' Act of 1872 was a distinct and marked improvement upon that of 1800, which it superseded. It swept away many vexatious and frivolous restrictions upon the trade; it lowered the rate of licence paid annually by metropolitan pawnbrokers from 15*l.* to 7*l.* 10*s.*, making it uniform with that paid in the country; it enabled pawnbrokers to make special contracts as to goods pledged for sums above 2*l.* and under 10*l.*, one effect of which alteration was that bulky articles may now be deposited if the pledgers will pay for their storage; it altered, in the interest of the pawnbroker, the statutory profit under the old Act; it made provision that the pawnbroker should within certain limits insure all pledgers from fire; it punished unlawful pledgers by imposing upon them a fine of 5*l.* and a sum not exceeding the full value of the pledge; and, in addition to many

many other changes, the new Act contains no limitation of the hours of business, so that a pawnbroker may now open and shut his shop when he likes, although, if Mr. Howard Vincent has his will, this boon to the poor will soon be withdrawn.

It would be impossible within the compass of this article to analyse the evidence given before the Commons' Committee of 1870, especially as it is our object to call attention to the Lords' Committee upon the 'Stolen Goods Bill' in 1881. In reference to the former, it may suffice to refer to the evidence of Mr. Alfred Hardaker as a model of clearness; to that of Mr. John Dicker and of Mr. Richard Attenborough (both of them pawnbrokers of very long standing and of large substance) as full of interest and suggestiveness; to that of Mr. Alfred Keeson, the editor of the 'Pawnbrokers' Gazette,' as containing the most exhaustive description of the conduct of business at the 'Monts de Piété' in France that has yet been published in this country, to which we shall refer later on; and, finally, to that of Sir Thomas Henry, who, after thirty years upon the Bench as a metropolitan magistrate, made a few gentle suggestions as to the advisability of giving the police greater powers of search in some cases. The Blue-book of 1870 is vastly more interesting than that of 1881, for the very simple reason that it is obviously more spontaneous and unpremeditated. The plain purpose of the earlier folio is to give information, while the later takes its form and pressure from one inspiring mind. It is clear at a glance that, in 1881, Mr. Howard Vincent marshalled his witnesses, arrayed the evidence given by them, and led up to a foregone conclusion. In regard to the earlier Blue-book, it has been well said that 'although in it individual opinions were freely expressed as to its being desirable, *in some instances*, for the police to possess additional powers to search for stolen property, no indications were apparent of a desire utterly to paralyse the trade, as is proposed by the "Stolen Goods Bill." The design of this Bill is evidently to give absolute power to the police over pawnbrokers, who are shown to take in more than two hundred millions of pledges in the course of the year throughout the United Kingdom, of which pledges only one in every fourteen thousand is an article stolen, or supposed to have been stolen. It is in the teeth of these figures that the Director of Criminal Investigations demands that pawnbrokers—the bankers of the poor, and the mainstay of cities which could not get on without them for a week—should on flimsy pretexts be subjected to fine and imprisonment; and finally should, in their own appealing words, 'be registered and coerced in a manner  
little

little less degrading and ruinous than if they were convicted criminals.'

In order that the accuracy of these statements may be brought to a test, let our readers carefully examine for themselves the Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the 'Stolen Goods Bill,' together with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix. It would be impossible within the space at our command to analyse the evidence; but we may state in general terms that, out of the twenty-eight witnesses examined, only two, Sir James Ingham, the chief metropolitan police magistrate, and Mr. Howard Vincent, were decided in their demand for a 'Stolen Goods Bill.' The body for which Mr. Vincent proposes that Parliament should legislate was only allowed to send seven pawnbrokers and two auctioneers to be examined before the Lords' Committee; and upon scrutinizing this Blue-book carefully, our readers will find that, while the Lord Chancellor and Lord Aberdare did their very utmost to draw out Sir James Ingham and Mr. Howard Vincent, to encourage them by leading questions, and to compliment them by a conciliatory demeanour towards them, tactics of a directly opposite kind were resorted to when a pawnbroker or an auctioneer—every one of whom, out of the nine examined, damaged the Bill materially by his remarks upon it—was before them. It is impossible, indeed, to read the evidence of these witnesses, without coming to the conclusion that the members of this Select Committee—with the solitary exception of Lord Beauchamp—hardly gave the pawnbrokers fair play. They had apparently made up their minds upon the evidence of Mr. Howard Vincent, that the pawnbrokers were more or less ready to receive stolen goods. But if we examine Mr. Vincent's evidence closely, it is clear that he knows very little of the details and working of the Pawnbrokers' Acts of 1800 and of 1872; and that he is ignorant of the important fact, that out of considerably more than a million of unredeemed pledges, publicly exposed every year for sale, not more than four—or one in 250,000—are claimed on an average by the police or by owners as stolen.\* He appears, however, to be still bent upon getting his arbitrary Bill passed, judging from the following extract from his Report, as Director of Criminal Investigations, at the end of 1881:—

'The Stolen Goods Bill, from the date of the enactment of which I confidently believe offences against property will materially diminish, remains under the consideration of Parliament, and the

\* See footnote (\*) on p. 123.

difficulty of tracing stolen goods by the enormous facilities afforded by law for their purchase and alteration, with no compulsion on the part of the pawnbrokers or second-hand dealers to assist the police, remains almost as insurmountable as ever.'

If we turn to the evidence which Mr. Vincent gave before the Lords' Committee, we shall find reason to doubt whether his 'confident belief' is well founded. After stating that the Bill in its present shape was prepared under his superintendence, and that, having communicated with all the chief officers of police throughout the United Kingdom, he had found their opinions to be nearly unanimous in its favour, he gives reasons for believing it to be necessary. Here are some of them:—

'Chairman.—Have instances been reported to you of information not having been given by pawnbrokers to the police where the distinctive marks on the property were unmistakably described in the police lists?

'Answer.—Numberless instances; I produce seven instances I have here, which are perhaps a little worse than the rest. I have innumerable instances ready to produce to the Committee.

'Chairman.—Of course nobody wishes you to mention names. Have there been cases in which, where inquiry was made, the pawnbroker has refused to give information?

'Answer.—Frequent cases.'

(\*) In confirmation of these figures, we append the following Table:—

RETURNS made in 1881 by TWENTY-SIX LONDON and COUNTRY AUCTIONEERS of the TOTAL NUMBER of LOTS consisting of FORFEITED PLEDGES SOLD by them during the past FIVE YEARS, and the NUMBER of such PLEDGES identified and claimed as STOLEN PROPERTY by the POLICE or the PUBLIC.

Places where Sold.	Number of Auctioneers.	Number of Lots Sold in Five Years.	Number of Lots claimed as Stolen Property.
London .. ..	4	2,241,554	Thirteen cases.
Liverpool .. ..	4	1,178,000	One case.
Birmingham .. ..	4	498,000	Not one case.
Manchester .. ..	2	75,000	One case.
Hull .. ..	1	60,000	Not one case.
Nottingham .. ..	1	39,560	Not one case.
Leeds .. ..	1	25,600	Not one case.
Sheffield .. ..	1	27,000	Not one case.
Newcastle .. ..	1	25,000	Not one case.
Hartlepool .. ..	1	12,030	Not one case.
York .. ..	1	8,000	Not one case.
Glasgow .. ..	4	2,120,480	Eight cases.
Edinburgh .. ..	1	120,000	Not one case.
Total .. ..	26	6,429,624	

Being in the proportion of nearly four lots to each million.

In

In reference to this last question, it may be remarked that there was not a pawnbroker in the room who heard it put, but earnestly desired that names should be mentioned. But Mr. Vincent refused to give the Pawnbrokers' Association an opportunity of knowing who the inculpatcd members of the trade were, and of investigating the truth of the charges made against them. It was from internal evidence that Mr. Hardaker and his colleagues ascertained the names of the seven pawnbrokers attacked by Mr. Vincent, and clearly proved that the charges were unfounded.

Among many other suggestions for degrading the pawnbroker, Mr. Vincent proposed that the lawful hours for doing business at pawnbroking establishments (which hours are not limited under the Act of 1872) should be defined in the 'Stolen Goods Bill.' 'I think it would be extremely desirable if the hours of business were more curtailed than at present,' observed Mr. Vincent in his evidence.

'*Chairman.*—What hours of business would appear to you reasonable?

'*Answer.*—I think from, say, eight in the morning to eight in the evening for ordinary days.

'*Chairman.*—But for days of extraordinary pressure, such as Saturdays and holidays?

'*Answer.*—I would extend it to nine o'clock on Saturday evening.'

If Mr. Vincent had given evidence for half-a-dozen years, it is impossible that he could have exposed his ignorance of the habits of the poorer classes in the East-end more thoroughly than by this one answer.

Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, used to make it his business, in days when he was not so universally known by sight as he is at present, to enter common public-houses in many parts of the town, and to call for a glass of beer in order to test the working of the Excise laws, and, if opportunity offered, to ask a few questions. Many an unconscious publican has given information on his own traffickings and dealings with the Inland Revenue officers to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who tested and weighed every fact in the interest of the public. The late Sir Charles Pressly, long the Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, used to say that no man could be sure where or when Mr. Gladstone might not turn up. We would recommend Mr. Vincent to visit a few pawnbroking establishments in low parts of the town; and, at any rate, we may commend to his study the evidence given with extreme clearness by Mr. J. A. Telfer.

In order to show how impossible it would be for him to close his

his Whitechapel shop at 9 o'clock on Saturday night, Mr. Telfer deposed as follows :—

'We deal a great deal with the Jews in Whitechapel, and a great deal with people connected with sailors at Ratcliff Highway, which is in St. George's-in-the-East. Most of the lower class of Jews save money and purchase good gold chains and rings, and these they make use of continually as pledges upon which to raise from 2*l.* to 10*l.* With regard to what your Lordships were investigating the other day about pawnbrokers taking in pledges late at night, my practice might afford useful information. At my Ratcliff Highway house we leave off taking in pledges on Saturdays at nine o'clock at night, because after that hour there are so many people want their goods out that the men in the shop have quite enough to do. But in Whitechapel, where the Jews are principally, we do considerable business after nine o'clock at night. The Jews' Sabbath concludes then, and my Hebrew customers begin to pledge at nine o'clock, and that part of the business is very brisk up to the time when the men close the shop at eleven or half-past eleven o'clock. That shows how contradictory and how extremely inconvenient it would be to have the business in Whitechapel shut up at nine o'clock, before which time the Jews do not consider it in accordance with their religion to raise money; and the shop being closed on Sunday, they would be left without provision for the next week if they could not pledge then.'

Many of these Whitechapel Jews are costermongers, who carry part of their little capital about their persons, or about the persons of their wives, in the form of massive gold rings and chains, which they wear with Oriental ostentation upon their Sabbath, and carry to the pawnbroker when their Sabbath ends with sunset. The truth is, that nothing can be less desirable than a limitation of the pawnbrokers' hours of business. Such a limit existed up to 1872, when it was swept away, and every town was allowed to regulate its own hours as convenience demanded. In Manchester and Leeds, for example, the pawnbrokers close on ordinary nights at 6 P.M., and in London and Liverpool at 8 P.M. In the 'Stolen Goods Bill,' as last modelled before it left the Lords' Committee, it is provided that on Saturday nights no pawnshop shall be open later than 10 o'clock. This limit was recommended by Sir James Ingham, on the ground that pawnbrokers kept their shops open on Saturday night in order to enable the lower classes to get money and spend it in drink. It can, however, be proved to demonstration that the pawnbrokers remain at business late on Saturday nights to enable the pawning classes to redeem their clothing for Sunday wear. In large manufacturing centres it would be an inconvenience if the pawn-shops were not opened before 8 A.M. Many of the pledgers have to go early to work, and would suffer loss of wages if compelled to wait till that hour. As to the hours

hours of business, the pawnbrokers and their customers should be allowed to arrange matters for themselves, as no possible harm could thence result.

It is a curious fact, well worthy to be borne in mind, that the Law Courts of the United Kingdom afford no record of a pawnbroker who was ever convicted of a gross case of fraud. We do not suppose that the 'lords of the golden ball' are made of superior clay to other mortals; but the circumstances and surroundings of their business, and the jealousy and suspicion with which they have always been watched, force upon them the necessity of recognizing the truth that 'Honesty is the best policy.' There is, moreover, no other trade which has an organized body, selected from its own ranks, willing and anxious to investigate any questionable transaction said to have been done by a member of the trade.

We have no doubt that Mr. Vincent is sincere in believing that his 'Stolen Goods Bill' will facilitate the detection of crimes; but he has made a great mistake in lumping the best unpaid detectives in London—the pawnbrokers—with known receivers of stolen goods, with marine storekeepers, with dealers in old metals, with buyers and sellers of second-hand articles, with keepers of leaving-shops, and with the motley group of illegitimate traders from whose ranks the army of 'fences' is ceaselessly recruited. That we are right in using the word 'army,' let the following passage from Mr. Telfer's evidence attest:—

'I would further say that, although the facility for pawning stolen goods seems almost unlimited, very few thieves make use of it, because the professional thief is generally a scamp, both in appearance and in character, and the pawnbroker looks upon him as a swindler who would borrow money on unsafe security; therefore, the thief fears detection if he attempts to pawn his booty. Again, the pawnticket, although not intended for the purpose, acts as an automatic detective. It represents a margin of value, and is therefore seldom destroyed. I believe the secret of the pawnbroker's ticket being retained is that it represents a margin of more or less value, and as a fact it is retained in cases where its retention would be looked upon, from another point of view, as extremely foolish on the part of the thief. Being found in the possession of a suspected person, the pawnticket at once attaches him to the stolen article. Suspicion also alights naturally on the pawnbroker's warehouse, by reason of there being scarcely ever a case occurring at a police court without a pawnbroker being attached to it. You find pawnbrokers continually there as witnesses, producing the property. I believe that this is simply because we never see any property recovered, or scarcely ever recovered, from anyone but pawnbrokers; and if we find a large proportion of stolen property comes from the pawnbrokers, it seems very natural

natural to suppose that the rest is there. I say that the police very rarely recover property that is disposed of in other ways. I have noticed, in looking through the matter, that the police say that they know 1342 receivers of stolen property. This I take from the judicial statistics of 1879; and your Lordships must see that it must require a good many articles of stolen property to keep 1342 receivers going. This would not include the number of receivers that the police do not know about, which we may suppose to be considerably larger.'

It is not upon the principle of

'Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas,'

that Mr. Vincent ought to proceed if he hopes to trace where stolen goods go to. That large quantities of stolen articles are disposed of and never recovered is not denied, but it is not to pawnbrokers that they find their way. Those of the police to whom Mr. Vincent lends an ear have a theory, and the pawnbrokers oppose it with solid figures and facts. It would be far beyond the space at our command to endeavour to show the various ways in which stolen goods disappear. We need only call attention to the custom of 'market overt,' to the daily advertisements of 'wardrobe dealers' in the papers, who offer to purchase *anything* sent to them; and to the 'loan offices' or 'advance banks,' with some such words as these inscribed upon their windows: 'From 10*l*. to 1000*l*. advanced upon diamonds, jewellery, plate, furniture, pianos, musical instruments, draperies, goods, silks, satins, woollens, carpets, boots and shoes, groceries, tea, &c. &c.' What need can there be for a decently-dressed man to face the scrutiny of a pawnbroker, when he can sell a diamond ring, or a valuable watch, or a bale of silk, at a loan office of this kind without any questions being asked? The lower limit of 10*l*., below which no advance is made, keeps these establishments out of the Pawnbrokers' Act, and for them Mr. Vincent apparently thinks there is no occasion to legislate.

There is a widespread, but entirely erroneous belief among a certain class of English officials, that pawnbroking is much better managed on the Continent than among ourselves. In every European country, except the United Kingdom, the municipality takes the place of the English pawnbroker, and has its own establishments, which lend money borrowed upon municipal credit. Establishments of this kind were first commenced about four centuries ago in Italy, where the '*monte di pietà*' owed its origin to the charitable intentions of its pious founders, who lent money to the poor at a low rate of interest, in order to save them from the usurious interest which the Jews exacted. One of the earliest of these institutions was founded at Parma in 1488 by Father Bernadino da Feltre. They were introduced

introduced into Rome in the following century, either in the Pontificate of Leo X. or Paul III., and became general in most of the Italian cities. In the next century they were established in the provincial cities of France, as well as in many other countries, but it was not till the reign of Louis XVI. that the 'mont de piété' was founded in Paris.

A very brief survey of the lucid evidence given by Mr. Alfred Keeson, before the Committee of 1870, will suffice to dissipate the illusion that official pawnbroking could be introduced into England. The Continental system of lending money upon pledges could only be worked in countries where every citizen carries personal papers of identification, or, as it is called in France, of *signalement*. No Englishman has papers on his person to prove his identity; but in every part of the Continent such papers are the rule rather than the exception. State interference of this kind with the liberty of the subject would be utterly subversive of our notions of independence; and in addition, the long delay attendant upon the pledging of an article in France, and the still longer delay exacted before it can be taken out of pledge, would render the introduction of 'monts de piété' into this country as simply impossible as the restoration of the Heptarchy.

The 'mont de piété' in Paris was established in 1777; was suppressed by the French Revolution; and was re-organized by Napoleon I. in 1804. One of the first acts of the late Emperor Napoleon III., when President of the Republic, was 'to devote his attention to facilitating the lending of money upon material deposits—a practice from which he had himself derived many benefits when an exile.' Accordingly, the 'mont de piété' of Paris was regulated by laws passed in 1851 and 1852, which remain in force to this day. In the other large towns of France, pledging is controlled by municipal regulations, which make it extremely costly to the pledger. Nowhere upon the Continent is the right of advancing money upon pledges open to private enterprise. The 'mont de piété' is a monopoly—originally designed, it is true, to be a charitable monopoly—but turned from its beneficent purpose, so far as concerns the very poor, by the two facts, first, that it lends no money upon pledges worth less than three francs; and, secondly, that pledging for a short date is much more expensive in Paris than in London.

The system, under which the 'monts de piété' of France are worked, is as follows. Originally there was but one vast central establishment in Paris, which, since 1804, has always occupied the same site, between the Rue des Blancs Manteaux and the Rue de Paradis. The building is in the form

form of a parallelogram, and its size exceeds that of the General Post-Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand, in London. The *chef-lieu* of the Parisien Mont de Piété has five floors, the ground-floor being devoted to offices in which the dealings of the public are carried on, and the remaining floors to warehousing the pledges. More than 300 officials are employed in this enormous building, and yet the amount of pledges taken in the course of the year is less than the pawnbrokers of London take in every two months.

The size of Paris soon made it impossible that one central establishment should do all the pawn-business of a vast city. It became necessary, therefore, for the Mont de Piété to start two branch offices, or 'succursales.' Three offices being found insufficient, the Municipality started some *bureaux auxiliaires*, of which there are now twenty-four, and, in addition, connived at the starting and growth of licensed *commissionnaires*, to the number of about twenty, who are scattered all over Paris. It will thus be seen that Paris has, all told, less than fifty official pawnbroking establishments against the 613 private pawnbrokers of London, and the difference between the pledging transactions of the two capitals will be evident from a glance at these comparative figures.

'The Mont de Piété,' says Mr. Keeson, 'treats lending upon pawns as a measure of public charity, and seems to repress rather than encourage it. Perhaps, "repress" is too strong a term; but it does not seek business. The private dealer in England regards it as a simple trading operation, and, as such, admitting of every legitimate development.' Mr. Keeson explains that a citizen of Paris who wants to borrow money on a pledge may deal either with the central establishment itself, or with its two *succursales*, or with its *bureaux auxiliaires*, or with the twenty licensed agents, or *commissionnaires*. The latter being the most active—some of them are in the habit of soliciting business, with an eagerness which would astonish a London pawnbroker—will be most likely to come in contact with the would-be borrower. The method of dealing with these licensed agents is thus described:—

'First of all you pledge with the *commissionnaire*, after satisfying him of your identity, and he is bound by the terms of his agreement to convey the pledge within twenty-four hours to the central establishment, where he re-pledges it. In the first instance, he makes the advance out of his own till to the borrower, giving him a provisional ticket. Next day the pledge goes to the central establishment, where it is re-valued, and a fresh ticket given to the *commissionnaire*, which he takes back to his office. Ten days after depositing his pledge, the borrower calls on the *commissionnaire*, and exchanges the provisional ticket for the official one.'

It often happens that the *commissionnaire* advances more money on the pledge than the Mont de Piété values it at. In that case the borrower cannot take it out of pledge upon calling at the *chef-lieu*, until he has paid the full amount advanced to him on the provisional ticket. The difference between the original advance and the value put upon the pledge by the manager of the Mont de Piété is charged against the *commissionnaire*, each member of which body has a private account with the central establishment. Mr. Keeson describes the slow process which an unhappy pledger has to go through before he can get an advance upon his pawn:—

‘The officer of the Mont de Piété,’ he says, ‘told me that, if everything went well’ [that is to say, if a citizen’s papers are all *en règle*] ‘a pledge might be worked through in a quarter of an hour, but I should think myself it would take nearly half an hour. After my return, I timed the movements of a London pawnbroker, and found that pledging there occupied about two minutes, and that the redemption could be accomplished in from half a minute to two minutes and a half, according to the nature of the article.’

Mr. Keeson’s evidence is particularly valuable as showing that the ‘Mont de Piété’ does not reach the lowest classes of the community. He stated that in Paris the average amount of loans upon pledges was twenty francs; that three francs is the smallest sum lent; the result being that an illicit system of pawnbroking exists for the very poor, similar in its nature to the leaving-shops of London and other large English cities. So searching is the examination through which every French pledger has to pass, and so satisfactory must his *dossier* prove to be, that none but an extraordinarily bold or a still more green and inexperienced thief would ever face the ordeal. When the pledge is accepted, a *carton* as big as a half-sheet of foolscap is handed to the pledger. In the very rare event of a stolen article being pledged, the real owner cannot reclaim it from the ‘Mont de Piété’ without paying the full amount advanced upon it, together with the interest that is due. In England, on the other hand, the pawnbroker whose ticket is found upon a thief is compelled to bring the article pawned into court, when it is restored to its rightful owner—the pawnbroker, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, losing the money advanced by him upon it.

The truth is that the French ‘Mont de Piété,’ begotten originally of charitable intentions, has come to work so badly in practice, that it is useless to the very poor, and oppressively costly to those who are compelled to use it. Mr. Keeson states that the French system of doing business would be quite inapplicable to English pawnbroking, on account of the expense of conducting

conducting the 'monts de piété.' They are, in point of fact, municipal speculations, to carry on which money is taken from the general hospital fund, to which the net profits are repaid at the end of the year. The *benefice* given annually to the 'Mont de Piété' of Paris amounts to 200,000 francs, or 8000*l*. It is interesting to remark that the 'Mont de Piété,' being a Government institution, pays neither rent nor taxes, while, in addition to other taxes, the English pawnbrokers pay a heavy licence duty. The number of pledges unredeemed in Paris is larger than in London, the value of the pledges being also on an average far higher in the French than in the English capital.

After reading Mr. Keelson's evidence, we turn with genuine relief to the statistics elicited by the Committees of 1870 and 1881, which show that in England the percentage of pledges, whether of high or low amounts, left unredeemed, is usually from 5 to 6 per cent.; and this, too, in the teeth of the fact stated by Mr. Hardaker, that articles are almost always pledged up to their full saleable value in the public market, and sometimes, thanks to the competition among pawnbrokers, above it.

Articles pledged for not more than 10*s*. are variously disposed of when left unredeemed. At intervals the English pawnbroker looks over his stock, and separates from it such goods as have remained unredeemed beyond the statutory limit. In some cases these are sold in bulk, without examination, at a percentage either of profit or of loss, to such second-hand dealers as Mr. Thomas Layman, of High Street, Borough, who gave very instructive evidence before the Lords' Committee in 1881. It must not be forgotten that all articles pledged for less than 10*s*. are, by law, the absolute property of the pawnbroker if unredeemed for twelve calendar months and seven days of grace added, and thus he can dispose of them as he pleases. Sometimes, as we have just said, he sells them *en bloc* to dealers like Mr. Layman; but in the majority of cases the London pawnbroker examines each parcel, selecting for sale in his own shop such articles as he thinks saleable, and disposing of the residue to dealers (mostly Jews) who supply second-hand shops. Some of these dealers, or jobbers, make it their business to re-pawn second-hand goods at a profit, taking advantage of the different values set upon a particular article by different pawnbrokers. There being no absolute standard of value, these differences are sometimes considerable. In the case of jewelry of small value, part would be retained for retail sale, and the rest sold to a dealer, who would break up a portion to sell the gold for melting, and the stones for re-setting, while some objects would be re-pawned.

Turning next to articles of higher value than 10s., which have to be sold by auction under the statute, we shall find that, at the auction rooms of Messrs. Debenham and Storr, in King Street, Covent Garden, of Messrs. Johnson and Dymond, in Gracechurch Street, and of other similar firms, they are principally bought by dealers who, according to the character of the articles, distribute them among shopkeepers, refiners, and repawners. Thus a gold watch, if in good condition, would be sold to a watchmaker; but if the case were much worn, some one would perhaps buy it to re-pawn, if possible, at a profit; failing which, the watch would be broken up, the case melted as old gold, and the works thrown away. In the case of jewelry containing valuable precious stones set in unsightly or old-fashioned mountings, the stones would be sold to the merchants who supply working jewellers, and the mountings melted down. Very frequently old jewelry derives a value from its antiquity, or from being illustrative of artistic work in former times, in which case certain well-known tradesmen will give high prices for it.

In fact, the destinations of articles sold by pawnbrokers are almost as various as the articles themselves, the salient fact being, that a far larger proportion of unredeemed pledges is bought by dealers than by the general public. The latter seldom care to buy second-hand articles on their own judgment; and to watch sales with a view to obtaining some desired article would take far too much time. Practically the police never seem to think it worth while to watch these sales, although the pawnbrokers earnestly desire that they would. It follows that, from various causes, private buyers at pawnbrokers' sales are few. The pawnbroker finds it to his advantage to defend both his own interest and that of the pawner, by fixing a fair reserve price upon each lot, so that pledges are very seldom sold for much less than their market value.

Let us advise Mr. Vincent, in conclusion, to enlarge his horizon by repairing some Monday morning about 10 o'clock to one of those many pawnbroking establishments in the East-end where customers flock in at the rate of sixty or seventy an hour. There he will readily be admitted behind the counter, and standing by the side of the pawnbroker himself, and of his three, four, or six assistants, he will form in a couple of hours juster estimates of the trade than the reports of a dozen police inspectors would give him in a twelve-month. There he will be surprised at the outset to perceive the friendly and kindly relations subsisting between those poor toil-worn grimy-handed women and the pawnbrokers' assistants with whom they deal. The extraordinary rapidity  
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and neatness with which the most experienced of these assistants take in pledges and fold up 'soft goods'—it may be a husband's coat and waistcoat, a boy's Sunday clothes, or a counterpane and blanket—in wrappers which the pawnbroker supplies, but for which he can make no charge, would open Mr. Vincent's eyes to the magnitude of that trade for which he thinks it so easy to frame fresh laws. There he will understand the meaning of the familiar phrase 'up the spout,' when he sees a kind of funnel or chimney communicating between the shop below and the warehouse above. Up this spout go all the soft goods pawned, to each of which its ticket is attached, the duplicate being in the hands of the pledger. They are drawn up by a boy stationed in the warehouse above, who stores them away upon shelves or racks according to the date when they are deposited. So, in redeeming a pledge, a bell rings, and in obedience to it the boy draws up a canvas bag from below, in which is the ticket of the article. The date of the ticket tells the boy on which shelf to find the package that he wants, and with incredibly little delay it is dropped down the spout and restored to its owner.

Other sights there are which it befits an official in Mr. Vincent's position to behold with his own eyes. The perfect organization, for instance, of the system by which hundreds, and even thousands of watches, many of them without distinguishing marks or makers' name, of chains, pins, broaches, and rings, are stored away in the little drawers of a big iron safe—each little parcel with its pawn-ticket attached to it—would serve to convince Mr. Vincent of the impossibility of allowing policemen, heedless of time, to ransack a pawnbrokers' entire stock and to demand the opening, perhaps, of hundreds of parcels, in fancied, or it may be in simulated, pursuit of a stolen article. We repeat that, without seeing a large East-end pawnbroker's shop 'in full blast,' no Commissioner of Police and, what is more, no Home Secretary, ought to attempt to try his 'prentice hand at new legislation for the trade. So enormous, indeed, is the subject we have now attempted to handle within a necessarily brief compass, that much—and that, too, of the greatest moment—has been inevitably omitted. We trust, however, we have said enough to make the Home Secretary reflect upon the consequences of a Bill which would inevitably throw into confusion and perhaps uproot, a trade which has for many centuries been of not less benefit to the poor and their employers, than to the public in general, and in particular to the payers of rates for the poor.

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ART. V.—*Some Account of my Life and Writings: an Autobiography.* By the late Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. Edited by his Daughter-in-law, Lady Alison. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London, 1883.

‘**A**N author,’ says Sir Archibald Alison, ‘who has met with any degree of success, owes a brief account of his life and writings to both his family and his country. To the former, that his memory may not be injured, as is too often the case, after his decease by the indiscreet zeal of surviving friends or the injudicious disclosures of partial biographers; to the latter, that it may be known by what means the success was obtained and how easily it is within the reach of industry and perseverance.’ It is undeniable that Sir Archibald Alison met with an extraordinary degree of success, and it is interesting to learn from him, not only how and when his voluminous ‘History of Europe,’ in eighteen bulky volumes, was conceived and executed, but to what he attributes its popularity. It is also a tempting subject of critical enquiry, to what extent his peculiar opinions affected the circulation or influence of the book.

These opinions, we need hardly say, were of the most pronounced description. To say that he was a Tory of the old school, would convey an utterly inadequate notion of their quality. Right or wrong, he was the sworn foe of change in any shape. The spirit of Innovation was to him the besetting sin of nations, the curse, the bane, of society. To denounce it, to combat it, if possible to lay it, was his chosen mission upon earth. He was vehemently opposed to Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Test Laws, the repeal of the Usury Laws, the repeal of the Corn Laws, to Parliamentary Reform, to the abolition of Slavery, to a cheap press, and to popular education. He was a thorough-going anti-Malthusian; and, on the once much-agitated question of the currency, he fell little behind Atwood, who maintained to Macaulay that, if the country were over-populated so as barely to leave standing-room, an unrestricted issue of paper-money would prevent the pressure on the means of subsistence from being felt.

When Alison had once arrived at a conviction, he stuck to it. He could never be brought to accept as accomplished facts such measures as Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, or to admit that they had been justified by the results. To the end of his life, he maintained that they were permanently mischievous, that an endless train of evils had been laid by them. Regarding mankind at large as unimprovable, he naturally

turally and consistently denied improvement. Yet, with all this, he was not an unfair or wilfully inaccurate writer, nor does he ever colour or suppress the facts that militate against his views. What is still more to his credit, considering the temptation to be overcome, he is uniformly just to his contemporaries; and not a tinge of party feeling is discoverable in the carefully-drawn portraits, including distinguished men of all parties, which form one of the most attractive features of his *Autobiography*. He is saved from the worst errors of an historian or biographer by his intense love of truth. He might take for his motto: '*Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.*' This will be made clear by numerous examples as we proceed.

By descent a Scotchman, he was by birth an Englishman, having been born at Kenley, in Shropshire, on the 29th of December, 1792. His father, the Reverend Archibald Alison, the author of '*Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste*,'—the son of an ex-Provost of Edinburgh and the scion of an old Scotch family,—was the incumbent of no less than four English livings or preferments, including the perpetual curacy of Kenley. The historian's mother was the daughter of Dr. John Gregory, author of the '*Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World*,' on whose death she went to reside with Mrs. Montague, with whom she passed the ten years preceding her marriage, in a circle comprising the most brilliant and intellectual men and women of the day.\* Under her auspices, we are told, the Northamptonshire parsonage of Sudborough, where they resided for some years, was occasionally graced by the beauty and fashion of London, without losing its appropriate look and tone of rurality and simplicity. The son of such a couple, so placed and so connected, was bred up in an atmosphere of cultivation and refinement; no slight advantage, if it be true that the foundations of character are laid in childhood. Yet the father, who had spent eleven years at Baliol College, Oxford, and was bound by so many ties to England, was so impressed with the superiority for general students and practical life of the Scotch system of education, that, to give his sons the advantage of it under his own personal superintendence, he came to the resolution of removing with all his family to Edinburgh, and in the spring of 1800 he accepted the situation of senior minister of the Episcopal Chapel there; a charge which was not deemed incompatible with his

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\* 'There (at the Hastings Trial) were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mr. Montague.'—*Macaulay*.

holding his livings on the other side of the border. He took up his abode in the neighbourhood, two miles from the city, which was considered too far to admit of his sons being sent to the High School. They were therefore educated at home under the tuition of Mr. Dunbar, who afterwards became Professor of Greek in the University. 'My brother William, who was two years older and read more advanced lessons, was a far better scholar. We said our lessons before breakfast, and got them by ourselves during the day; and to the regular question to the tutor at breakfast, "Well, Mr. Dunbar, how were the lessons to-day?" the usual answer was, "William tolerably well: *Archy a little deficient.*"'

Amidst all his deficiencies in grammar, however, 'Archy was not inattentive to the substance of things.' Vertot's 'History of the Knights of Malta,' which he read in his tenth year, fastened on his imagination; and his warmest interest was excited by the speeches in Sallust and Livy, which he was set to translate by way of exercise. His versions, he tells us, were more free than critical, to the no small annoyance of his Scotch preceptor, who, as he was fluently paraphrasing long passages, would exclaim, 'Stop now! stop now! I canna get in my word at a', now.' 'Such attempts,' he continues, 'which Tomline tells us constituted the constant employment of Mr. Pitt at Cambridge, are amongst the most useful, as the corresponding one of turning English prose or verse into Latin are among the most useless occupations, in which ordinary youth can be engaged.'

Such attempts may be excellent training for public speaking, but Etonians and Oxonians will hardly agree that Latin composition, in which Alison confessedly failed, is to be despised on that account. About the same time he took to drawing, and he declares broadly that 'if nature ever designated her intentions clearly in the case of any human being, it was that I should be a landscape-painter.' Mrs. Grote told Mrs. Fanny Kemble that nature designed her (Mrs. G.) for a ballet-dancer; but nature, we suspect, was mistaken or belied in both instances. At all events, there is no evidence of her intentions in the shape of genius or capacity in either case; certainly none in Alison's, beyond a taste or passion for engravings and etchings, on which he and his friend Fraser Tytler (another embryo historian) spent every sixpence they could save from their allowances for clothes. 'The only occasion in life on which I recollect to have felt envy was when some little etchings by the old masters, on which I had set my heart, were knocked down to a more fortunate bidder at an auction.'

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His allowance must have been as reproductive as Fortunatus's purse; for he had a similar passion for books, which he managed to indulge in the same manner at the same time. His father's library was limited, consisting mostly of French and Italian works.

'I felt in consequence a very great want of the standard authors in English, and began before I was twelve years old to supply the defect by purchases of my own out of my allowance. The first book I ever bought was a copy of Hume's History of England, in five volumes, printed at Montrose, which I still possess. Never shall I forget the exultation which I felt when it was knocked down to me at an auction opposite the college of Edinburgh for fourteen shillings, and I brought the whole home under my arm to Bruntsfield Links! My next purchase was a copy of Robertson's Works, in nine volumes duodecimo; and my third a folio edition of Thucydides Stephani. The last, however, exhausted my resources for a long time, for it cost a guinea. It was some years before I could master Gibbon's Rome, for it could not be got under 2*l.* 14*s.* Often did I revolve in my mind the means of compassing that formidable undertaking, and great was my triumph when, by long economy, it was accomplished. A duodecimo edition of Elzevir's Homer, an Elzevir Livy, Virgil, and Tacitus, and the Tragediæ Selectæ Eschyli, Sophoclis, et Euripidis Stephani, duodecimo, consoled me in the meanwhile, and formed, as soon as I could read Greek with sufficient facility, the daily object of study. Such was the beginning of the large library from which in after-times the History of the French Revolution was formed.'

He began his university course in November 1805, being then within two months of thirteen, and in the following year he was so fascinated by mathematics, that he often lay awake a whole night in the anxious effort to solve a problem in conic sections, and more than once extracted the square root in the dark without a figure wrong to the eighth decimal. 'The only three subjects that ever had this effect of entirely preventing sleep during a whole night were, these problems in conic sections, anxiety to see the Alps ten years afterwards when on the eve of setting out for Switzerland, and, twenty years later, the preparation for the press of my History of Europe.'

In April 1808, being the first year that rewards were given at Edinburgh University, he gained the best prize for an English Essay on the 'Causes of the Eminence of Athens in the Arts and Sciences.' He explained it, and thought he was right at the time, by the doctrine of supply and demand; but experience and reflection led him to the conclusion that it was inexplicable, save on the principle expressed by Hallam, that 'there is but one way of explaining how great men appear at one time in the world and not at another, and that is, that God Almighty sometimes

times wills it, and sometimes not.' In the summer of 1808 he took to the study of political economy, and talked over with his father the cardinal doctrine of Malthus, that the human race has a tendency to increase faster than subsistence can be provided for it, and that this is the main cause of the misery that pervades the world. 'This, he constantly affirmed, was entirely erroneous, and a fallacy fraught with the most fatal consequences, as tending to throw on Providence the consequences of human corruption; and he pointed out the true answer to it—viz. that by a fundamental law of Nature the labour of one man's hands is more than adequate for his own support.'

We shall have something to say to this fundamental law a little further on. So strongly, he states, did it get possession of his mind, that he soon began to think of it continually, and in the course of the autumn he wrote the first draft, nearly two hundred pages, of an Essay on Population, which so struck his father, that when he had finished reading it, he walked twice or thrice with a hurried step about the room, and then said: 'Archy, I won't allow you to become a banker; you were made for something very different from that: what would you say to the Bar?' Having no predilection for any particular calling, he fell in with his father's suggestion, and it was accordingly arranged that, so soon as he had completed his philosophical courses, he should commence the study of the law. During the following winter of 1808-9, he attended Dugald Stewart's lectures on Moral Philosophy, and Playfair's on Natural Philosophy, and of both Professors he has left graphic sketches, beginning: 'It was impossible to imagine two men more completely fitted to convey the sublime principles of moral and physical science, or whose character exhibited a more perfect commentary on the doctrines which they taught.' After a warm tribute to his father's benevolence and breadth of view, he states that on the 6th of June, 1809, he resolved on a grand effort to write a great work on population:—

'We had talked long and earnestly on Mr. Malthus's doctrines, which had occupied me much during the preceding winter; and he entirely concurred with the more matured views which I had now come to form on the subject. "Keep these ideas in your head, *my mannie*" (his usual name for me), said he at its close; "it's a great thing to have seen the sun through the clouds." I left his room in a transport of joy which I find it impossible to describe. I resolved to devote my life to the refutation of Mr. Malthus's doctrines, and became impressed with a conviction which has never left me, and has directed my subsequent efforts, that, to vindicate the Divine administration in the order of the moral world and trace the misery which exists to its true source—the wickedness and selfishness of man—was a great duty imposed upon me.'

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It was not till the winter of 1810-11 that he commenced his legal studies under Mr. Irving, the Professor of Civil Law, but he laboured at them so assiduously that by 1813 he had compiled eight thick quarto volumes of notes. All the time he could spare from law was devoted to general literature, upon a plan which, he says, he followed ever since when he had the required books at hand, namely, that of reading several authors in different languages at the same time, and never studying one more than an hour, or an hour and a half, at a sitting. 'Thus I generally read every day Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English; and my usual complement of study was nearly as follows: some hundred lines or half a book of the "Iliad" or "Odyssey;" half a book of Sallust, Tacitus, Livy, or Virgil; half a canto of Tasso or Ariosto; a few chapters of Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, or Voltaire; and fifty pages of Gibbon, Robertson, or Hume. . . . Change of subject is like passing from riding to walking—it brings a new set of muscles into play.' It was the remark of Fénelon, 'Le changement des études est toujours un délassement pour moi;' and the inexhaustible energy of an eminent living statesman is said to be owing to his power of turning his mind to subject after subject, the most remote from politics. But a man must be very happily gifted who could pursue Alison's plan with a satisfactory result.

In May, 1814, he started for Paris in company with his brother and two friends, furnished with letters of introduction which brought him acquainted with the leading diplomatists of Europe, including Metternich, Humboldt, Pozzo di Borgo, Nesselrode, and Lord Aberdeen. 'I had not conversed with them long, before I could discern traces of the jealousies which had divided the Allied Powers during the later period of the war, and learned to appreciate the difficulty which Lord Castlereagh and Lord Cathcart had experienced in keeping them together. "*Les Autrichiens*" or "*les Autres-chiens*," was a phrase often on their lips; and the "*Austrian fleet*," by which name they designated the enormous train of baggage-waggons by which their columns were followed, was constantly represented as the main impediment to decisive operations.'

An introduction to the Marquis de Frondeville, one of the old *noblesse* domesticated in the noble faubourg, enabled him to judge for himself of the amount and quality of the Legitimist feeling which prevailed at the Restoration. He says that Louis XVIII. reached the capital of his ancestors surrounded with nearly as great enthusiasm as did Charles II. on his progress from Dover to London in 1660. If so, it melted away with almost unaccountable rapidity.

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'We had an opportunity of seeing these loyal feelings put to a test during our stay in the French capital. On the 14th May, when at the opera, an unusual stir was observed in the centre box, and soon an English general officer advanced to the front, who, though we had never seen him before, was immediately recognised by us as the Duke of Wellington, from his similarity to the engravings of his head. He had just arrived from Toulouse, and it was his first appearance in Paris. The news immediately made the round of the house, and the audience cheered vociferously—cries of "Vive Wellington!" being intermingled with those of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive l'Empereur Alexandre!" There was more in this demonstration than the courtesy of a polite nation to a gallant and distinguished enemy—"a foeman worthy of their steel,"—there was the warmth of feeling towards one who had aided in effecting for them a great deliverance.'

Impressed, as he could not fail to be, by Talma in the master-pieces of Corneille and Racine, he could not help thinking that the great French tragedian was inferior to John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons:—

'Talma's acting appeared to us too violent, at least in the earlier scenes. From his first entrance on the stage to his final exit, it was one incessant course of declamation, accompanied with violent action and excited gesticulation. This seemed to entrance the French part of the audience; but we, and I believe the other foreigners, felt it forced and unnatural, depriving the great scenes at the end of the play of the effect which otherwise would have belonged to them. We had all felt more strongly on witnessing the subdued emotion of John Kemble in "Cato" or the "Stranger" than we did from the forced vehemence of Talma in the "Cid" or "Phèdre."

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'If ever a remarkable contrast was exhibited in the same art, it was in the performances of Mdle. Mars as compared with those of her great male rival. As much as Talma was energetic, impassioned, and vehement, was this great actress light, airy, and captivating. She was now past her *première jeunesse*, but that is of less consequence with Parisian ladies than it is in general elsewhere; for they possess the art of staving off age to a degree that would be deemed incredible in other countries. At thirty-one her age was given as thirty in her passport, and she continued of the same age for the next thirty years.'

Lady Aldborough's age was given as twenty-five in her passport, and she continued of the same age (in her passport) till her death at eighty-five. Whenever an astonished official remonstrated, exclaiming, 'Why, madam, you must be older than that,' her ready answer was, 'Monsieur, you are the first Frenchman who ever told a lady she was older than she said she was.' This, as she used to relate, almost invariably called forth,  
'Pardon,

'Pardon, mille pardons, madame.' The passport afforded apt occasion for French gallantry. When Sontag, in the height of her celebrity, applied at the French foreign office for a passport, the secretary, instead of filling in the ordinary form with hair, eyes, figure, &c., bracketed the required details together and wrote opposite, '*Angélique*.'

The gallery of the Louvre, then crowded with the spoils of Italy, Spain, and the Low Countries, helped to form Alison's taste in painting and sculpture, and convinced him of the inferiority of art in all its branches, except sculpture, in Great Britain. 'This inferiority has not arisen from want of encouragement, but from too much encouragement bestowed by incompetent persons on inferior objects. Few men will spend six months on the doubtful chance of selling a great historical picture, if during the same time they can paint ten staring likenesses of ordinary men and women, for which they are sure of two hundred guineas apiece.' For which they are sure of three, four, or five times that sum. A thousand guineas is not now an uncommon charge for a portrait. In January, 1758, Johnson writes to Langton: 'Mr. Reynolds has within these few days raised his price to twenty guineas a head.' The outside price Reynolds ever received was a thousand guineas for the three Ladies Waldegrave, now at Strawberry Hill.

In return for the kindness and hospitality of the Russian officers, Alison and his friends gave them a dinner at the Restaurant Mapinot. Count Platoff, General Chernicheff, and General Barclay de Tolly, were amongst the guests.

'We then saw, what was deeply interesting, Russian manners in moments of *bonhomie* and *abandon*; and their manners and usages impressed us with a strong sense of their wealth of feeling and sincerity of disposition. As the evening advanced, and the *ponche à la Romaine* and iced champagne began to produce their wonted effects, they became, without being noisy or violent, in the highest degree demonstrative in their exuberance. Every one drank wine with his neighbour after the Continental fashion, touching their glasses before they put them to their lips, and many were the toasts drunk to the "Eternal Alliance of Great Britain and Russia." Before parting, the company embraced after the German fashion; and the last thing I recollect is seeing my brother, a man six feet high, lifted up by Platoff, who was six inches taller, and *kissed in the air*.'

The Duke of Newcastle, who was present at the scene, used to relate that when, in the camp before Sebastopol, Pelissier attempted to salute General Simpson in the same fashion, the General drew up his tall lank figure to its full height so as to escape the infliction, and exclaimed in the broadest Scotch, 'It's a dommed dirty habit.'

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In 1816, Alison made a tour to Switzerland and the Tyrol, and in the following winter he saw a good deal of the Edinburgh Whigs, who (he says) received him kindly, and made several attempts to gain him to their party; but he held aloof, repelled by their intolerance and exclusiveness. They lived too much with and for each other. They could see little or no merit beyond their own circle. They were cold to the excellence of Scott, they ran down Wilson, and never so much as mentioned Lockhart, who had already attained to high reputation. Of 'Blackwood's Magazine' they never spoke but with horror and contempt.

'Any revolt against the opinions of the "Edinburgh Review" or the taste of Jeffrey was deemed by them high treason. And what has this much vaunted Whig coterie produced to transmit its name to future times? Nothing but Jeffrey's collected essays for the "Edinburgh Review,"—a work which, notwithstanding its candour, discrimination, and good sense, is far from being likely to sustain the great reputation he possessed in the eyes of his contemporaries.'

Jeffrey's collected Essays hardly support the reputation or account for the influence they obtained as articles; but did not this much vaunted coterie produce, or have some share in producing, Sydney Smith, Playfair, Horner, and Brougham? What, Alison goes on to say, struck him more than anything in the opinions and conversation of this body of men, was their want of independence and originality of thought. How then did they contrive to make an epoch in literature?

'Their ideas on politics were taken from the doctrines of Mr. Fox and Earl Grey; in political economy they implicitly adopted the views of Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo; in matters of taste, they took the law from the coteries of Holland House and Lansdowne House. Their extravagant admiration for Massinger, Ford, and the older dramatists, was adopted from the former of these bewitching mansions; it soon spread so generally among their party, that every Whig attorney and wine-merchant had ere long a copy of their works in their libraries; and Ballantyne was impelled by their influence to hazard the dangerous, and, as it proved, ruinous experiment of publishing a new and large edition of the mingled genius and indecency to be found in their productions. I could not for long conceive whence they had taken the vehement admiration they always professed for Dryden in preference to Pope and Gray; but I afterwards discovered the source, when Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, a man of real genius, informed me that he had been banished for years, and well-nigh for ever, from Holland House, in consequence of having once at table been guilty of the heresy of doubting the supremacy of "glorious John" among the British poets of his age.'

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This is very loose writing. The 'Edinburgh Review' was started by a set of young men without any connection with party leaders or any reliance on patronage. The Holland House coterie could hardly be said to exist before they themselves formed part of it. Lord Lansdowne, who went from Westminster School to Edinburgh, might be almost regarded as one of them. He was wont to say that the preparation of his speeches for their debating club (the Speculative Society) was the most useful mental training he underwent at any period. Charles Lamb and Hazlitt anticipated them in their admiration of the older dramatists: Gifford edited Massinger; and the taste for Dryden was revived, if it ever required reviving, by Scott's annotated edition of 1808. Talfourd was never an *habitué* of Holland House, and we are quite sure that he never lost a dinner by doubting Dryden's superiority to Pope.

In 1817 Alison made a tour through Ireland, which was then in the lowest state of wretchedness :—

'I had seen Venice labouring under the deplorable effects of French tyranny and mercantile ruin in the preceding year, but it did not exhibit nearly so heartrending a spectacle of human suffering. In Londonderry numerous beggars were to be seen crawling in the morning out of dogs' kennels, where they had nestled in the night beside the friendly animals; at Omagh, in Tyrone, the guards of the mail in which we travelled were obliged to present their loaded blunderbusses to the mob of beggars to keep them off; in Dublin, we could hardly force our way from the hotel door to the carriage through the crowd of mendicants.'

He carefully investigated the causes of this lamentable state of things, and came to the conclusion that the explanation of the general misery from over-population was to be found in the innate character of the unmixed Celtic race; in the repeated and violent confiscations of land which had, in the progress of time, dispossessed nine-tenths of the original owners of the soil; in the frightful injustice of the English law of landlord and tenant, when it came to be applied under this altered tenure of property; in the want of any provision for the poor in the rural districts; and in 'the inability of the impassioned, volatile Irish race to withstand the excitement consequent on the extension to them, when wholly unprepared for exercising them, of the popular powers of the English constitution.' On his return home he moulded these views into an article for the 'Edinburgh Review' and sent it to Jeffrey, who had recently been holding forth Catholic Emancipation as the grand panacea for Irish grievances. This 'question of questions' was hardly mentioned  
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in the article, which was tacitly rejected, and the writer never heard of it again.

His fondness for foreign travel had now become a passion, and in the autumn we find him at Venice with Captain Basil Hall, who had brought letters to Lord Byron, and they were received with unwonted cordiality by the noble poet. He took them to his favourite ride at Lido, and through the city in his gondola, and made his hotel their home. The distinctive features of his character were hit off by Alison.

‘He was destitute of that simplicity of thought and manner which is the attendant of the highest intellect, and which was so conspicuous in Scott. He was always aiming at effect: and the effect he desired was rather that of fashion than genius; he sought rather to astonish than impress. He seemed *blasé* with every enjoyment of life, affected rather the successful *roué* than the great poet, and deprecated beyond everything the cant of morality. The impression he wished to leave on the mind was that of a man who had tasted to the dregs of all the enjoyments of life, and above all of high life, and thought everything else mere balderdash and affectation. Every reader knows how strongly this tendency is perceptible in his poems; “Don Juan” conveys a faithful portrait of his mind as it was at that period. Yet, amidst all this wretched conceit, traces of inherent greatness appeared; and I have seen his eyes fill with tears when, in rowing through the Great Canal, or riding along the shore of Lido, he recounted some of the glorious events of Venetian story.’

Passing over many striking reflections on the past glories of Rome, many sensible criticisms on Italian art, and many eloquent descriptions of Italian scenery, we pause at a supper with Canova:—

‘Sir Humphry and Lady Davy and Captain Basil Hall formed the party. It was one of the “*noctes cœnæque Deûm*” which occur rarely in the course of life. It was hard to say whether the English philosopher or the Italian artist was the more delightful. The simplicity of manner by which both were distinguished is the invariable mark of a high class of intellect. The recollection of my breakfast not long before with Sir James Mackintosh and Jeffrey recurred to my mind; but the contrast was all to the advantage of the Roman party. Canova and Davy each sought to draw out the other, and each seemed forgetful only of his own greatness.’

The conversation turning on the inferiority of Great Britain to Italy in the fine arts, “You need not wonder,” said Canova, “at that inferiority in one respect; it is the price you pay for your superiority in others. If England were Italy, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox would be your painters and sculptors, and then you  
would

would have no reason to complain of your inferiority.”’ The answer was obvious and could hardly have escaped Canova, however anxious to soothe or flatter the national vanity of his English friends. ‘Do we not,’ replied Alison, ‘find in other countries that the age of the greatest excellence in one department has been that of similar eminence in all the others; that they have all advanced abreast? Was not the age of Phidias that of Euripides, Socrates, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Pericles? Ariosto and Tasso were the contemporaries of Titian, Albert Dürer, Michael Angelo, and Raphael; and were not Alfieri and Botta alive at the same time with Canova and Thorwaldsen?’

In 1819 and 1820 he read Jomini, and ‘which was of the greatest service in the composition of my history, I learned to think for myself on military subjects and to disregard the supposed limitation of the power of understanding them to military men.’ Referring to his military experience as a volunteer about the same time, he says that ‘Gibbon found his bloodless campaigns with the Hampshire Militia of no small service in recounting the exploits of the Roman legions;’ and ‘I can with safety assert that my service in the Grenadiers for two, and in the Yeomanry Cavalry for three years, was of the utmost value in enabling me to appreciate and describe the campaigns of Napoleon and Wellington.’

When he comes to 1822, the self-complacency which never leaves him breaks out in a retrospect. After referring to the days when he had to procure books and prints out of the savings of his allowance, he continues:—

‘Since those days I had mingled with the world and felt its pleasures, its excitements, and its dangers. I had enjoyed a remarkable career of professional success. During eight years I had been at the Bar, I had not only paid all my own expenses, and accumulated a considerable library, and a very fine collection of prints, but had defrayed the charges of four long, and, from the rapidity with which great tracts of ground were gone over, costly journeys on the Continent. These repeated and dangerous deviations from the beaten career of professional duty had by good fortune not been attended with injurious consequences to my professional prospects; and in the year 1822 I found myself in more extensive practice than any of my contemporaries except Hope, who had never quitted home, and who enjoyed peculiar advantages from his father being at the head of the courts. I had visited the most interesting countries of Europe; and I had gone over nearly all the fields of Napoleon’s great victories, whether in France, Italy, Germany, or Switzerland. I had seen and conversed with officers on both sides who had been in all these memorable conflicts, and I had myself inspected the armies which had filled the world with their renown. My head swam with the

vast variety of interesting and splendid images so rapidly thrown into it. Recollections of painting, architecture, and sculptures, were mingled with blue skies, snowy peaks, unruffled seas, and glittering squadrons. All that could excite the imagination or stimulate the fancy was imprinted in an indelible manner on a mind naturally of an ardent and enthusiastic temperament.'

The grave drawback was the thirst for travel, which was daily growing on him and could be no longer indulged without serious injury to both his literary prospects and his career at the bar: 'Had I not travelled, indeed, I never could have written the history of the French Revolution; but had I continued to travel, it is certain I never would have done so. From these dangers at this critical period of my life, I was saved by two events which at once and permanently changed my habits; and at length, though not without a severe struggle, altered my inclinations.' These were his appointment as Advocate-Depute in February 1823, and his marriage in March 1825. The duty of Advocate-Depute was that of public prosecutor. There were only three; and as the Lord-Advocate and Solicitor-General hardly ever interfered, those three were, 'practically speaking, the grand jury, coroner, Attorney-General, and counsel on the Crown side in all cases, over all Scotland.'

In a treatise written in 1824 at the request of Hope, the Solicitor-General, he maintained the superiority of the Scotch administration of criminal law over the English system, in which the want of an efficient public prosecutor is a palpable blot. It may also be doubted whether we are right in requiring unanimity in juries. On the other hand, the decision by a bare majority may lead to crying injustice. In the preface to 'Guy Mannering,' Sir Walter Scott, speaking of Jean Gordon, the original of Meg Merrilies, relates: 'I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say that all Jean's sons (nine in number) were condemned to die, three on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his vote for condemnation in the emphatic words, "Hang them a'!"'

Alison's marriage was in all respects a happy one; and his domestic life was everything that he could wish. 'This winter (1825) was very delightful: seated in the smaller of the two drawing-rooms, with our books and pictures around us in the winter evenings, we heard the roll of the carriages outside conveying people to the evening parties, in which we no longer cared to participate.' In the January following he became the father of a son, whom he christened Archibald. 'Truth obliges me to confess, that in the determination to give him no other  
name

name I was actuated by a hope that the name would one day become known and that he might feel a pride in bearing it.' The son has added distinction to the name, and might feel a just pride in bearing it, even if the father had done nothing for it.

In the course of the next three or four years, he falls in with several remarkable people, and sets down his impressions of them with the obvious intention to be just. Buckland, the celebrated geologist, whom he met at Sir James Hall's, interested him at first.

'After a few days, however, the curiosity of his accounts of the habits of the antediluvian lizards and other animals wore off, and he was deemed somewhat tiresome by the whole party. What was wanting in him was, not a thorough acquaintance with his own subjects—for of that he was a perfect master—but a corresponding interest in, or knowledge of, those of others. He resembled the English serjeants-at-law or us Scotch advocates, who are often very entertaining for a few days while the stories of circuits, judges, and juries last, but who in general become exceedingly tiresome when that stock, which soon runs dry, is exhausted.'

He was struck by Miss Edgeworth's solid sense and sagacity, but complains of her deficiency in imagination and the more elevated qualities of mind:—

'It is remarkable that, though she was a woman of strong religious impressions, there is scarcely any allusion to religion to be found in her writings; a peculiarity which arose from her desire to avoid the antipathies of sects, but which indicates an ignorance of the first principles of human nature; for to portray the heart without frequent reference to God, is like playing Hamlet without the character of the Prince of Denmark.'

It was precisely because she was a woman of strong religious feelings that she did not parade her religion in her books. To say that the heart cannot be portrayed without frequent reference to God, is simply preposterous. He thinks her novels superior to those of Mackenzie, Charlotte Smith, or Miss Burney, but 'imagination and genius reasserted their eternal superiority in the romances of Scott, Bulwer, and—James!' He says of Parr that 'he was not merely a great scholar; he was also a powerful dialectician, an original thinker, an intrepid asserter of new and important truths.' If this were so, how happens it that no one ever thinks of referring to any of his multifarious writings: that he is remembered only by his eccentricities, and two or three laboured repartees in the manner of Johnson? The best was his reply to Mackintosh, who, after his own conversion by Burke, happened to say of O'Connor (on his trial for high treason) that he could not have been worse. 'Yes, Jemmy, he

could have been worse: he *was* an Irishman, and he might have been a Scotchman; he *was* a priest, and he might have been a lawyer; he *was* a renegade, and he might have been an apostate.' Another was his address to Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Blomfield, on a first introduction: 'Mr. Blomfield, you are a young man; you have read a great deal; you have thought little, and you *know* absolutely nothing.'

Hallam's powers of conversation are described as 'consisting to a great extent of varied information, which is poured forth in a stream of easy and often felicitous expression. His defect is that he is too great a *parleur*, speaks incessantly, and follows rather the course of his own ideas and recollections than what is interesting or instructive to his auditors.' There was some truth in this. When Hallam and Macaulay encountered, no one else could get in a word. Rogers, seated between them at a dinner at Lansdowne House, complained that they fought over him as if he was a dead body. Thiers, similarly situated, fell asleep. Yet neither Hallam nor Macaulay talked for effect. They talked because they could not help it: because their minds were full, and the pent-up knowledge must find vent.

It was by reading an account of the last days of Louis XVI., and the sufferings of the royal family of France, that Alison was induced to undertake his great work.

'The King's Testament, in particular, appeared to me one of the most perfect commentaries on the Gospel which had ever come from the hand of man. My resolution was soon taken. I resolved to devote myself to the elucidation of the unbounded wickedness, the disastrous results of the French Revolution, and of the angelic virtues displayed by its principal martyrs.'

The embryo History is not allowed to interfere with the growing work on Population, in reference to which he incidentally remarks, that the capital error of benevolent people is in supposing that the poor are capable of as much foresight as themselves: 'a mistake not quite so palpable, but almost as great as that of the French princess, who expressed her surprise in a scarcity how the people should be in such distress when they might live on *bread and cheese*.' This is a new reading of the remark popularly attributed to the French queen.

The historian of Europe never misses an opportunity of associating himself with the historian of the Decline and Fall. Gibbon states that his great work was conceived as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, on the 15th of October, 1764: that the last lines of the last page were written in a summer-house in his garden at Lausanne, on the 27th of June, 1787; that 'his emotions were of joy on the recovery of his freedom,

freedom, till a sober melancholy was spread over his mind by the idea that he had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion.' Alison is equally minute as regards each of his publications. His book on Population was brought to a conclusion on the 22nd of December, 1828. 'It was at eleven at night, sitting in the drawing-room in St. Colme Street beside Mrs. Alison, that it was finished.' His first feeling was 'gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of all events, for having given him health and strength to bring a work of such varied research to an end;' his next, that his principal duty in life was now discharged, and that he might henceforth treat literature as an amusement or relaxation. But his accomplished and sympathizing wife knew him better: she saw that intellectual activity was essential to his happiness; she told him that he could not live without writing; and in a day or two a feeling of melancholy, akin to that of Gibbon, stole over him. 'After a week's rest, accordingly, I resumed my labours on a totally different subject, and on the 1st January, 1829, the first three pages of my History of the French Revolution were written.'

The alarming condition of the country in his eyes was his paramount motive for devoting all his energies to the work. Not only did distress very generally prevail, but the elements of resistance to change were destroyed in those classes where it had hitherto been most powerful. The revolutionary spirit (he says) had gained strength from the cold-blooded indifference with which the sufferings of the rural population for a great many years had been received by the political economists who unhappily had obtained the direction of affairs. 'Impressed by these ideas, and nothing doubting that a political crisis was approaching, I relinquished, for the time at least, all thoughts of publishing my "Population," and proceeded assiduously with the History of the French Revolution.' The plan he adopted to shorten it as much as possible, and give it an air of impartiality, is thus explained:—

'I was too old a lawyer not to know the strength of a case depending chiefly on an opponent's testimony. Writers, especially in the "Quarterly Review," when the work appeared, repeatedly objected to it, as being founded mainly on revolutionary writings, and not going sufficiently into the detail of original authority on the royalist side. *They did not see that this was the precise object which was aimed at, and which gave the work its success.* No one can read it without perceiving that its main design is to illustrate the danger of revolutions; and yet I have the satisfaction of thinking that, though it has frequently been censured for being unduly favourable to the popular leaders and not sufficiently minute in its details of the horrors of the Revolution, it has never yet been stigmatized by the popular party as containing

containing an unfair or exaggerated representation of their principles or actions.'

We shall presently find him complaining that the 'Quarterly' took no notice of his book. But whoever raised the objection of which he speaks, it was well founded. A party pamphlet may be written for a purpose or to establish a case. Not so a history, in which the narrative should be based on an impartial collation of authorities, leaving the readers to draw the conclusion for themselves. The historian, above all the historian who proposes to inculcate a moral of vast importance to mankind, must not play the advocate; and it is strange that he should so far have mistaken his vocation, when he had well-nigh persuaded himself that his arrangement of events and division into periods had been providentially marked out for him:—

'By steadily pursuing this object, and sometimes making the order of time in a certain degree yield to it, it is surprising how naturally the chaos of events arranged themselves in their proper departments, and how many well-defined periods appeared, affording natural resting-places. Indeed, so far did this go, that ultimately, when the work was well advanced, and its termination as it were within sight, the periods appeared so distinct, and the proper order so clear, *that I was almost tempted to believe that they had been purposely arranged in their course of occurrence by Omnipotence, in order to render the great moral lessons to be deduced from them more palpable to and undeniable by mankind.*'

After a number of commonplace remarks on history and the rules for writing it, he proceeds with the air of one who was announcing a discovery:—

'In the estimate and drawing of character, I proceeded on a principle which experience through life had convinced me was well founded. This was, that men, when you really know them, are neither so good nor so bad as they are generally supposed to be, but that "characters of imperfect goodness" constitute the great majority of the human race.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'I sought anxiously for, and discovered, many redeeming traits in the characters of Robespierre and Danton; I found, and admitted without hesitation, traces of the universal corruption of humanity in those of Nelson and Wellington. I was not ignorant that this would expose me to much obloquy from those who are disposed to deify some men and make devils of others; but I know that neither gods nor demons are now to be found upon the earth.'

The first two volumes of the History were published in April 1833, after the appearance of parts as feelers in 'Blackwood's

wood's Magazine,' to which he was a constant and voluminous contributor. Blackwood gave him 250 guineas for the first edition of a thousand copies. The book made its way slowly: the publisher's son, after the specimen copy had been sent round to the trade, reported that the subscription was 'very poor;' and the publisher informed the author, with manifest chagrin, that when he showed a copy to Lord Melville, 'his Lordship contrived to evade the purchase.' On the other hand, Professor Wilson, 'with that fearless generosity which is ever the accompaniment of the highest class of genius,' spoke of the work in the most gratifying terms, in which he was joined by Lord Advocate Rae:—

'For long this was the only encouragement I met with. Mr. Croker, to whom I had sent a copy, declined in distinct terms giving any opinion at all on it: he contented himself with saying that the opinion of the public would, ere long, be pronounced decidedly one way or other on the subject. The Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel simply acknowledged receipt of the copies; Lord Aberdeen alone, of the statesmen who received copies, expressed the least interest in the undertaking, though *I wrote private letters explaining my views in the work to them all*. Such was the reception which the 'History of Europe' met with from the Conservative leaders and the public. I was not discouraged; I felt a secret assurance within me that my time would come.'

The criticisms (he states) were simply contemptible, and for the first time opened his eyes to the value at which an author should estimate the praise or blame of critics:—

'Incapable of entering into the spirit of a work of reflection or importance; immersed in commonplace thought or frivolous details; destitute of the information necessary to form an opinion on the correctness of facts, or the judgment requisite to appreciate the justice of conclusions;—they have yet sufficient vanity to deem it necessary to show their superiority to the author by criticising his production. Their only resource for doing so is to fasten on the style; which, as it lies on the surface, and is open to the observation of the most superficial eye, presents a fair mark for their shafts.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'I sent copies of my first two volumes to the editors of the principal Reviews, particularly the 'Quarterly' and 'Edinburgh;' but neither took any notice of the work. The former never reviewed it at all, nor ever mentioned it, except in a carping note or casual attack; the latter did not review the work till it was concluded, but it did so then, though with a fair amount of censure, in a liberal and honourable spirit. Considering that my History was a great effort made in favour of the Conservative cause at the period of its lowest depression; when the press almost universally had gone over to the Liberal or revolutionary

tionary side; and when the author by publishing it had of course precluded himself from all chance of professional promotion from Government,—I felt that this silence on the part of the 'Quarterly' was unjust, more especially as the editor was an old personal friend.'

He suspected at the time, what (he says) he afterwards ascertained to be the fact, that this was owing to Mr. Croker, 'whose influence in the Review was paramount, and who was chagrined at finding another taking out of his hands a subject on which he himself intended to write.' If Mr. Croker meditated a book on the same subject, he would hardly have been deterred by the prior appearance of one composed on such a plan; and it never seems to have occurred to the disappointed author that the silence of the 'Quarterly' was susceptible of a more charitable interpretation: that the old personal friend, not being able to say conscientiously what he would have wished to say of the book, adopted the least embarrassing alternative of not reviewing it at all.

The remainder of the year 1833, so far as time could be spared from professional avocations, was devoted to the continuation of the History, which was now entering on the military career of Napoleon. 'This gave an interest to my labours which I had long hoped for, but never before experienced. It far exceeded what I had anticipated. Henceforth my work had got what I was aware it had previously wanted—unity of interest. . . . Napoleon had drawn all the events of the period to his person, as he had concentrated all the forces of Europe around or in opposition to his standards. The singleness of interest in Sophocles or Euripides was not more complete.' In the course of his continental travels he had visited most of the principal battlefields, and made sketches of the ground. He had also a decided taste for military matters, and his descriptions of battles are marked by a graphic power and a spirit which make them the most attractive portions of his work. Indeed, the popularity which it eventually obtained was mainly owing to them.

During the whole of 1833 and 1834 he was writing regularly for 'Blackwood's Magazine,' sometimes two papers a month. They were all on political subjects. He felt it impossible to expatiate on taste, literature, or poetry when the world was in a state of convulsion, when expectations of revolution were equally entertained on both sides: 'on the one, with the most ardent hopes of a regeneration of society—on the other, with the most mortal apprehensions of its overthrow.' It is new to us that society was in such imminent danger, so near its death throes,

throe, in 1833 or 1834; but, be that as it may, he had worked himself up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and stood prepared to leap, like Curtius, into the gulf:—

‘I wrote according to my invariable practice through life, strongly, openly, and fearlessly; and I may say with truth, I was alike indifferent whether it was to lead me to the scaffold or the Bench. Judging from the past and the experience of other countries, *I certainly thought the former was the more probable termination to my labours.*’

This recalls the speech given to Mackintosh in ‘The Anti-jacobin:’—

‘I expect the contest, and I am prepared for it. My services, my life itself, are at your disposal—whether to act or to suffer, I am yours—with Hampden on the Field or with Sidney on the Scaffold. My example may be more useful to you than my talents; and this head may perhaps serve your cause more effectually, if placed upon a pole at Temple Bar, than if it was occupied in organizing your committees, in preparing your revolutionary explosions, and conducting your correspondence.’

It was in this exalted frame of mind that Alison made his first public speech as a politician, in June 1834, at a dinner given by five hundred Conservative electors to a defeated candidate. He was badly placed, and the circumstances were in other respects unfavourable to him:—

‘I was sustained, however, as on all other important occasions of my life, by a secret confidence in my own powers, which, without, I trust, producing any external display of it in manner or conversation, relieved me of disquietude. That calm conviction is one of the most valuable gifts of nature; for it removes equally the perturbation which may produce failure, and the vanity which may disfigure success. On this occasion it proved of the utmost service. When I stood up to speak, the greater part of the company, not knowing who it was, or if they did know, taking it for granted from the place given me that I was not worth listening to, were inattentive, or conversing with each other; and my voice, powerful as it was, could scarcely surmount the din with which I was surrounded. Before a few sentences, however, had been uttered, I saw the eyes of numbers fixed on me; the noise rapidly ceased, the heads were turned round, and in less than five minutes every countenance in the room was fixed on me, and no sound but my own voice was to be heard in the hall.’

Not only was he rapturously cheered when he concluded, but when the chairman towards the end of the evening alluded to the speech, the company stood up and gave three vehement cheers. In reference to the British Association, which met at Edinburgh in September 1834, he expresses a doubt whether it had been of real service. ‘Genius is essentially solitary; its home

home is the library or the fireside, not the assembly or the lecture-room. All great discoveries have been made by the unaided efforts of lonely thought.' This is one specimen, amongst many, of his mode of weakening a borrowed maxim or thought by expanding or paraphrasing it. 'Solitude is the nurse of genius,' was the remark of Gibbon, who most assuredly was not thinking of the library or the fireside. He was alluding to Mahomet withdrawing from the world and 'from the arms of Cadijah,' for religious contemplation.\*

On the accession of the short Tory administration in 1834, it was in contemplation to make Alison Solicitor-General, and thus place him in the direct road to the Bench, but the Shrievalty of Lanarkshire, worth about 1400*l.* a year, falling vacant, he accepted it as offering the best chance of a permanent competency. He had no political or forensic ambition; and fixed official duty, he thought, might be so managed as to be rather an aid than a hindrance to literary pursuits. 'With the exception of one extraordinary man (meaning Southey)', says Coleridge in his '*Biographia Literaria*,' 'I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a profession, that is, some regular employment that does not depend on the will of the moment. Three hours of leisure, unallayed by any alien anxiety, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial, than weeks of compulsion.'

On the 12th of February, 1835, Alison removed with his family from Edinburgh to Possil House, near Glasgow, and about the same time appeared the third and fourth volumes of the History, bringing it down to the assumption of the imperial crown by Napoleon in December 1804. These volumes were a decided improvement on the first two: the public began to recognize the book as a trustworthy repository of facts, which were to be found nowhere else in so accessible a shape: his industry and honesty of intention were beyond dispute, and the most carping critics could not deny the artistic skill and spirit with which the Napoleonic campaigns are dashed off. The grand central figure of the emperor stands out in broad relief, and he is brought vividly before us at the culminating point of his career, as he was seen by Béranger.

'Un conquérant, dans sa fortune altière,  
Se fit un jeu des sceptres et des lois,  
Et de ses pieds on peut voir la poussière  
Empreinte encore sur le bandeau des rois.'

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\* '*Decline and Fall.*' Dr. Wm. Smith's edition. Vol. vi. p. 22.

War was Alison's element, and this portion of his history was mostly made up of war. The fifth volume, bringing down the narrative to the conquest of Prussia in October and November 1806, was published in May 1836. It was (he states) favourably noticed by the daily and weekly press, the leading reviews still preserving a stolid silence regarding it. A somewhat similar reception awaited the sixth volume, published in November 1837, and coming down to the battle of Corunna. These volumes were completed in the midst of official occupation, of a sort which could hardly have left him the daily three hours of leisure required by Coleridge. Besides the judicial business requiring constant attendance in his court, the prosecution of crime, and the maintenance of the peace, in a county numbering 400,000 inhabitants, had devolved upon him under the most trying circumstances.

In July 1835, a mob had assembled at Airdrie, and were proceeding to acts of violence, when he started from the Glasgow barracks with a troop of horse, dispersed the rioters, and seized the ringleaders. The inefficiency of the peace officers on this and other occasions induced him to propose the establishment of a rural police, but in the obstinate resistance of the country gentlemen to the slightest sacrifice, he 'beheld exemplified on a small scale the selfish disinclination of the French *noblesse* to taxation, which was the difficulty that Louis XVI. never could overcome, and was an immediate cause of the Revolution.\*

The consequence was that, when the formidable cotton-strike of 1837 occurred, the civil power was hopelessly incapable of grappling with it. The colliers and miners followed the example of the cotton-spinners, and altogether there were upwards of fifty thousand persons out of work and banded together in open defiance of the law. The new hands hired by the masters were brutally assaulted: fire-balls, and other combustibles, were thrown at night into the mills: and at length John Smith, a new hand, was murdered (shot through the back) in the street by the men employed by the united cotton-spinners, without one of the numerous eye-witnesses of the crime venturing to interfere or give evidence. The situation at Glasgow strongly resembled what was recently seen at Dublin. A reward of 500*l.* was offered for the discovery of the persons implicated, and on the 25th of July (two days after the murder) Alison received secret notice that two persons would give him important information if he would meet them alone in some sequestered place. He met them accordingly in a vault under one of

\* In his History he says that Voltaire and Rousseau, and the national vices, were the true causes of the Revolution.

the public buildings in the College of Glasgow, to which they were admitted by a back-door through the College green.

The information they gave proved in the highest degree important. They concurred in deponing that the secret committee of the cotton-spinners had determined to assassinate the new hands and master-manufacturers in Glasgow, one after another, till the demands of the combined workmen were complied with; that Smith, assassinated on the preceding Saturday, had been selected as the first victim, and a master-manufacturer, whom they named, was to be murdered the next; and that lists, which they exhibited, had been made out of the successive victims, including the most respectable manufacturers in Glasgow. They added that, on the Saturday following, the 29th, the general committee were to meet at the Black Boy Tavern in the Gallowgate, and described how he might gain access to the apartment, which was a concealed one. Being satisfied from their manner and from collateral knowledge that they spoke truth, he sent instructions to Captain Miller, the head of the police, to have twenty policemen ready at nine o'clock on Saturday, without giving any intimation of the service on which they were to be employed, but mentioned that he (Alison) would join him at that hour. Armed only with the large walking-stick which he generally carried, he met the police at the mouth of the Black Boy Close, where he stationed four men, with instructions to let no one in or out.

Having reached the tavern, the remaining sixteen men were stationed round it, twelve at its front and four at the back, with orders to seize any one attempting to escape; and Mr. Salmond, Captain Miller, Mr. Nish, and I, entered the house. We found the description of it to tally precisely with the account we had received, so that we at once knew where to go. There was a trap-door in the roof of the chief room below, up which we ascended by a movable wooden stair or ladder, and reached the floor above, where we expected to find the committee. Captain Miller entered first, followed by myself, after whom came Mr. Salmond and Mr. Nish. We found the whole committee, sixteen in number, seated round a table in consultation, with a large quantity of money spread out before them, and only one light, which, from a gas-burner descending from the roof, illuminated the apartment. Having found the persons we wished, I instantly returned down the trap-stair, and brought up eight of the police, whom I stationed on the outside of the door, and re-entering, went into the centre of the room, and stood under the gaslight to prevent any one from advancing to put it out. I then looked round, and saw that the committee were so astonished and panic-struck that no resistance would be attempted, though they were in the room four to one. In effect, Captain Miller, while I stood in the centre of the room, called out the name of each member of the committee, and beckoned him to

to go out. They all obeyed, were linked on the outside to the police, and marched away, with all the papers found in the apartment, to the police office, whither I accompanied them and made out warrants for their committal, which was carried into execution immediately.'

This timely display of coolness, courage, and vigour, broke up the combination. It brought upon him a torrent of threatening letters, which he threw aside. 'I knew that it was impossible for a person so much engaged in business as I to guard against private assassination, therefore I made no attempt to do so, but walked about as usual, both in the day and at night, with nothing but my large walking-stick in my hand.' He appeared as a witness before the Combination Committee of the House of Commons in March and April 1838, when his examination occupied five days, at the rate of four hours a-day. O'Connell and Wakley took the lead, and exerted all their powers to weaken the effect of his testimony. 'On one occasion, when he had described the habits of the combined operatives, Wakley asked, "Pray how do you know their habits? do you associate with them?" "No," he replied, "Mr. Wakley, I do not; but I am sorry to say they are often obliged to associate with me; for there is hardly a day in which some of them are not brought in civil or criminal business before me, in the course of which their habits and proceedings are immediately brought to light." On another occasion, when he had said that he felt it his duty to proceed against the combinations in order to protect the industrious men exposed to their violence, Wakley interrupted him by the question, "And pray, sir, who constituted you their protector?" "King William IV.," he replied, "when he made me chief magistrate of Lanarkshire; and whoever may abandon their duty to the poor, I hope it never will be the officers of the Crown." After this Wakley desisted from further attempts of the kind, and they afterwards became very good friends. When the examination was over, he came up and made a handsome apology, adding, "The fact is, sir, you would be a devilish good fellow if you were not such a confounded Tory."

His principal encounter with O'Connell was provoked by questions as to the probable effect of education in ameliorating the habits and diminishing the vices of the working classes. On his expressing great doubt whether education would do more than turn human depravity into a different channel, O'Connell said, 'Then, Mr. Alison, you don't agree to the sentiment of the poet—

"Didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

'Yes,'

'Yes,' he replied, 'I do agree to it. You will observe the poet says, "*nec sinit esse feros*;" he does not say, "*nec sinit esse pravos*.'" Assuming that the reading of the lower classes will be always of a deleterious and demoralizing tendency, the inevitable inference is that they had better not be taught to read at all; and Alison virtually agreed with the oracle of the hunting-field,\* who said that the sole result of teaching the people to read and write seemed to be to enable the servant girls to read their mistresses' letters, and idle boys to chalk ribaldry on the walls. The only education Alison would allow the masses was religious education, to be kept entirely free from secular and (we presume) to be carried on orally. When asked how they can be improved mentally or morally without education, he replies, by suffering—"whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." He forgot that if the French peasantry before the Revolution, whose ferocity he dwells upon, could have been improved by suffering, they would have been the mildest peasantry upon earth.

His Essay on 'The Principles of Population' was published in June 1840. It was received (he says) by the daily press with favour, and 'many of the ablest journals of a literary character did not hesitate to affirm that Malthus's doctrines had at last met with a decisive refutation.' If they had taken the trouble to study those doctrines, they might have come to a different conclusion. The first edition of Malthus's famous Essay, published in 1798, is a rare and curious book: the larger portion of it having been superseded and suppressed.† It was especially directed against Godwin's and Condorcet's doctrine of the perfectibility of man. The argument was, that population when unchecked goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years, *i.e.* goes on increasing in a geometrical ratio: whilst subsistence only increases in an arithmetical ratio. Thus, in little more than a century the population of the British Isles would exceed five hundred millions, and in another twenty-five years would equal or exceed the entire population of the habitable globe. Constantly pressing on the means of subsistence, it is only kept within bounds by misery and vice.

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\* Mr. Meynell, the 'great' Mr. Meynell. Another quaint remark of his is quoted by Johnson, who, annoyed by the idle talk of some foreigners at Slaughter's Coffee-house, turned to Boswell and said: 'Does not this confirm old Meynell's observation—for anything I see, foreigners are fools?'

† 'An Essay on the Principle of Population as it affects the future improvement of Society: with Remarks on the Speculations of Mr. Godwin, M. Condorcet, and other Writers.' London, 1798. In one of the suppressed chapters, he says: 'I should be inclined to consider the world and this life as the mighty process of God, not for the trial, but for the creation and formation of mind; a process necessary to awaken inert chaotic matter into spirit; to sublimate the dust of earth into soul; to elicit an ethereal spark from the soul of clay.'

'If

'If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,  
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?'

Why then a famine or a pestilence? But apparently frightened at the imputation of impugning the beneficent designs of Providence, Malthus, in his second and all subsequent editions, admitted the action of another check which did not come under the head of misery or vice. This is the moral check; the prudential restraint which prevents people marrying by the fear of lowering their condition in life or of not being able to provide for a family. This admission weakened the case against Godwin and Condorcet, to whom it was open to reply that the moral check would be in full force in the virtuous community they contemplated; but the Essay was not the less valuable in directing attention to the popular fallacy, that the mere multiplication of the species, without regard to circumstances, is a good. Far from denying, Alison distinctly affirms the principle, which, he contends, is met and neutralized by the fundamental law of Nature (already mentioned), that the labour of one man's hands is more than adequate to his own support. *Therefore* mankind can never want food. As well say that it is a fundamental law of Nature that one tailor can make coats, waistcoats and breeches enough for ten. *Therefore* mankind can never want clothes. Is it a fundamental law of Nature that every man who is ready to cultivate land should have it, and that every man who is ready to labour for his daily bread should be found work? If so, we are coming dangerously near the '*Droit au Travail*' of Louis Blanc, and the '*La Propriété, c'est le Vol*' of Prudhomme.

Alison has accumulated a mass of statistics to prove that the evils of over-population arise from 'the errors, the follies and the vices of mankind,' all of which, he maintains, might be prevented by wise legislation or by a change of habits in the people: if, for example, the Irish would leave off living on potatoes and the Hindoos on rice. But so far Malthusians would go cordially along with him. Where they would part company would be when he proposes his specific remedies; one of which is a legal provision for the poor sufficient to relieve them from the worst privations and conscious degradation of pauperism. This, he thinks, would inspire them with a spirit of independence and prevent the spread of pauper habits. He would have commended the Berkshire overseer who, during the enquiry which led to the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834, met the Commissioner with a smiling face, saying: 'You will find nothing wrong here: we give our paupers four good meals a day.'

In his concluding chapter, he puts forth all his strength to prove that the productive powers of the land are inexhaustible, and that, if the land should fail, there remains the sea. 'Those who are alarmed at the possibility of a geometrical increase of human beings compared with the extent of the terraqueous globe, would do well to consider the rate of multiplication of the finny tribe compared with the boundless surface of the sea.' They may also take comfort from what is silently going on 'beneath the glassy wave,' 'amidst the verdant slopes and sunny isles of the Pacific':—

'While man in the old world is pining under the miseries which his wickedness has created, or, speculating in the strength of his intellect on the supposed limits which the extent of the globe has imposed to his increase, an insect in the Pacific is calling a new world into existence, and countless myriads of happy animals are labouring to extend the continents over which, in the fulness of time, his more enlightened and grateful race is to extend.'

Neither of the principal Reviews so much as mentioned the book, and he 'failed to discover in subsequent systematic works on the subject many traces of its having made any great impressions.' One impression it left was that his strength did not lie in abstract reasoning; he gives us declamation for argument; his logic bears to his rhetoric about the same proportion that Falstaff's bread bore to the sack; and the 'Mr. Wordy' of Lord Beaconsfield stands confessed.

The Essay on Population did not materially interfere with the continuation of the History, the ninth volume of which, completing the work as originally designed, appeared in June 1842. Blackwood suggested that the publication should take place on the 18th, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; to effect which it was necessary that the whole of the manuscript should be out of the author's hands by the 7th. On the morning of the 6th, notwithstanding his utmost exertions, the whole battle and the second taking of Paris remained to be written, and he had only twenty-four hours left.

'Being determined if possible to come up to time, I began on the last day of my labours in a very business-like manner. I got my secretary (Mr. P. T. Young, a most valuable and faithful friend) out to Possil at ten in the morning of the 6th June, and began to dictate the Waterloo campaign. With the exception of twenty minutes that dinner lasted, I dictated without intermission till three next morning, when Mr. Young was so tired that he could write no more. Upon this I sent him to bed, and sat down myself and wrote till six, when I reached "the last line of the last page," being the description of the second interment of Napoleon at Paris, ending with the words, "No man can show the tomb of Alexander." I went up to Mrs.

Alison

Alison to call her down to witness the conclusion, and she saw the last words of the work written, and signed her name on the margin. It would be affectation to conceal that I felt deep emotion at this event. The words of Gibbon when he concluded his immortal work in the summer-house at Lausanne, which I had long known by heart, recurred to my mind; not with the foolish idea that my work for a moment could be compared to his, but that it was one of as great labour, pursued with as much perseverance, and which had been the source of at least equal pleasure. I unbarred the windows, and looked out upon the park. The morning was clear and bright; an unclouded sun shed the bright light of summer on the turf and the trees; and the shadows of their leafy masses, stretching before his yet level rays, cast broad bars of shade athwart the green expanse. After gazing on the scene for some minutes, I retired to rest too much excited to sleep, and lay in a delicious trance, revolving the past and dreaming of the future.'

In his account of the battle, thus hastily written and crowded with inaccuracies, he did not hesitate to assert broadly and positively that Blücher and the Duke were outgeneralled, outmanœuvred, and surprised. This statement is repeated in the Autobiography, with the addition 'that the stroke told the more keenly because it was secretly felt to be just'—which it certainly was not. The only plausible foundation for it was, that the allied generals did not concentrate their forces until they knew in what direction they were to be assailed. 'It was the Duke's design, deliberately formed, not to move a man till the plans of his opponent should develop themselves.'\* Alison stands self-refuted on the essential point. In proof of the Duke's being taken unawares, he says, 'And for that very night, the 15th, he had accepted, and allowed his staff-generals to accept, invitations to a great ball at the Duchess of Richmond's in that city (Brussels).' Two or three pages further on, we read that authentic intelligence of Napoleon's movements was received at half-past four, that 'orders were immediately despatched to the troops in every direction to concentrate at Quatre Bras;' and that, after the orders had been sent off, 'he dressed and went with characteristic calmness and sang-froid to the ball at the Duchess of Richmond's, where his manner was so undisturbed that no one discovered that any intelligence of importance had arrived.' The object in suffering the ball to go on was clear. As for Blücher, there is no pretence for saying that he was surprised.

The moment the last volume was completed, Alison began preparing a new edition of the entire work for the press, and he

\* Gleig, 'Life of the Duke of Wellington,' p. 257. The question of surprise is fully discussed in the 'Quarterly Review,' Vol. 70, No. for Sept. 1842.

takes credit for correcting many admitted errors, such as mistaking '*timbre*' (stamp) for 'timber duty.' Unluckily he had a parental affection for his style, which induced him to leave it pretty nearly as it stood, and it was not spared by critics, who, he says, in other respects were kind to him. One obvious mark for their shafts was his strange misapplication of borrowed images, as when (laying Gray under contribution) he tells us that 'it is not while fanned by conquest's crimson wing that the real motives of human conduct can be made apparent:' or when (subjecting Milton to a similar process) he likens Goethe to 'a cloud which turns up its silver lining to the moon:' or when (taking the same liberty with St. Paul) he turns tinkling cymbal into tinkling brass, and thus ruthlessly perverts the metaphor:—

'All the *springs* which the world can furnish to sustain the fortunes of an empire were in full activity and worked with consummate ability; but *one* was wanting, without which, in the hour of trial, all the others are as tinkling brass—a belief in God, a sense of duty, and a faith in immortality!'

Are these three one, or do they constitute a spring? Provoked by Trulliber's want of Christian charity, Parson Adams exclaims: 'Name not the Scriptures.' 'Not name the Scriptures?' replies his brother parson; 'do you disbelieve the Scriptures?' At the risk of a similar retort, we must enter a grave protest against Alison's frequent and misplaced appeals to the Deity, to Omnipotence, to Providence, to the Divine Disposer of all things, &c. &c. '*Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.*' They are worse than Carlyle's Immensities, Eternities, and Sublimities; for, to many well-constituted minds, they border on profanity. When Allan (afterwards Mr. Justice) Park, in his address to a jury, kept calling God and Heaven to witness, he was interrupted by Lord Ellenborough: 'Pray, pray, sir, don't swear in that manner here in Court.'

As a specimen of the moral platitudes that are forced upon us at every turn in the History, take the historian's reply to the enquiry, what the King, the nobles, the Tiers-Etat, or the people, could have done to avert the catastrophe: 'Every man possessed that within his own breast, the dictates of which, if duly attended to, would have saved the nation from all the calamities that ensued. All classes might have done their duty; and if so, the good providence of God would have rewarded them, even in this world, with peace, and freedom, and happiness.'

Although he writes professedly to give a solemn warning  
and

and inculcate a practical lesson, he tells us, almost in the same breath, that both warning and lesson may be predestined to prove vain.

'It would seem as if, at particular periods, from causes inscrutable to human wisdom, an universal frenzy seizes mankind: reason, experience, prudence, are alike blinded, and the very persons who are to perish in the storm are the first to raise its fury.'

What is still more alarming, signs are not wanting that—  
'suggest the painful doubt whether there do not lie, smouldering beneath the boasted glories of British civilization, the embers of a conflagration as fierce, and a devastation as widespread, as those which followed and disgraced the French Revolution.'

In January 1845, he wrote and sent to Blackwood a long and elaborate essay on the currency and the pernicious effects of Sir R. Peel's monetary system. Blackwood refused to insert it in his Magazine, but agreed to publish it as a separate work, and it appeared accordingly under the title of 'England in 1815 and 1845; or, a Sufficient and Contracted Currency.'

'The stroke told. In various passages of that work I had described in emphatic and too prophetic language the dangers by which the present system would be attended; and I can now look back on the accomplishment which my predictions so soon received. Sir R. Peel, who rarely took notice of any arguments adduced, or opinions delivered, out of the walls of Parliament, did me the honour to quote a passage from this work in the House of Commons, on July 24, 1845, not a week after it was published, which he deemed particularly worthy of reprobation, and concluded, amidst the cheers of the bullionist majority in the House: "And this is the philosopher who is to instruct us in the currency!"'

He says he was highly gratified by this circumstance, which most of his friends thought would be a source of mortification. He recollected the words of Johnson: 'Sir, I never was satisfied with an argument till I heard the rebound; then I knew it had told.' He had a happy knack of turning unfriendly expressions into compliments. He was rather gratified than otherwise with the 'little attacks' of the 'Quarterly,' when he remembered the remark of Racine on being told that the critics had spoken ill of one of his works. 'So much the better: the bad works are those which are not spoken of at all.' He had another point of contact with Racine. 'After having been closeted two hours with the Duke of Orleans, who expressed himself altogether charmed with his conversation, Racine, in answer to an enquiry what he had talked of to give so much pleasure, replied,—  
"Talked of? I assure you I did not speak five words the whole time."

One day whilst Miss Strickland was on a visit to the Alisons, she was closeted for two hours with the historian, and expressed herself so charmed with his conversation that his wife asked him what he had been saying. 'Saying? with truth I assure you, I did not say six words to her the whole time.' The coincidence is remarkable.

Some of his dinners during his trips to London were well worth commemorating. There was one at Mr. Milnes's (Lord Houghton), where he met Carlyle, Mr. Gladstone, Hallam, and Whewell. 'The two last were the great interlocutors, and they had a hard struggle for the precedence. Their talk was always able, and often instructive; but the constant straining after effect soon became tiresome, and led to the too frequent sacrifice of truth or sense to antithesis or point.'

'Carlyle said less, but what he did remark was striking. Speaking of Queen Victoria, who had shortly before ascended the throne, he observed: "Poor Queen! she is much to be pitied. She is at an age when she would hardly be trusted with the choosing of a bonnet, and she is called to a task from which an archangel might have shrunk." Again, the conversation having turned on Goethe, and some one having expressed surprise that he did not, like Körner, take an active part in the war of deliverance which was shaking the world around him, Carlyle remarked: "It is not surprising he did not do so; you might as well expect the moon to descend from the heavens and take her place among the common street-lamps."'

Another party, at Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's, comprised Lord Stanley (the late Lord Derby), Sir James Graham, Mr. Frankland Lewis, Mr. Hallam, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and several others. Here the conversation was superior to anything he had ever heard in Scotland, but it was too forced. 'Mrs. Alison said, when we returned home at night, it was like a "horse-race of talent;" and such in truth was its character. Every one was striving to say something more terse, more epigrammatic, more sparkling than another; and as all could not be original or profound, the forced sayings or failures greatly preponderated, and left on the whole a confused and unpleasant impression on the recollection.' It is difficult to imagine Sir James Graham, with his practical good sense, Lord Stanley, with his sparkling vivacity, or Lady Charlotte Lindsay, with the fine vein of humour inherited from her father (Lord North), engaged in a 'horse-race of talent.'

The same impression was produced by a party at Mr. and Lady Mary Christopher's, where they met Lady Lovelace (Ada) and several bishops and leaders of the Bar. There, too, where we should least have expected it, they found a continual straining after

after effect. Sir Walter Scott makes the same complaint of a dinner at Rogers's, where the weak voice and caustic tone of the host checked the flow of mind, and no one (except Sydney Smith) ever talked without restraint. April 17, 1828, 'Dined with Rogers with all my own family, and met Sharp, Lord John Russell, Jekyll, and others. The conversation flagged as usual, and jokes were fired like minute-guns, producing an effect not much less melancholy.' On the 18th Sir Walter breakfasted with Joanna Baillie, and met the Bishop of London (Howley), Copleston, Bishop of Llandaff, and other dignitaries of the Church. On the 26th he dined at Richardson's, with the Chief Barons of England and Scotland: 'Far the pleasantest day we have had yet. I suppose I am partial, but I think the lawyers beat the bishops, and the bishops beat the wits.'

Amongst the distinguished guests at Possil House was Dickens, who spent two days there, and delighted a large party by the suavity of his manners and the brilliancy of his conversation:—

'I proposed a vote of thanks to him for the favour he had done the Athenæum (Glasgow) by coming down from London for the occasion (to preside at a *soirée*), and endeavoured, in a few sentences, to characterise and select the brilliant points of his writings, which gave general satisfaction, and was the more surprising as I was very little acquainted with them. I never had any taste for those novels, the chief object of which is to paint the manners or foibles of middle or low life. We are unhappily too familiar with them: if you wish to see them you have only to go into the second class of a railway train, or the cabin of a steamboat. Romance, to be durably interesting or useful, must be probable but elevating; drawn from the observation of nature, but interspersed with traits of the ideal.'

This canon of criticism would apply to Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith, as well as to Dickens. If you wished to see Partridge and Strap, you might have seen them in a barber's shop; or if you wished to make the acquaintance of the Primrose family, you might have found them in some rural vicarage. The canon would be equally fatal to the Dutch and much of the English school of painting. Another distinguished guest was Lord Shaftesbury:—

'He told me a remarkable anecdote of the Duke of Wellington, which he had from the lips of his Grace himself. During the voyage out to India in 1797, he studied incessantly the recent History of British India, to qualify himself for taking a part in its wars; but when he took the field he had only two books with him—the Bible and Cæsar's Commentaries.'

The Continuation of the History, from 1815 to 1852, was suggested by the Coup d'Etat of Dec. 2, 1851, which the author felt

felt a strong desire to incorporate in his work, regarding it as a striking illustration of his (and Hume's) theory, that government by popular force can terminate only in the government of the sword:—

‘Regarding as I did the military despotism of Louis Napoleon as the natural result of the democratic convulsions of 1830 and 1848, free trade as a symptom of the first step in national decline, and the contraction of the currency and its entire dependence on the retention of gold by the Bank of England, which free trade had rendered impossible, as the main cause of the national suffering since the Peace, I could not possibly write a work which would at the moment be popular.’

He notwithstanding began the Continuation on January 1, 1852, and finished the first chapter in six weeks. ‘It is, in my opinion, the best I ever wrote, from being a *résumé* of the principles of my whole work, and the result of the thought and study of a lifetime.’ As his principles were antagonistic to those of the rising generation, he expected to be rudely assailed, but confesses that he was ‘taken by surprise by the violence of the Liberal press, which formed a striking contrast to the indulgence, approaching to favour, with which my former work had been received.’ He accounts for this alteration of tone by the disappointment of the Liberals and Peelites on finding that an author ‘whose works had had a considerable reputation,’ still stood to his guns, and insisted on opening the campaign anew against all the changes, political, social and commercial, which they had introduced since the Peace. Coming to particulars, the critics objected to the work that ‘there was no originality or genius in its pages; that when not palpably erroneous, it consisted of mere truisms or platitudes; and that a pedantic desire to display learning was conspicuous throughout.’

They were unjust if they carried their animosity to this extent, for the Continuation had much of the merit of the original work, and was equally appreciated by the public for its fulness of information and clearness of narrative: at least, when the author kept his rhetorical faculty within bounds. But he had no longer a central figure like Napoleon, nor a central country like France, to compel unity of design or form a connecting link between the boundless variety of subjects that fell within his range. There were fewer battle-fields (on which he shone) to describe, and his treatment of civil transactions is more frequently marred by his (in Baconian phrase) prejudicate opinions, not to say prejudices. Whenever he comes to a commercial crisis or difficulty at home or abroad, he refers it to contracted currency, and shows how it might have been prevented

or

or alleviated by an unlimited supply of inconvertible paper money. He disserts with wearisome prolixity six or seven times on this subject, and, to show his tendency to repetition, we have only to refer to his Table of Contents, *e.g.*:—

‘Vast Effect of the discovery of California Gold. What if California had not been discovered?’—Vol. i. pp. 36, 37.

‘Great Effect of the discovery of the gold mines of California and Australia. What if the case had been otherwise?’—Pp. 64, 65.

As one instance amongst many of his ill-placed display of learning, may be cited the introduction of two pages of Livy in Latin in the account of a peninsular campaign. He thought proper to enrich the Continuation with summaries of European literature. In the chapter on German literature he describes Oehlenschläger (a Dane) as the best representative of German nationality, and rolls the two Schlegels into one, to whom he attributes both the ‘Philosophy of History’ and the ‘Lectures on Dramatic Art.’

‘On January 1, 1859, at eleven o’clock in the forenoon, with Lady Alison sitting by my side, I had the satisfaction of writing the last line of the last page, being that day seven years from the day when it was commenced, and that day *thirty years* since the first page of the first volume of the original series had been written.’ The circulation (he states) was immense: the foreign sale exceeded one hundred thousand copies, including reprints at Brussels and in America, with translations into German, French, and Arabic. In fact, no grave work could compete with it in these indications of popularity, except perhaps Mr. Martin Tupper’s ‘Proverbial Philosophy,’ which (we learn from the author) has been translated into six or seven languages, and read in every part of the habitable globe. As Johnson said, on finding his Dictionary at a country house,

‘Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?’

Immediately on Lord Derby’s accession to office in 1852, he sent Mr. Forbes Mackenzie, a Lord of the Treasury, to Alison, to state that there was no one in Scotland to whom the Conservatives were more indebted: that all the Cabinet were conscious of it: and that Lord Derby wished to recognize his services and merits in the way most agreeable to himself. After declining legal preferment, he was created a baronet (June 6, 1852), and soon afterwards the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford on Lord Derby’s becoming Chancellor. It was arranged that the men of rank or political eminence who were to receive the degree should

should be installed on the first day, and the literary and scientific recipients on the second. In the evening of the first day, Alison and Lady Alison were at tea in their hotel, when Sir Edward Bulwer, who fell within the second batch, suddenly presented himself and began: 'Well, Sir Archibald, what are you going to do? I am off in the first train for London. I never wanted any of their d—d degrees; it was their own doing sending for me, and I am resolved not to submit to the slight now put on us. What! to think of postponing such men as you and me to a parcel of political drudges, who will never be heard of five years after their death. The thing is intolerable! I hope you are not going to submit to it.' Alison pointed out to him that no slight was or could be intended; that so far from it, the reservation of the men of intellect for the second day might be regarded as a compliment. 'It is all very well,' answered he, 'for you cold-blooded historians to think so, but we of a lighter turn feel otherwise. I shall certainly go off to-night.' By degrees, however, he became mollified; and consented to remain to be installed next day, and go with them to Blenheim on the day following. He went with them in an open carriage, and they found his conversation extremely pleasing, as it always was during the closing years of his life, when his reputation was established and his constitutional irritability was commonly kept in check. He invariably talked his best, as did his brother Henry (Lord Dalling), and both were fond of topics that led to thought and brought mind in contact with mind:—

'Talking of the estimate women formed of men, I said: "I think women know a handsome man when they see him; but they don't know a clever one, or at least one of a superior mind." He thought a little, and then said: "They know a famed man, but not a superior one; they don't discover talents till they have been acknowledged by men." I have often since mentioned this opinion of his to superior women, and they always have vehemently denied it: but I am convinced that it is well founded.'

We regret to be obliged to pass over most of Sir Archibald's many striking and discriminating sketches of celebrated contemporaries, male and female, but we must find room for his remarks on Mr. Gladstone, which do credit to his sense of fairness and powers of appreciation, considering how diametrically opposed they were on every important question of the day. He is speaking of a party at Keir in 1853, including Mrs. Norton, Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Henry Rawlinson, &c.:—

'But its principal attraction was Mr. Gladstone, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, who for good and for evil has now left his name indelibly impressed on the tablets of his country. I had been

been acquainted with him when he was a young man, and he had dined once or twice at our house in St. Colme Street; but I had not seen him for above twenty years, and in the interval he had become a leading parliamentary orator and a great man. I was particularly observant, therefore, of his manner and conversation, and I was by no means disappointed in either. In manner he had the unaffected simplicity of earlier days, without either the assumption of superiority, which might have been natural from his parliamentary eminence, or the official pedantry so common in persons who have held high situations in the state. In conversation he was rapid, easy, and fluent, and possessed in the highest degree that great quality so characteristic of a powerful mind, so inestimable in discoursing, of quickly apprehending what was said on the other side, and in reply setting himself at once to meet it fairly and openly. He was at once energetic and discursive, enthusiastic, but at times visionary. It was impossible to listen to him without pleasure; but equally so to reflect on what he said without grave hesitation. He left on my mind the impression of his being the best discourser on imaginative topics, and the most dangerous person to be intrusted with practical ones, I had ever met with.

\* \* \* \* \*

‘After observing his turn of thought for three days, especially in conversation with Mrs. Norton and Lady Alison, who kept him admirably in play, I formed in my own mind the measure of his public capacity, and was not surprised at the perilous measure of finance on which he at once ventured when soon after intrusted with the duties of Chancellor of the Exchequer.’

The value of Sir Archibald's opinion on Finance may be inferred from his declaring Pitt's Sinking Fund worthy to rank, as a scientific invention, with the discovery of gravitation, the printing press, and the steam-engine. The monetary crisis of 1861 gives him the opportunity he never fails to grasp of inveighing anew against the repeal of the usury laws and the evils of a contracted currency, which a benighted public can never be brought to understand:—

‘If any attempt is made to explain it, they say it is too difficult a subject for them, and they don't understand it. Meanwhile, realised wealth, with the glittering prospect of 8 or 10 per cent. before its eyes, and thoroughly understanding the subject, quickly buys up the shares of the leading journals, gets the command of their columns, and then employs the ablest writers to support its interests, and run down any one who attempts to oppose them. This despotism is the more formidable, because it is one of the most irremovable which in the changes of society has come to be imposed by man upon man.’

He speaks in the most exalted terms of Lord Palmerston, some of whose speeches he places on a level with the best specimens of oratory in the language.

‘In

'In one respect, which has come in these times to be a matter of no insignificant importance, he is, if Lord Derby is excepted, without a rival among the public men of the day. As an after-dinner orator, and in the faculty of turning aside an argument or question which he does not know well how to answer, he is perfect. No one knows so well how to turn an argument with a joke, or defend himself by a happy thrust at his adversary. This power, so rare in public men, can be attained only by a combination of admirable temper with great quickness of apprehension and felicity of expression, and with a thorough knowledge of the audience to which the pleasantry is addressed. Of this faculty his allusion to "that unhappy rapid movement at the Bull's Run" is one of the most fortunate. Lord Derby is equally happy in this branch of oratory, and both display it alike in Parliament, on the hustings, on the platform, and in the genial atmosphere of the banquet. It is a remarkable circumstance, characteristic of the extent to which our institutions have become popularized since the passing of the Reform Bill, that the popular faculty which Pitt or Fox would have despised, which Chatham would have spurned, and Burke condemned, has become one of the most effectual passports to power, and the one in which these two alternate Prime Ministers pre-eminently excel.'

This popular faculty was as much appreciated in the old House of Commons as in the new. Lord North had more of it, and of a finer sort, than either Lord Derby or Lord Palmerston. So had Canning. Chatham did not disdain a joke when he fixed the epithet of 'Gentle Shepherd' on George Grenville: nor did Pitt despise Sheridan for comparing him to the angry boy in 'The Alchymist.' Ready wit and humour always were, and always will be, most effective weapons in debate. The reformed or popularized assembly is by no means wanting in fastidiousness, as Lord Palmerston discovered when, as occasionally occurred to him towards the commencement of his Premiership, he was hurried beyond the bounds of good taste. When he tried to turn the laugh against Mr. Bright by referring to him as 'the reverend gentleman,' a murmur of disapproval ran through the House.

Alison was justly proud of his sons, and the passages relating to them are full of interest. Through them he is brought into frequent communication with Lord Clyde; the youngest was Lord Clyde's aide-de-camp, and the eldest his military secretary in India. On Lady Alison's expressing a fear that the youngest would run wild from idleness, 'My dear Lady,' said Lord Clyde, 'an aide-de-camp has but one thing to do in peace, and that is to make love to his general's wife: now I have no wife; therefore my advice to him is to make love to every pretty girl he sees.'

In

In 1852 Sir Archibald 'received a very pleasant mark of kindness, in a unanimous and spontaneous election as a member of the "Literary Club," held in the Thatched House, St. James's Street: the successor or continuation of that which Johnson and Boswell have rendered immortal.' The same kindly feeling, he states, caused him to be elected by acclamation a member of the Athenæum Club. He was elected by the committee of the Athenæum Club, which does not elect by acclamation; and he might surely have ascertained that the Literary Club of which he speaks was not '*The Club*' of Johnson and Burke.

His '*Life of Marlborough*,' constructed out of seven articles contributed to '*Blackwood's Magazine*,' was, he admits, very faulty. 'Details were wanting; important events were slurred over, or slightly referred to; those picturesque touches which give life to a narrative were in a great degree wanting; and the absence of a systematic reference to authorities deprived it of great part of its value.' These defects were supplied in a subsequent edition, and it now ranks as the most readable of his works. The '*Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Charles Stewart, Marquesses of Londonderry*,' was the last of his publications. 'On the 27th of July, 1861, sitting in the library at Possil with Lady Alison, the faithful partner of my labours, my joys, and anxieties, I wrote "the last line of the last page," and finally laid aside my historic pen.'

This book was a failure, although a vindication of Lord Castlereagh from the popular charges against his policy may be collected from it. Our great northern contemporary hardly exaggerated the general verdict in declaring that it was neither a biography, nor a history, but a sort of hybrid production, without the interest or merit of either.

During the American Civil War, he warmly sided with the Confederates, not on the familiar ground that they had as much right to separate from the Federals as the United States to separate from Great Britain, nor from a lurking wish that the great Republic would break up, but because they were fighting for slavery, a 'condition of national existence.' He talked the matter over with Mr. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner, and they agreed that, as the lands of the South could not be profitably cultivated without negro labour, and the negro would not work if he was free, this settled the question. The negro's feelings were no more to be consulted than those of Charles Lamb's sucking-pig when the question turned on whether its flavour would be improved by whipping.

In

In August 1849, Sir Archibald was honoured by a royal command to pass two days at Balmoral.

'In the evening she (the Queen) called me aside, and conversed with me above an hour in her drawing-room. I am perfectly aware of the prestige which attends royal condescension, and the brilliant colours which it lends to what, under other circumstances, would appear ordinary conversation; yet, making full allowance for that, I am convinced that no one could have heard the Queen's conversation on this occasion without being extremely struck by its talent. Her Majesty spoke chiefly of the early history of Scotland, and was very inquisitive about the battles of Stirling, Falkirk, Torwood, and Bannockburn, and the ground on which each was fought. I described the localities as well as I could, and she promised to observe the places the next time she passed in the railway. When I mentioned the singular circumstance that *both* armies at Bannockburn were commanded by her ancestors, the one being led by Edward II., the other by Robert Bruce, she said: "It is so; but I am more proud of my Scotch descent than of any other: when I first came into Scotland I felt as if I were going home." Soon after the conversation turned upon Queen Mary and Elizabeth, and she said, "I am thankful I am descended from Mary. I have nothing to do with Elizabeth."'

But we have reason to know that this report of his conversation with the Queen is quite inaccurate.

'Before finally taking leave of the reader, there are two observations which I deem it material to make, and in which the young are deeply interested.' The first is the importance of fixing early in life on some one object of pursuit. 'I have been singularly prosperous in life, to a degree beyond most of my college companions and early friends; but yet, on a calm retrospect, I cannot think either that my natural abilities or accidental advantages were superior to many of theirs. I ascribe the success I have met in many ways to nothing so much as singleness of purpose and perseverance, and in that I certainly was superior to the generality of men.' This is true as regards perseverance and industry, although hardly so as regards singleness of purpose. The great end, he continues, that he proposed to himself through life was to oppose the erroneous opinions which since the French Revolution, and in consequence of it, had overspread the world. He forgets that his first grand mission was to demolish the Malthusian heresy, and that it was only when this mission was fulfilled, that he began the History, as a relaxation, at the suggestion of his wife.\* Malthus's Essay

\* *Ante*, p. 149.

was directed against the visionaries of the Revolution, whose part Alison unconsciously took in replying to it.

The other observation which he is anxious to impress is, 'what Cicero puts into the mouth of the elder Cato—that old age is the happiest period of life. It is so, because we have then outlived the desires which are at once the spring and the torment of former existence.' This observation has been anticipated by many: amongst others, by Fontenelle, Buffon, and Gibbon, who qualifies it by adding, 'I must reluctantly observe that two causes, the abbreviation of time, and the failure of hope, will always tinge with a browner shade the evening of life.'\*

Sir Archibald Alison lived five years after the termination of his Autobiography—a striking example of his theory, a happy old man, beloved and respected, blest with all that which should accompany old age, proud of his family, proud of himself, confident, in a double sense, of immortality. He died after a short illness on the 23rd of May, 1867.

ART. VI.—1. *Histoire de l'Eglise de Corée. Précédée d'une Introduction sur l'histoire, les institutions, la langue, les mœurs et coutumes coréennes.* Par Ch. Dallet, Missionnaire Apostolique. 2 vols. Paris. 1874.

2. *Hai-kwoh tú-chí.* (Description of Over-sea Countries.)

3. *Chôsen Sei-batsu-ki.* (History of the Conquest of Corea.) 20 vols.

4. *San-koku tsû-ran to-setsu.* (Descriptive View of the three countries—Corea, Liukiu, and Yezo.)

5. *Wa-kan san-sai dzu-ye.* (Illustrated Japanese and Chinese Encyclopædia.) 80 vols.

6. *Corea: the Hermit Nation.* By William Elliot Griffis. London, 1882.†

OF the three conterminous states, China, Corea, and Japan—for the narrow waterway that separates the latter two is hardly more than a frontier—Corea was the earliest to adopt

\* 'Life,' Milman's edition, p. 305. 'The proportion of a part to a whole is the only standard by which we can measure the length of our existence. At the age of twenty, one year is a tenth, perhaps, of the time which has elapsed within our consciousness and memory: at the age of fifty it is no more than the fortieth, and this relative value continues to decrease till the lost sands are shaken by the hand of death.' This is what he means by the abbreviation of time.

† This work has reached us as these pages are passing through the press, so that we can only direct attention to it.

and has been the latest to maintain a policy of isolation. The remote peninsular kingdom of furthest Asia now stands uncertain and irresolute upon the threshold of entrance into the community of nations, and the moment is not inopportune for taking a brief survey of the history and civilization, resources and prospects, of the last considerable people that has shrouded itself from the gaze of the restless West.

The situation of Corea in the extreme East, towards the rising sun, is denoted by the name Chaosien, 'freshness of the morning' (like the German *Morgenland*), which appears to be a poetical rendering in Chinese characters of some ancient name of its earlier inhabitants. The peninsula displays on the map an outline resembling that of the Italian boot shorn of heel and toes, and, jutting southwards from the north-eastern coastline of the Asiatic continent, within distance of the Japanese island of Tsushima, it separates the muddy waters of the shallow Yellow Sea from the deep and clear flood of that portion of the Pacific Ocean which is known as the Sea of Japan. The northern frontier runs obliquely in an irregularly sinuous line and in a south-westerly direction, from the embouchure of the Tuman, (which flows into the Japanese Sea close upon the 42nd parallel of north latitude, not far south of the Russian port of Vladivostock), to the mouth of the Yalu (Cor. Amno), which flows into the Yellow Sea a little south of the 40th parallel, almost at the entrance of the Gulf of Pechili, and within a day or two's sail of the treaty port of Newchwang. The Yalu marks off the Korean circuit of Piang-an from the Chinese province of Liaotung; and the Tuman, which the Chinese call the Mi and the Japanese the Horo or Poro, separates the northernmost circuit of Ham-kiang from the territory ceded by China to Russia in 1860. Between the sources of the two rivers, in the Shan-yan-alin range, is a wild tract of mountain and forest, constituting a sort of march or debateable land, where the rascaldom of Corea, Manchuria, and China, maintains an endless struggle with the authorities of the three countries.

It was from the boundless expanse of lake-dotted prairies, thick woods, rugged hills, and dismal swamps, as the Archimandrite Palladius \* describes it, of which this district is the south-easternmost portion, that the K'itan (Kidan, whose name is preserved in 'Cathay,' the Persian appellation of China), the Tatars, Hiung-nu (Huns), and other Mongolian tribes, issued

\* See his 'Journey through Manchuria,' a most interesting account of a little-known country, of which Mr. E. D. Morgan has given a translation in the 'Journal of the Royal Geographical Society' for 1872.

some six centuries ago to the conquest of the Middle Kingdom, and to dominion over two-thirds of the Old World.

From the Shan-yan-alin range, a little west of its highest peak, the Pek-to-san trends southward, overhanging the Pacific shore in a chain of lofty mountains as far as the Japanese treaty-port of Fusan, and giving off numerous spurs from its western slopes, the most considerable of which crosses the country obliquely to the south-western point of the peninsula over against the island of Quelpiart.

Of the two principal rivers we have already mentioned, the Tuman, said to be forty miles wide at its mouth, is frozen over during six months of the year, and the Yalu, the waters of which are described in the 'San-koku' as 'green and muddy,' is equally closed by ice to navigation during some months of the winter season. Of the other rivers we know little: the entrance of the Nak-tong forms the excellent harbour of Fusan, and the Hang, which flows westward by the capital, is a rapid stream, encumbered, according to Japanese and Chinese accounts, by ice-blocks in winter.

Corea is emphatically a land of mountain, flood, and forest. 'Wherever you place the foot,' writes a missionary, quoted by M. Dallet, 'you see nothing but mountains . . . naked, or overgrown with pine-woods, crowned by forests or clothed with dense shrub. . . . In every direction you gaze upon thousands of sharp-pointed peaks, immense rounded cones, and inaccessible precipices, and, further still, on the confines of the horizon, you see yet higher mountains, and thus it is throughout the land. The only exception is the plain of Nai-po, stretching towards the western shore (south of the capital), where the hills are lower and further apart than elsewhere in the peninsula. The valleys are wider, and give more room for the cultivation of rice. The soil is more fertile, too, and abundantly provided with canals, and Nai-po, from the plentifulness of its produce, is known as the granary of the capital.' The climate shows great extremes, both of heat and cold. During a great part of the winter even the southernmost districts, though in the latitude of Algiers, are covered with snow, and most of the rivers are more or less frozen. On the whole, it approximates rather to the climate of Eastern Siberia than to that of Japan. On the plains and in the valley bottoms malaria is not uncommon, and here, too, in all probability, that curious Japanese endemic disease 'Kakké,' said to be identical with the 'Beriberi' of India, is found to lurk.

Of the flora of the peninsula but little is known. It probably resembles that of the north of Japan; the lower slopes  
of

of the hills being covered with conifers, laurels, oaks, elms, camellia, chestnut, and walnut trees; while beech and birch and dwarf pines are found at higher elevations. Various rhododendrons show the passage of Himalayan genera eastwards. The varnish tree (*Rhus vernicifera*) and the vegetable wax tree (*Rhus succedanea*) are known to exist in the southern and central provinces, while in the north the famous 'jinseng' (*Panax quinquefolium*) is found both wild and cultivated. The mulberry and the cotton-bush flourish in the southern and central circuits, and most of the cereals, vegetables, and fruits, cultivated in Japan—among the latter notably the persimmon (*Diospyros kaki*)—equally repay cultivation in Corea. Hemp is cultivated on a large scale, together with a species of nettle (*Urtica nivea*), from the fibre of which a peculiar cloth is made. The Corean sesame (a variety of *Sesamum orientale*) gives a better oil than the Japanese plant, and the *Dolichos soya*, a kind of bean, the introduction of which into Europe would be a great boon, is a common article of food. The tea-bush, however, appears to be very sparsely cultivated; indeed, tea is a rare luxury of which the enjoyment is confined to the wealthy.

Less fortunate than Japan, Corea is infested by savage carnivora. Tigers, leopards, bears, and wolves abound, and the tigers frequently carry off human victims. A Japanese observer mentions the existence of a pouched animal, an interesting fact if true; for no marsupial, we believe, has hitherto been found north of Melanesia. Their principal domestic animals are oxen, used chiefly as beasts of burden and draught, but whose flesh is also eaten; horses of remarkably small stature, but vigorous and hardy; pigs; dogs, whose flesh is esteemed a delicacy; sheep and goats, a few of which are bred for sacrificial use by the king alone; and fowls, producing minute eggs, like those of Japan.

The first inhabitants of the peninsula were probably detachments from Mongolian tribes, forced by the growth of population or by the pressure of some conquering horde to quit the rolling pastures that stretch south of the Amur from the eastern slopes of the Khiugan mountains to the Pacific Ocean, and to seek a new home beyond the snowy peaks of the Alin range. Possibly, indeed, the earliest occupants of Corean soil were shore-wandering offshoots of a primeval race, now represented by a few thousand Chukches,\* who maintain a difficult and precarious existence on the icy coasts of North-Eastern Asia.

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\* The only trustworthy description of this people will be found in Norden-sköld's 'Voyage of the Vega.'

The tribes inhabiting the conterminous Russian territory are known as Churchi, and some Chinese writers mention the Sut-shin or Su-shin as the aborigines of Corea. The very word 'Chaosien' is nothing more than a Chinese mispronunciation, or purposely varied rendering, of an original tribal name, the necessity of writing it in characters representing a meaning as well as a sound having compelled an onomatopoeitic explanation. In the 'Chôsen sei-bats-ki,' a popular Japanese account of the wars between Japan and Corea, the first dwellers in the latter country are described as 'Eastern barbarians (Eastern from a Chinese point of view) clothed in grass and living in caves (a Chukch habit), knowing nothing of principedom or eldership, and living on the produce of the chase.'

It would be easy but unprofitable to trace, from Chinese writers, the early history of the country. It is sufficient to say that it was governed for many centuries by various races of native kings, more or less independent, but recognizing the suzerainty of China. In the seventh century the celebrated K'i-tan Tatars made their appearance on the stage of Korean history, and established the Ta dynasty, which continued to reign until the tenth century, when a Kaoli chief, named Wang-Kian, united the middle and southern states of the peninsula with the northern tract into one kingdom, which borrowed its name from Chaosien. In 1392 Li-tan or Ni-tan, who seems to have been a sort of Korean Warwick, and is better known as Tai-tso, founded the reigning dynasty, to which the Koreans give the name of Tsi-tsin, or Chi-shin. To him is due the present division of the country into eight 'to,' or circuits, and the actual political and administrative system dates from his reign, in which Seoul was made the capital of the kingdom. During the struggles of the Ming with their Tatar conquerors, Corea adhered to the former, and on the fall of the native Chinese dynasty the Korean king in 1637 did homage to the Manchu chief who, the previous year, had assumed the title of Ta Ts'ing, or 'Great Pure,' by which the reigning dynasty in China is still known.

At this stage it is convenient to pass from the continental history of Corea to a consideration of her relations with the neighbouring island-empire. It was rather with the southern and central portions of the peninsula, Sinlo (Shinra) and Pe-tsi (Hyakusai), for obvious geographical reasons, than with Kaoli (Kôrai), that a commercial and political intercourse was maintained by Japan. In the Japanese Encyclopædia, it is mentioned that, as early as the reign of the Emperor Sui-nin (A.D. 29-A.D. 70) seven precious things, in imitation doubtless

of the Sapta Ratna of Buddhism, were offered as tribute at the court of the Mikado. In the third century, according to Japanese authorities, Corea was invaded and conquered by the Empress, who bore the remarkable name of Jin-gô, but Chinese authors make no mention of this expedition. In the sixth century Buddhism, which had been introduced into Corea some two hundred years before, was carried by Corean apostles to Japan, where the new faith, by an adroit assimilation of the elements of the more or less autochthonous Shinto system of combined sun and ancestor-worship, achieved a rapid success. During the following centuries the intercourse between the two countries became closer, but was not always of a friendly character, if, as Japanese authors affirm, fifty treaties of peace were concluded in the course of a few hundred years. At the close of the sixteenth century, we find Japanese settlers allowed to reside within the limits of the port of Fusan (Pu-san) at the mouth of the Nak-tong. They were under the orders of the Prince of Tsushima, who received the tribute and transmitted the presents, by which the Shôgun acknowledged what was regarded by the Coreans rather as a courtesy than as a symbol of homage: in fact, the gifts of the Japanese seem to have exceeded in value the offerings of their first instructors in the civilized arts. On the pretext of a slight offered to the dignity of Japan, but in reality to affirm his power by the not unusual device of a successful foreign war, Taiko invaded Corea in 1592. The Japanese achieved an easy success at the outset, although the Ming Emperor sent troops to the aid of the Coreans, but on the death of Taiko, in 1598, the war languished, and the bulk of the Japanese army returned, bringing with them a vast number of Corean books, and a more questionable trophy in the shape of a shipload of Corean noses and ears, which were buried under a mound still shown at Kiyoto, and called the Mimi-dzuka or Ear-barrow.

The Japanese do not appear, however, to have finally withdrawn from the peninsula until about 1627; and a few years afterwards, as we have already related, the Corean king acknowledged the supremacy of the Manchu conquerors of China. The suzerainty of the new dynasty, though it never became entirely nominal, soon dwindled into a mere exchange of diplomatic courtesies, and for more than two centuries Corea has been practically autonomous, and untroubled by foreign relations of any kind, until missionary zeal brought it into contact with the West in 1866, and the new-born activity of Japan involved the Corean government in more serious troubles in 1875. A momentous change in her fortunes is now impending, the  
seclusion

seclusion of centuries is broken through, and a remote and untutored race, that has remained stationary for hundreds of years, finds itself suddenly confronted with the restless progressiveness of the West. Let us see what manner of people it is over whom impend the painful experiences that are involved in the transition from Oriental to Occidental forms of civilization.

In person the Koreans are taller and stronger than the Japanese. 'One Korean,' says the author of the *San-koku*, 'will eat twice as much as a Japanese.' They are better formed, too, presenting a softened Mongolian type of countenance, narrower between the cheek-bones, and less heavy in the jaw. The great bulk are black-haired, but some ten in a hundred, according to a recent Japanese observer, have hair of a chestnut colour, often of quite a light shade. Several distinct races are probably mingled in the population; descendants of Chinese colonists, of Japanese settlers, and of a variety of Tatar and Tungussic tribes. Possibly the Malay element is not wholly absent. Very commonly, especially among the nobles, high aquiline noses and delicately-cut features give a refined and distinguished look to the face. A similar type of countenance is not rare in Japan, where indeed it is obvious, even to a casual observer, that two, if not three, distinct races must have been the progenitors of the present inhabitants. M. Dallet estimates the population at ten millions, but on the whole, after collating the various accounts of Japanese travellers, and taking into consideration the fact, that three-fourths of the eighty million square miles of Korean territory consist of mountain, forest, and prairie, much of which, for many months of the year, is under snow, we are inclined to doubt whether the peninsula supports more than from six to seven millions of souls. A Chinese author, cited in the Japanese Encyclopædia, tells us that 'among barbarian countries none can compare with Cambodia in wealth, in generosity of disposition with Liukiu, in geniality with Japan, in bravery with K'itan (the original home of the present Chinese dynasty), in fertility with Cochin-China, and in propriety with Chaosien (Corea).' In the '*San-koku*' the Koreans are described as of a mild and humane disposition, averse to killing animals, obedient to the law of Buddha, believers in spirits, and opposed to the Chinese doctrine of the male and female principles (*in-yang*). A Chinese envoy, who visited the Korean Court in 1866,\* praises the people as simple in their manners and cleanly

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\* Translated by M. Scherzer, '*Publications de l'Ecole des Langues orientales vivantes*,' 1878.

in their habits, but reproaches them with being destitute of 'all love for art.' The character given of them by Western observers tallies pretty well with the above description. The Dutchman Hamel, who passed several years in the country, on the coast of which he was wrecked in 1653, found the people good-natured and even generous. According to M. Dallet they are hospitable, singularly helpful in their intercourse with each other, and possessed of plenty of natural courage, but licentious in their lives, dirty in their habits, gluttonous, fond of gain, vengeful and suspicious—in a word, infected with the vices of a poor and oppressed people.

The government is an Oriental despotism of the ordinary type, but no halo of divinity surrounds the Corean monarch, resembling that of which a dim vestige still lingers about the throne of the Mikado. He may not, however, be touched and ought not to be seen. His council consists of a prime minister (*sêg-ei-tseng*), with a right and left vice-minister and six secretaries of state (*pan-tso*) presiding over the six public departments, and assisted each by a deputy and an under-secretary. The country is divided into eight circuits or 'to'; in the north Ham-kiang and Piang-an, in the west Hwang-hai, Kiang-kei and Tsiong-tsieng, in the east Kang-wan, and in the south Kiang-sang and Tsien-la. These names are Chinese, as are apparently almost all the names of rivers, mountains, and towns, throughout the kingdom. The circuits of the south and west are the most fertile and the most populous. Over each province is placed a 'kam-tsa,' or governor, assisted by a host of minor functionaries. In theory all public employments, with a few exceptions, are open to every Corean who passes the proper examinations, as in China, but in practice they are monopolized by the nobles. The army consists—on paper—of every able-bodied man, but does not in reality number more than ten thousand trained soldiers, whose training, again, is of a very perfunctory kind. They are armed with matchlocks, but still trust chiefly to bows and arrows. The officers are always nobles, but have an inferior position to civil functionaries, as in China. The resemblance of the Corean polity to that of China is, however, more superficial than real: it may be said to approximate more closely to that of old Japan, but modified by a restricted infusion of the competitive element. The examinations, as in China, test nothing—so far as they are a test at all—but the candidate's knowledge of Chinese classical literature, his command of elegant phraseology, and—not the least important of his qualifications—his calligraphy.

Slavery has always existed among the Tatar tribes, and in  
a mild

a mild form it exists in Corea. Oriental slavery has never degenerated into the commercial employment of man, under which form alone the abominable system has been known to the civilized nations of the West. Among the people the necessity of self-defence has led to a singular development of the principle of fraternity. According to M. Dallet, whose description of the social condition of the masses is extremely valuable and interesting, every trade has its guild, the members of which are bound to afford each other mutual protection. The guild of porters—human backs are the principal means of transport—is especially well organized; they know each other by conventional signs, and use a conventional language of their own. Every village is a sort of guild, the inhabitants subscribing to a common fund, out of which arrears of taxes, expenses of marriages, funerals, &c., may in proper cases be defrayed, and losses by fire made good. The position of women is in some respects superior to that which is commonly accorded to the sex in the East. Still, woman has hardly any rights, her own person even, if M. Dallet is correct, being '*la propriété du premier venant*.' Our author supports his assertion by actual instances. But in public, women are treated with politeness, and are invariably addressed in honorific phraseology. Their apartments are secured from male intrusion; even officials dare not enter them save to arrest a rebel. They are not required to prostrate themselves on the passage of a noble. Of crime they are supposed to be incapable, save the crime of treason, their male relatives answering for their misdeeds. To many of the regulations affecting men they are not subject; thus, in the capital, they may freely roam the streets at all hours, while a man caught abroad between 9 P.M. and 2 A.M. would be severely punished. They have no right to any surname, and the pretty home-names of Japanese girls, Flower, Snow, Gold, Pine, Crane, and the like, are never bestowed upon them. Sometimes they are called after the place of their birth, but on marriage even that is lost, and they become simply So-and-so '*Kek*'—*madame un tel*.

The nobles form a numerous class, and possess important privileges. They are for the most part descendants of the warriors who, five centuries ago, placed the founder of the present dynasty upon the throne, having thus an analogous origin to that of the '*fudai*' of the Tokugawa Shôguns. The King, however, has the power, which seems to be rarely exercised, of creating new nobles at his pleasure. Although in theory the public service, like that of China, is open to all freemen, with a few exceptions, in practice it is monopolized by the nobles, to many

many of whom, indeed, it affords the sole means of livelihood. The mansion of a noble, as well as his person, is inviolable. They wear a distinctive sort of cap made of horse-hair, and are further known by the colour of their dress, which is often of silk, and by the fashion and hue of their girdle. They do not carry weapons, and the military nobles are held in as slight esteem as in China. In addressing nobles the highest honorific form must be used, and on their passage plebeians are obliged to prostrate themselves. A noble is usually accompanied by a band of retainers, numerous in proportion to his rank and wealth, and no check save the imperfect one of public opinion seems to exist upon the pride, insolence, and tyranny of the order. The Catholic missionaries agree in a hearty condemnation of the Corean aristocracy, in the ranks of which their preaching and example have made but few converts.

Marriages are always negotiated by the aid of go-betweens. The principal ceremony consists in the fastening up of the hair of both parties on the eve of the wedding day. The unmarried youth of both sexes wear their hair in a long tress, which hangs down the back. On marriage, the bridegroom, who up to that event is considered a minor, causes this tress to be rolled up in a ball by his best man, and knotted firmly with silk cord a little in front of the crown of the head. It is the fashion to make the topknot as small as possible, and for that purpose the head is often partially shaved or the hair cut short, though the practice is forbidden by law. A Corean, who was given a passage from Nagasaki in H.M.S. 'Kestrel,' was discovered on landing to be wearing his hair short, and without more ado was thrown down on the ground by the officials and treated to a severe flogging. The bride, on the other hand, stuffs her tress with false hair, and this being divided is rolled up into a 'chignon,' held together by a silver pin thrust horizontally through it, and allowed to hang down over the neck. The peasant women simply bring the two halves of the tress coronet-wise round the head, to be fastened in a knot on the brow. The marriage feast is provided by the bridegroom, and the actual espousal consists in the mutual salutation of the pair in the presence of the assembled guests. A curious custom which prevails among the better classes compels the newly-married husband to desert his bride shortly after the marriage, and to show his good breeding by keeping away from her as long as possible. M. Dallet regards this singular usage as nothing but an exhibition of male contempt for the sex, but there doubtless is or was a meaning in it less trivial and ungenerous. Polygamy is illegal, but concubinage is freely practised by those who can afford it. Divorce is  
common

common and easy, and, of course, exclusively a male privilege. Widows of good position should not remarry, and ought to pass their lives in mourning for their dead husbands. The widower, on the other hand, goes into half-mourning only, and that for not more than a few months. Excessive grief for the loss of a wife is considered *mauvais ton*.

The most pleasing trait of Corean domestic life is the mutual affection of parents and children, which all accounts agree in describing as exceedingly marked. Throughout life the son treats his father with the utmost respect, and prominent instances of filial piety are rewarded by exemptions and dignities. Memorial columns and even temples are sometimes erected in honour of filial self-sacrifice. The national regard for family affection is further displayed in the rigorous mourning prescribed by law and custom upon the death of a parent or near relative. The corpse is placed in a stout coffin, which is laid in a special mortuary chamber, and there kept for several months. Here the dead must be mourned four times a day. The mourner dons a garb suited to the occasion, a long gown of coarse hempen cloth, soiled, patched, and torn, and confined round the waist by a thick rope of mingled strands of straw and hemp. A similar but more slender cord encircles the head, tied on either side so as to allow an end to hang down over each temple. In the hand a knotted staff is borne. Thus accoutred, the mourner places the proper offerings, chiefly articles of food, upon a kind of altar, and for an hour or more wails over the corpse. At each new and full moon the relatives and friends of the deceased join in the ceremony. These observances are continued long after interment, for at least two years, and often for three or more, and among the higher classes any neglect of them would be visited with the severest censure. The mourner should be clad in white, even the long stem of his pipe must be white. His features are hidden under a huge extinguisher of straw, which reaches down nearly to his shoulders. He avoids all intercourse; it is not proper even for an official to address him. As much as possible he makes himself civilly dead, and the self-inflicted isolation is universally respected. Naively enough, the Catholic missionaries regard these usages as 'invented by Providence to afford them an easy and effectual disguise, without which their entry into Corea and their visits among the faithful would have been almost impossible.'

The Corean dress cannot be called picturesque. The present writer well remembers the singular appearance presented by the  
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first Korean mission to Japan on their landing at Yokohama in May 1876. The ambassador was dressed in violet crape, and sat cross-legged on tiger-skins spread over a sort of litter borne by nine men. A pair of immense horn-spectacles, under a prodigious steeple-crowned broad-brimmed hat of horse-hair finely plaited over strips of bamboo, gave him the look of a Laputan philosopher. His garments seemed a world too big for him, and were ample enough to have enfolded a second envoy. Behind him marched in irregular procession a number of sturdy bannermen, tom-tom drummers, conch-blowers, and other musicians, in long bright-coloured loose gowns over immensely wide trousers, confined below the knee by a sort of gaiters. Amid the ill-mannered jeers of the spectators, which the meagre, wizened, old-boy-looking policemen \* made no attempt to repress, the motley embassy, which the events of 1875 had compelled the Korean government, sorely against its will, to despatch to the Mikado's court, shuffled past to the railway station.

The dress of the women differs from that of the men chiefly in being longer, but less ample and of gayer hue—rose and yellow being affected by women under thirty, and violet by ladies of maturer years.

The food of the people is very poor. For the higher classes rice is the staple element; but the mass of the population, as in Japan, live upon millet and beans. They are fond of oil, especially of the oil of sesame and of castor oil, and make great use of peppermint and garlic as condiments. The fronds of certain ferns are eaten as vegetables. They are not averse to flesh food, and seem to have a special liking for the flesh of the dog, which is also a common food in mountain-villages in Japan. The missionaries accuse them of gluttony, but probably they are guilty of nothing worse than the voracity of habitual hunger. To people who are rarely satisfied, the sense of repletion must be among the greatest of pleasures. They are extremely addicted to the use of tobacco, and Hamel noticed their fondness for the weed only some fifty years after its introduction from Japan. They rarely stir abroad without the pipe, of the long Chinese, not the short Japanese make, and in a wallet depending from the girdle they carry a store of tobacco and a tinder-box. A Japanese correspondent of the 'Chôya Shimbun' (Morning and Evening News), who was a member of Kuroda's mission to the country in 1876, gives an interesting

\* These policemen have replaced the dignified two-sworded *yakunin* of Tokugawa days in their flowing capes and trousers of fine silk.

relation of his Korean experiences, with a brief summary of which we may fitly close this account of the habits and social condition of the people :—

‘The junks here have stem and stern alike. Their sails are of plaited straw stiffened by transverse bars of bamboo, allowing thus of easy reefing. There is but one mast, but the boats sail well, within three points of the wind. The officials wear light green or red upper garments, confined by a narrow girdle, and by the fashion of this, and the colour of his clothes, the rank of the wearer is known. A “Kundo,” who boarded a Japanese man-of-war, was assisted at each step by his attendants, according to the custom of the country. The ship’s crew were put through various novel exercises, and a broadside fired to divert him, but he blanched with terror, and begged that a stop should be put to the manœuvres. Not long before, great riots had taken place in various parts of the country, caused by the oppressive conduct of the officials, who had trebled the taxes upon specious pretexts. But the “Yamphu” league was at the bottom of these disturbances; the “Yamphu” are men who, like the “Komosô” of the middle ages (Shôgunate period), abandon the world from disappointment or *ennui*, and travel about mendicant-wise and owning no jurisdiction. Near Seoul a rising took place, headed by a descendant of a farmer king. The Japanese, who landed at a spot not far from Seoul, were fairly received by the people who crowded about them, glad to pick up any tobacco or food that was thrown to them—a very dirty and stenchy lot. Each Korean carries about his person a wooden ticket, with his name, circuit, address, and description, inscribed upon it. The Koreans could not understand how the Japanese came to be dressed in the foreign style. “Our Emperor,” it was explained to them, “by his transcendent genius noted the conditions of the world, and introduced necessary reforms.” The dwellings of the Koreans are for the most part from ten to twelve feet square, and are little better than dog-kennels. The walls are of stone and mud, the roofs of thatch, tiled roofs are rare even in the towns. The floors are of hardened earth, over which oiled paper is spread, and on this the inhabitants squat down. Under the floor runs a sort of tunnel or flue, at one end of which a fire is lighted, and thus the house is warmed. There are no mats. The people do not squat as the Japanese do, with the calves and backs of the thighs in opposition, but with the legs out (cross-legged?). All woodwork is poor and scanty. But the Chinese characters with which interiors are decorated were beautifully written, for the Koreans are superb calligraphists. Silk was worn by officials, and in the better houses leopard skins were common. The walls of Kanghai-fu have a circuit of about five miles, and are built of stone and brick, with four gates in the Chinese style, within which the houses, mostly thatched, are scattered irregularly, not arranged in streets. The people drink infusions of ginseng, ginger, or dried orange-peel, or water sweetened with honey, tea very rarely. There are no wine-shops, geishas (singing-women), or the like.

like. At a Korean feast the following dishes were served:—various confectioneries of sugar, flour, and oil, boiled eggs, pudding of flour, oil, and honey, persimmons, pine-seeds, macaroni soup, and fowl, boiled leg of pork, and wine. The Japanese settlement at Fusan is very costly to the Koreans, who are an exceedingly poor people. Its maintenance requires the revenue of a whole circuit. No rent was paid by the Japanese, all the buildings, &c., were maintained by the Koreans, and the barter-trade was a loss to them. The Japanese visitors were often asked with great earnestness, if they still venerated Confucius and the sages, whose works and the commentaries form almost the whole literature of the country. At Seoul the castle enclosure is imposing, with cut-stone walls, and gates embellished with handsome towers. Within, the houses are tiled, and many of them plastered as well. The market was full of beef, pork, vegetables, &c. Gold dust seemed plentiful in the interiors of the better sort of dwellings. Metals abound, but are not worked because of the Chinese superstition of “fêng-shui,” which the Koreans have adopted. There is coal in Hamkiang and Kiang-san, and silver is obtained in Chen-la. The people are stupid, ignorant, sly, and fraudulent, but they are very polite, very fond of literature, and take an especial delight in a kind of pen-and-ink conversation, in which the interlocutors exchange written sentences in high-flown Chinese. The people are fond of drink too, and among the documents looted at Kang-hwa was a royal proclamation against drunkenness.\*

Of the Korean language our space compels us to give a very brief outline. It has no kinship with Chinese, though like Japanese it has incorporated a great number of Chinese expressions. The grammar of Korean shows it to be a member of the Mongolian group, and to possess many analogies with Japanese; in particular, the rigid structure of the Japanese sentence is reproduced in Korean, and the conjugation of the verb in both tongues is upon an almost identical model. The etymological affinities, likewise, seem to be dimly Japanese, though until a Turanian Grimm's law shall have been discovered, no etymological comparison of the languages of North-Eastern Asia can be of any value. Korean is destitute of gender, number, person, and case. There are, however, postpositional particles which, like the Japanese ‘*teniwoha*,’ agglutinate themselves to nouns, verbs, or

\* An Englishman, who accompanied the expedition sent to rescue the crew of a French whaler, the ‘*Narwal*,’ wrecked on Quelpiart, in 1851, gives a more attractive account of the Koreans. He found them simple and obliging, and characterized the officials as a ‘decent, grave, and reverend body.’ Some of the natives wished to accompany him back to China, and ‘ramble over the world’ with him. Their houses were small but not uncomfortable, each surrounded by a stone wall, making a kind of courtyard in front. For very trifling offences, such as making a noise, a severe flogging was usually administered, and was looked upon by the spectators, and even by the sufferer, as quite in the natural order of things. See ‘*Chinese Repository*,’ vol. xx.

even sentences. Thus 'saram' (man) becomes 'saram-i' (a or the man), 'saram-el' (man, objective), 'saram-üi' (of a man), &c. The great peculiarity of the language, however, consists in its possession of a series of particles, the exact analogues of which do not seem to exist in any other tongue. These particles are more or less worn forms of the verbs 'do' and 'be,' and in the Corean phrase play exactly the part which is filled in our own language by marks of interrogation, emphasis, admiration, and punctuation. The punctuative particles are the most curious; they are numerous, and are necessary to the sense, giving in words the force of the comma, the colon, and the period. Similar particles, but of very much less refinement of definition, exist, to a limited extent, in Chinese and Japanese. If, as some philologists maintain, the development of a language is to be estimated by the proportion it shows of 'symbolic' as opposed to 'presentive' words, Corean must be allowed to rank very high indeed. There are three forms of the verb, one for addressing superiors, one for addressing equals, and a third for impersonal use and for addressing inferiors. The verbal forms are numerous and expressive, yet of extreme simplicity. The Chinese character is used in Corea, but there is a native alphabet as well, perhaps the most perfect in existence. Of each class of sounds, dental, palatal, &c., the alphabetical characters possess a common element, so that the whole alphabet may easily be mastered in half an hour.

Of the national literature of Corea nothing is known. The Chinese classics have been assiduously studied from very ancient times, and innumerable reprints of Chinese editions of them exist. The Buddhistic literature of the country too is very extensive, but wholly of Chinese origin. It is curious that the Coreans, so closely connected with two such drama-loving peoples as the Japanese and Chinese, should be utterly destitute of any dramatic literature of their own. The nearest approach to it is a sort of recitative, resembling perhaps the Japanese 'nô,' which are said and sung at festivals, and are very probably of Corean invention.\*

It was not until the close of the sixteenth century, that Europeans became acquainted with Corea. To supply the spiritual needs of the Christian soldiers who accompanied the expedition of Taiko (see p. 178), a Jesuit father, Gregorio de

\* A Corean-French dictionary has been published by the Catholic missionaries. In the 'China Review' for 1878 and 1879, will be found a tolerably exhaustive grammar of the Corean language, by the Rev. J. Macintyre, of Newchwang, and the materials for a grammar are said to have been left by the late lamented Chinese Secretary, Mr. Mayers. An account of the language, by Mr. R. N. Cust, will be found in the 'Philological Journal.'

Cespedes, was sent over from Japan, and landed in the country, the first European who ever trod its soil, in 1594. His conduct, justly or not, aroused suspicion, and the year that saw his arrival witnessed his departure. Whether he made any converts among the Coreans is doubtful; what is certain is, that no trace of Christianity remained in the country after its evacuation by the Japanese troops. Some thirty years later a Dutchman, Jan Jansson Weltevree, and two others, who had been sent ashore from the 'Jacht Oudekerke' to procure water and provisions, were detained by the Coreans; and the three were forced to assist their captors in the struggle then being maintained with the Manchu Tatars in aid of the last of the Ming emperors. In 1653 the 'Jacht Sperber' (Sparrowhawk), on her voyage from Batavia to Japan, was driven out of her course by contrary winds and wrecked upon Quelpiart Island. The crew, among whom was a Scotchman named John Bosquet, were all saved but one. The survivors were detained, like their predecessors, and kept under a strict but on the whole not harsh surveillance. Hendrik Hamel, of Gorcum, supercargo of the 'Sperber,' evidently a man of courage and ability, has left a lively narrative of their captivity, in which a vivid and singularly accurate picture is drawn of the country and its civilization. Five of them attempted to escape, but were recaptured and cruelly punished. A sort of cangue was fastened round the neck, and on this one hand was nailed down while in addition a terrible flogging was inflicted with a kind of wooden bat. Finally, however, Hamel with eight of his companions managed to escape after thirteen years' captivity. His picturesque, naïve, and unbiting narrative should be read as a pendant to Golownin's admirable and touching account of his captivity among the Japanese in the years 1810-13. The Dutch captives were of course regarded with great curiosity by the natives, especially by the women, who believed them to be monsters with huge noses (like the 'tengu' of Japan) which they tucked behind their ears when they took food. But they were uniformly well-treated by the people, and above all by the Buddhist priests, whom Hamel particularly praises for their generosity in almsgiving.

For some centuries Japan was allowed to carry on a trifling trade at Fusan, on terms little advantageous to Corea, and up to 1790 the accession of each new king was notified to the Shôgun, to whom tribute was paid every tenth year. But after that date the Corean envoys did not proceed beyond the island of Tsushima, and the tribute became—perhaps it always was—rather an exchange of presents than a recognition of overlordship.

ship. The suzerainty of China was of a more real character, and in official documents the King of Corea constantly styled himself the slave of the Court of Peking. Nevertheless, the Chinese were excluded from Corean territory as effectually as the Japanese; and through carelessness, or as a matter of policy, China never attempted to give substance to her shadowy supremacy. An occasional interchange of civilities took place between the frontier towns of Pian-man and Ei-chu, and from time to time a Chinese embassy arrived at the capital to invest a new king with the insignia of his rank, while envoys from Corea presented themselves yearly at the Tatar Court to receive the calendar (their most important function) and exchange gifts—in Chinese parlance, pay tribute. Every second year a great fair was held at Kien-wan, near the Manchurian border, at which 'a crowd of Chinese who came from very distant parts met for traffic. They sold to the Coreans dogs, cats, pipes, leather, deer-horns, copper, horses, mules, asses; and bought baskets, kitchen utensils, rice, corn, pigs, oxen, paper, mats, skins, and small horses esteemed for their speed. The fair only lasted half a day, and if at nightfall the Chinese had not regained the frontier they were driven across it by Corean soldiers at the point of the sword.'\*

For two centuries Corea thus enjoyed freedom from external troubles. But within her borders the intrigues of the nobles, poor, proud, and idle, bore fruit in a constant succession of conspiracies and rebellions. A sort of Bigendian and Littleendian controversy, that arose between certain powerful families towards the close of the sixteenth century, resulted in the ultimate formation of four factions, the Syo-ron, the No-ron, the Nam-in, and the Syo-puk, which still exist; the No-ron, or Eastern party, and the Nam-in, or Southern party, supposed to be adverse to foreign intercourse, being by far the most influential.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, the revival of Christianity in Corea brought the peninsula, for the first time, into direct relations with the West. In the year 1784 a Corean military noble, named Piek-i, came across some Catholic treatises in Chinese, on the doctrines of Christianity, among the books brought back by the annual embassy on its return from China. Delighted with the contents, he procured others, and entered into communication with the Catholic fathers at Peking, who gladly availed themselves of the opportunity once more to plant the

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\* From the letter of a Corean convert, given by M. Dallet. The convert was Kim, baptized André, and martyred in 1847. (See p. 192.)

Church in Corea. The native messenger was baptized at Peking, and carried the sacrament to Piek-i. From this small beginning the Church grew, with a rapidity which M. Dallet explains by reference to the sociable character and innate mildness of disposition of the Corean people; and in the second year of its existence it was able to boast of its first martyr. The faith continued to spread, and in 1791 a Portuguese missionary was charged with the spiritual direction of the Corean Church. But he was unable to get beyond the frontier, and a few years afterwards his place was taken by a Chinese priest known by the Portuguese name of Vellozo, who, by the aid of a disguise, penetrated into the country and visited the Christian districts. His work was greatly facilitated by the courageous piety of a woman, known as Colombe Kang, wife of one of the inferior nobles. Meanwhile a persecution had broken out, and a number of converts suffered martyrdom with the usual constancy and fervour of devotion. The counts of the indictment brought against them by the officials reproduced, almost textually, the accusations formulated against their Japanese predecessors in martyrdom during the Shōgunate of Iyeyasu. Among many others, Vellozo and Colombe Kang both suffered torture and death. In 1801, Alexander Hwang, a zealous convert, wrote to the Bishop at Peking, advising the despatch of European troops to put an end to the persecutions and establish and defend the faith—the beginning of the too frequent association of missionary and gunboat in the East. The letter is given in full by M. Dallet, and a very remarkable document it is, going far, notwithstanding M. Dallet's pious defence of its author, towards justifying the policy pursued by the Corean Government against their Christian subjects. Hwang and his associates were executed for 'having sent a letter to foreigners, asking them to bring great ships and put the country in danger.'

Shortly afterwards the Corean Government despatched a long letter (given by M. Dallet *in extenso*) to the Chinese Court, in which the spread of Christianity was mentioned and deplored, the history of the movement succinctly described from the Corean point of view, the secret acts, methods and disguises employed by the Christians complained of, and the advice of the Emperor implored. The answer was somewhat vague, but in effect recommended severity. For the next thirty years a sort of intermittent persecution restricted, but did not prevent, the growth of Christianity. A constant correspondence was kept up with Peking, from which M. Dallet cites copious extracts, which give a high idea of the fervent piety and power of literary expression of these remote peninsulars, whose sole  
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mental food consisted of a few tracts in Chinese and the Confucian classics. In 1827, it may be here mentioned parenthetically, a Protestant missionary vessel appeared off the coast, and the well-known Dr. Gutzlaff managed to distribute a few Chinese Bibles. In 1831 Mgr. Bruguières, in answer to the request of the native Christians, who begged that a mission might be sent to them, advising its despatch by an *armed* vessel, was named Vicar Apostolic of Corea, but never got beyond the frontier; chiefly, according to M. Dallet, through the jealous opposition of a Chinese priest called Pacifique Yu, who afterwards brought great disgrace upon the Church, but in part through the ill-will of the Portuguese missionaries. He died in 1835, worn out by fatigue and disappointment, on the Liaotung border.

M. Dallet never forgets that he is a Frenchman, and has not a good word to say for missionaries of other than French nationality; while to the influence or arms of his own country he trusts entirely for the eventual spiritual conquest of Corea. In 1836 M. Maubant, Mgr. Bruguières' successor, by feigning illness, contrived to penetrate into the country, nearly two centuries and a half having elapsed since the feet of an European missionary had pressed Corean soil. In 1837 the first Bishop of Corea, Mgr. Imbert, got across the frontier. For a year or two the missionaries prosecuted their task in comparative peace, but in 1839 a large assemblage of Christians at Seoul aroused the slumbering hostility of the authorities, and persecution was once more resorted to. The Christians met the storm with unshaken faith, and not a few, including women and girls, welcomed or sought, with an ardour rivalling that which characterized the early ages of Christianity in the West, the terrible crown of martyrdom. In the hope of mitigating the sufferings of his flock, Bishop Imbert gave himself into the hands of the officials, and recommended the same course to his two coadjutors. His conduct, of which the propriety has been much debated, has since received the formal approbation of Rome. The three martyrs were offered the choice of returning to their own country, but they unhesitatingly refused, and, on the 21st of September, were decapitated on the banks of the river that flows by the capital. According to native Christian report, they were first tortured. The self-sacrifice of the martyrs bore no fruit. The persecution increased in virulence; a proclamation was issued reproducing the accusations of 1801, charging the Christians, as their prototypes in the West had been charged sixteen centuries before, with celibacy and virginity as unnatural, with community of goods and women (based,

(based, no doubt, upon the habit of both sexes meeting in secret together for purposes of worship), with the practice of secret and disgusting rites, with spreading vain and lying tales, and with inculcating precepts subversive of the relations between parent and child, and subject and prince. The proclamation closed with a string of fervent reproaches addressed by the King to himself, attributing to his own sinful and neglectful conduct the invasion of his realm by these pernicious doctrines. The victims of this second persecution numbered seventy, and were for the most part members of the poorest classes of the population. The persecution is said to have been the unprompted work of the Government, differing in this respect from that of 1801, which was begun at the earnest solicitation of the nobles and dignitaries of the kingdom. Our space compels only a brief presentment of the further annals of the Corean mission. In 1845 Mgr. Ferréol, accompanied by M. Daveluy, a man of singular ability and great learning, and André Kim, a native convert, took up the task of the three martyrs. André Kim was the first Corean ordained as a priest, whose sweetness of disposition, nobility of character, and wonderful powers of mind, are shown in his correspondence, which is full of interesting information, and reveals besides a most touching and pathetic story of trials and sufferings. He was arrested, and while he lay in prison Admiral Cécile, under orders of the French Government, presented a letter demanding satisfaction for the murder of Mgr. Imbert and his faithful coadjutors. The French ships had hardly left, when Kim was executed. In 1847 Admiral Cécile returned with two men-of-war, 'La Gloire' and 'La Victorieuse,' both of which were wrecked on the island of Kokun, off the west coast. The crews were well treated by the Corean Government, until they were fetched off by an English vessel despatched from Shanghai. Shortly afterwards the Corean Government replied to the French note. The document, which is given in full by M. Dallet, merits perusal as a calm and able statement of the Corean case. No action was taken upon it, beyond the despatch of a short answer containing some vague threats. The visit of the French ships was altogether unfortunate in its results. The fears of the people were awakened anew, and numerous petitions were addressed to the Government calling for the extermination of the Christians, whose numbers nevertheless continued to increase, and in 1859 were estimated at 17,000.

The news of the entry of the French and English forces into Peking, on the 13th of October, 1860, caused great excitement at Seoul. A European invasion was regarded as imminent, but high

a high official pointed out that the barbarians were to be dreaded on the sea and not on the land, and were probably masters of 'at least ten ships of war.' What a favourable moment, exclaims M. Dallet regretfully, was this for the appearance of a French gunboat! In 1864 the King died. A series of intrigues, of which a very curious account is quoted by M. Dallet from the letter of a missionary, M. Pourthié, ended in the Regency of Queen Cho, widow of a former King, the new monarch, Mong-Pok-i, being a child of twelve. The Prime Minister was the father of the King, and his first act was to ask the missionaries to aid him against the Russians in exchange for religious liberty. In this policy he was encouraged by the native Christians, who counselled him to seek an alliance with the French and English to keep out the Russians, who had demanded the right of settlement in the country. The demand, however, was not insisted upon; and, relieved from immediate danger, the government listened to the anti-Christian party, and a fresh persecution was the result. Mgr. Berneux and eight of the missionaries were arrested and requested to return to their own country. They refused, and after having been tortured were all executed in March 1866. Among them was M. Daveluy, who had prepared a Corean dictionary and translated several native histories and chronologies, all of which have unfortunately perished. Three of the missionaries only survived, of whom one carried the dreadful news of the fate of his companions to the commandant of the French squadron in Chinese waters. The result was the capture of Kang-hwa by the French, followed by an attack upon a pagoda, where the Coreans made a determined resistance and forced the invaders to retire. The subsequent departure of the squadron without further operations was taken by the Coreans as an acknowledgment of defeat, and completed the ruin of the Church. The persecution raged more fiercely than ever; the native Christians, according to M. Dallet, who does not however vouch for the accuracy of his informants, were tumbled by crowds into huge graves and buried alive, and by the year 1870 eight thousand of them had perished. With the story of this last and most terrible persecution M. Dallet terminates his work, mournfully, yet in the full persuasion that the Church will 'again issue forth from the tomb which her enemies imagine to be for ever closed upon her.'

M. Dallet's book is written in the most evident good faith; but his relation of the sufferings of the martyrs is based entirely on native Christian reports, which form indeed the great bulk

of his materials. These are not free from some suspicion of exaggeration, not lessened by the miracles which sanctify the narrative. But a large measure of truth remains, and the history of Corean Christianity is a singularly close reproduction of the early history of Christianity in Japan, of which M. Pagès' interesting book \* is the fullest presentment we possess. The same ready acceptance of the new faith, the same fervour, the same constancy under persecution, rising almost into joy at the prospect of martyrdom, characterized the introduction of the religion of Christ into both countries.

At the time of the French attack in 1866, the Coreans asked the aid and advice of Japan; but no notice was taken of their request. This was remembered in 1868, when the Corean Court declined to receive a communication from Japan announcing the change of government. The *Samurai* party were enraged; in 1873 an attempt was made upon the life of Iwakura, who had set his face steadily against the idea of punishing Corea for her temerity, followed by a rebellion in Saga. It was with a view of appeasing the military party that the Cabinet of Tokio undertook, though reluctantly, the Formosan expedition of the same year. In September, 1875, a Japanese man-of-war, the 'Unyôkan,' while taking soundings off the island of Kang-hwa, the stronghold and historic refuge of Corean royalty at the mouth of the river on which the capital is situated, was fired on by the forts, in consequence of which the forts were attacked and taken, with the loss of some thirty Corean lives. The next year a treaty was pressed upon Corea, which in spirit, and to a great extent in language, was identical with the treaties then and still existing between Japan and the Western Powers, against the alleged injustice and tyranny of which Japan at that very moment was loudly protesting. The government organ was brutally frank upon the matter, and declared that Japan intended to deal with Corea entirely and solely from the point of view of her own interests. A supplementary treaty was negotiated in October. The Corean policy of the Japanese Government did not, however, satisfy a large and influential section of the military class, and was one of the main causes of the great Satsuma rebellion of 1877, of which the story has been so well told by the late Mr. Mounsey. Meanwhile, the ill-treatment of the crews of some American vessels, which had been wrecked on the Corean coast, brought about the bombardment of Kang-hwa in 1871. In 1880 Italy

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\* 'Histoire de la Chrétienté au Japon.'

endeavoured,

endeavoured, through the good offices of Japan, to negotiate a treaty; but so detested were the Japanese that the attempt proved altogether fruitless.

In 1881 a second Korean embassy arrived at Tokio. The circumstances of its despatch are only obscurely known; on its return the Liberal Party seems to have been in the ascendant under the patronage of that Chinese Bismarck, as he has been termed, Li-hung-chang. China, indeed, had determined upon taking an active part in Korean politics, and four Chinese gun-boats accompanied Commodore Shufeldt, when in May 1882 that officer, in obedience to the instructions of the American Foreign Office, proceeded to Seoul in the U.S. corvette 'Swatara.' The Chinese diplomatic agent, Ma-chien-chung,\* was a personage of Taotai rank, and had previously been employed on a mission to Calcutta in connection with the opium question. Commodore Shufeldt was well received, under Chinese advice or pressure, and a treaty was almost immediately negotiated, the first ever concluded between Corea and a Western Power. It is said that the first Chinese draft of the treaty contained a clause recognizing the suzerainty of China. The export duties fixed by the treaty were on necessities 11 per cent., on luxuries 30 per cent., and on raw materials 5 per cent. The treaty has not been ratified; Commodore Shufeldt's diplomacy, indeed, has not been such as to merit approval at Washington. In July a treaty, upon lines similar to those on which the American negotiations were conducted, was made through Admiral Willes with Great Britain, but neither has this been ratified. It should be remembered that the present is not the first attempt to conclude a British treaty. Lord Russell, in 1862, endeavoured to procure for British merchants similar advantages to what were then conceded to Japanese traders. A treaty with the German Empire followed, by which, it is alleged, more favourable terms are granted than either to America or ourselves. By France or by French missionaries the liberty of building chapels for the native Christians and of preaching to the natives has been demanded, but hitherto the Korean Government has refused to make any such concession in respect of its own subjects.

Meanwhile the King, who had headed the Liberal Party, died. In accordance with custom he had named his successor, an adopted son, who was a minor. The regency passed to the eldest of the surviving queens, but Ni-hsia-yin, the Tai-on-kun, father of the royal minor, and a bitter enemy of foreigners—especially, it would seem, of the Japanese—seized the reins of

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\* Recently appointed Chinese Minister to the French Republic.

power. On the 23rd of July a mob, consisting in great part of soldiers, attacked the Japanese legation at Seoul.\* Several members of the legation were killed, and the Minister Hanabusa, formerly envoy to Russia, narrowly escaped with his life. Together with the survivors of his suite, he made his way to the coast, where the party picked up a boat, and trusted themselves to the waves. They were fortunate enough, after drifting about for several days, to fall in with H.M.S. 'Flying Fish,' which conveyed them to Nagasaki. The Japanese Government displayed great energy and promptitude. In less than fourteen days a Japanese squadron was at anchor off the river of Seoul, with 5000 men on board, and on the 12th of August Hanabusa re-entered the capital, accompanied by a guard of 600 Japanese soldiers. The Japanese demands were at once laid before the Government, and under the advice or pressure of the Chinese Commissioner conceded, apparently without the slightest modification. It was agreed that 50,000 yen (Japanese dollars) should be paid by way of compensation to the families of the Japanese victims of the 23rd of July, that a further sum of 500,000 yen should be paid in five annual instalments by way of damages,† that a Japanese guard should be maintained for the protection of the legation, as long as the Minister should judge it necessary, at the expense of Corea, and in addition that the limits of the treaty ports should be greatly extended, a special envoy despatched to Tokio to tender due apology for the outrage, and the leaders of the rioters visited with condign punishment. A Japanese, who witnessed the execution of some of them, has given the following account of the scene, quoted in the 'London and China Telegraph,' from the 'Mainichi Shimbun' (Daily News):—

'At six A.M. they (the Japanese officials) arrived at the Bokwakan, where the execution was to take place. The outside of the building was decorated with draperies. The commander-in-chief of the Korean army was seated inside on a seat in the centre, surrounded by a number of Korean officers in full dress, who were armed with bows and arrows. Outside was a large number of Korean soldiers . . . dressed in various colours; blue and red, however, were most conspicuous. . . . Next to the commander-in-chief was a general, who conveyed his orders to the men. When he approached the commander to receive his orders he knelt down. . . . At first the Korean band played, but ceased when a bell rung. Three guns then fired. . . .

\* The Queen, two of her children, and thirteen high dignitaries, were also reported to have been murdered, but more recent news seems to contradict this rumour. She is, however, reported to have died of grief and anxiety.

† China is said to have paid up the whole in full, rather than endure a continued occupation of any part of the peninsula by Japanese troops.

Next came the executioner, who bowed down to the ground and then lifted up his staff. . . . . The most imposing quiet prevailed until it was disturbed by the appearance of the criminals. They were tied with ropes and carried in sedan chairs. The jailors then caught them by the hair of the head and dragged them before the commander-in-chief. When the time for execution had arrived, one of them loudly cried that he did not participate in the outrage, and that he knew nothing about it. Another burst into tears, saying he had a son at home, and he was much grieved to think how his son would grow up without paternal care. It was a most sorrowful scene. The executioners then placed two arrows on the heads of the criminals (probably through their ears), and after pouring a quantity of water over their faces, scattered some white powder. This was the signal for cutting off their heads. The executioners cut off the heads of the criminals after thirteen blows with blunt swords. The heads were then placed on a table and shown to the commander-in-chief. After that they were thrown into pits with their bodies. It was a most cruel and pitiful sight.'

Pitiful indeed, the more so in that, in all probability, the sufferers were perfectly innocent men. The arch-criminal, the Tai-on-kun, like his fellow misoxene of a nearer East, got off with the mild punishment of exile to the Chinese town of Pao-ting-fu, in Chihli. His son, the present king, in a piteous letter, has implored the emperor to allow him to return, pleading his father's innocence of all share in the outrage, his great age (he is seventy-six), and the fact that 'owing to the extreme swiftness of the gunboat that quickly steamed away (with the Dai-on-kun on board) upon the trackless sea, far and farther out of sight,' he (the king) had not been able 'to find an opportunity of bidding farewell.' The Chinese government, while refusing the request, recognized the filial piety that dictated it, and have allowed the king to make an annual visit to his father.

The older Chinese and Japanese writers speak of the civilization of Corea with respect. She was familiar with the arts and philosophy of China long before Japan. It was from Corea, as we have already pointed out, that Buddhism passed over into the adjacent island empire; and up to a few centuries ago Corea was probably the superior in that peculiar civilization, which China has originated, and spread over most far eastern lands. To Corea Japan owes the art of pottery—the gift of less than three centuries ago—which the Satsuma and Hizen craftsmen have carried to so exquisite a perfection. Of Corean pictorial and decorative art we know little, but the objects taken by the French after their attack on Kang-hwa show that the Coreans are by no means destitute of artistic power. It is only during the last two hundred years, under the peaceful sway of the  
Tokugawa

Tokugawa dynasty, that the artistic faculty of the Japanese craftsmen has ripened into a genius which, finding its highest expression in the earlier years of the present century, exhibits a penetrative intuition, a fluent force and ease, and a richness, if not variety, of composition, that the world will never cease to wonder at and admire.

But the principal title of Corean civilization to fame is undoubtedly the invention of moveable metallic types, in which Mr. Satow has recently shown Corea to have preceded Europe by at least a century and a half. Printing from tablets was practised in China towards the close of the second century, and block-printed editions of the classics and Sutras were common in the sixth century. In the eighth century the art was introduced into Japan, doubtless through Corea. Moveable clay types are believed to have been used in China under the Sung dynasty in the eleventh century. But Mr. Satow gives irrefragable proof that types were first cast in copper by the Coreans at least as early as the beginning of the fifteenth century. The evidence indeed is very strong, that metal types were in use in the early years of the fourteenth century, and a Corean moveable type reprint of the 'K'ung-tsz-kia-yü' (Confucian Table-talk), in the possession of Mr. Satow, announcing itself as printed 'at the Discrimination Unity bookshop' in 1317, is probably one of the oldest type-printed books now extant. Thus in the fourteenth century, Corea, which had long possessed an alphabet of admirable simplicity (and the Chinese are still without one), was acquainted with the art of printing from metal types, and fully equipped for a start in civilization, which nothing but the blighting influence of barren Confucian and Buddhistic systems prevented from taking place. Up to the sixteenth century, there is strong reason to believe that Japan was indebted to Corea for most of her literature; a vast quantity of books was brought back by the survivors of Taiko's expedition, and an immense impetus to letters thus given, which was sedulously maintained by the princes of the Tokugawa House. On the whole, Japanese civilization, up to the time of Taiko, was not greatly in advance of that to which she principally owed it, and even at the present day it is superior mainly in a material aspect, and in the Europeanized form of government and administration that dates, after all, only from 1869.

Little attractive as the externals of Corean life seem to be, Miss Bird's delightful volumes have revealed an almost equal wretchedness in the life of the remoter parts of much trumpeted Japan. The tyranny of the Corean nobles is probably not more oppressive than was that of the 'bushi' of 'unenlightened'

Nippon;

Nippon; while the Korean laws are believed to be free from the barbarous cruelty of the old Japanese code, the horrors of which are familiar to all who remember the Shinagawa execution ground of less than twenty years ago. The shortcomings of Corea are those of a poor unfruitful country of mountain, forest, and morass, overpoweringly hot in summer and icy cold in winter, where rice and tea are luxuries, and the flesh of dogs is reckoned an epicurean diet.

No one who has studied Korean history will wonder that dislike of the foreigner became a traditional element in the policy of the Government. Whether any formal edict was ever promulgated against foreigners, as was the case in Japan, is uncertain; but, in practice, the country has been closed to the stranger since the establishment of the reigning dynasty in 1392. The recent reversal of this policy, forced upon the Korean Government in the first instance by Japanese insolence and Western missionary zeal, has been productive, so far, of nothing but disaster to the country.

Of the causes of the outbreak of the 23rd of July we are not sufficiently informed. At bottom, probably, it was the result of a dislike of the foreigner, born of dread rather than of antipathy. A number of men-of-war of various nationalities, at least eight or ten, had appeared simultaneously in Korean waters just previously, and the people panic-struck had rushed to the hills for safety and shelter. Since the treaty of 1875 the Japanese traders and officials, according to their own press, had treated the natives with a roughness approaching brutality; and the suddenness with which a whole batch of treaties was sprung, so to speak, upon the nation, probably drove the more patriotic spirits wild with mingled fear and wrath. In all these causes of discontent some palace intriguers doubtless saw their opportunity, and availed themselves of it, in the childlike Oriental fashion, without stopping to count the cost or attempting to guard against the event.

It is to be hoped that full consideration will be given to the difficulties which beset the emergence of a country, situated as Corea is, from the isolation of centuries. We cannot doubt the ultimate benefit, both to the Koreans and to the rest of the world, of her entry into the community of civilized nations. But the inevitable wrench should be given as gently as possible. Diplomats are not the true apostles of civilization, but merchants. The foreign merchant and native trader soon meet on equal terms; the grogshop keepers and frequenters, who follow in the wake of the merchant, may be dealt with by the consuls, if armed with sufficient powers under international agreement; and

and the speculators who prey upon the government should be left unaided by foreign law. In addition, our experience leads to the conviction that the remedy for breach of contract should be sought, not in the court of the defendant's nationality, which, when the plaintiff is a native, amounts to a denial of justice to him, seeing the impossibility of his having the slightest notion of the laws and procedures of half-a-dozen different countries, but in a court of arbitrators composed of natives and foreigners, under a president chosen from time to time by the court itself, administering natural equity, and giving no costs save costs of court. Our principal error in dealing with Oriental nations has been the indirect enforcement of a system of law in more or less just accordance with our own habits, traditions, and needs, upon a people to all whose usages, wants, and preconceived notions of right and wrong, a foreign code is utterly unsuited and opposed. The 'magic of patience,' to quote for the hundredth time—it cannot be quoted too often—Lord Beaconsfield's fine expression, will work wonders in diplomacy as in the ordinary business of life. The trade of Corea is by no means without value to us, but it is not, nor is it likely to become, so valuable, that we cannot afford to wait for its gradual development. The total value of the import and export trade with Japan has risen in three years (1876–9) from 32,000*l.* to nearly 300,000*l.* The mineral wealth of the peninsula is probably considerable; gold, there can be no doubt, is fairly abundant; the Coreans are strong and tolerably diligent workers; and cattle, skins, timber, coal, seaweed, and haliotis, are plentiful enough to allow of the creation of a very respectable export trade with China and Japan.

The political future of Corea, however, is thick with troubles. The power of the nobles must be brought within proper limits—a result not to be accomplished, it is to be feared, without considerable internal friction. Russia has of late displayed great activity in Eastern Asia. Since 1863 a considerable Corean emigration has been attracted into the Amur provinces. In 1874 thirteen colonies had established themselves in Russian territory, numbering four thousand souls. The Coreans are well received by the Russian authorities. Vladivostock is close to the Corean frontier, and the progression Corea-wards, physical and moral, of Russia during the last decade or so has been constant and by no means slow—a fact of which the government of Seoul is well aware and not a little apprehensive.\* China, again, evidently intends to give a more substantial

\* Mr. Aston, who lately visited Corea as interpreter on the staff of Admiral Willems, estimated the number of Coreans in Russian Tartary at 10,000, 2000 of whom

substantial reality to her historical suzerainty than she has ever aimed at in the past; while Japan is restless and angry under the recent check to her diplomacy caused by the astute action of the Court of Peking. Amid these warring and powerful interests the independence of Corea runs no small risk. The Mikado's Government does not at present entertain the fatal ambition of making Japan a continental power, but the notion is popular with the bureaucracy under the exclusive rule of which Japan is fast falling. China may at any moment sacrifice her outlying vassal to purchase Russian abstention from interference with her border disputes, or from connivance with internal Mohammedan outbreaks; while Russia would gladly acquire a territory that would carry with it the supremacy of the Eastern Seas. Nevertheless, in view of our own interests as of the welfare of Corea, the only policy open to us involves the tacit recognition of some mild form of suzerainty exercised by China; should that be in peril of failure, France and America, together with Japan and China, would perhaps join with us in an attempt to convert the peninsula into a sort of Belgium in the Far East.

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- ART. VII.—1. '*Arthur Mervyn*' and '*Edgar Huntly*.' By Charles Brockden Brown. New York, 1803-4.  
 2. '*The Partisan*,' '*Katharine Wilton*,' and '*Mellichampe*.' By W. Gilmore Simms. New York, 1835-37.  
 3. '*Margaret, a Tale of the Real and Ideal*.' By Sylvester Judd. New York, 1845.  
 4. '*Louisiana*.' By Frances Hodgson Burnett. London, 1880.  
 5. '*Democracy*.' New York, 1880.  
 6. '*The Grandissimes*,' '*Old Creole Days*,' '*Madame Delphine*.' By G. W. Cable. New York, 1880-81.  
 7. '*The Portrait of a Lady*,' and other works. By Henry James, Jun. London.  
 8. '*A Modern Instance*.' By W. Howells. Edinburgh, 1882.

WE regret to observe that some American writers still have much fault to find with us in England, especially with the language which is commonly in use here, and which to their gentle sense appears no better than a vulgar dialect. But there is one offence which they cannot fairly lay to our charge, no

whom are employed at Vladivostock, where they earn about a rouble a day. He found the officials and people most friendly, and was surprised at the well-informed interest displayed by a Pusa (governor) in such subjects as the Panama Canal, the recent war in Egypt, and the importance to England of the Suez Canal. The desire of the natives for information he describes as boundless.

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matter how much ingenuity they may apply to the task of lengthening the old indictment against us. It is impossible for them to allege that they have been denied the respectful attention to which they were justly entitled. It is, indeed, almost sufficient to make the success of a novel, to announce that it comes from the pen of an American. English readers appear, for a time at least, to have grown weary of most of their own novelists, who are perhaps not altogether guiltless of the sin of provoking weariness, by their persistency in reproducing the same set of puppets, and forcing upon our notice, year after year, the rusty springs and machinery which move them. Some of these writers had nothing to start with but the thinnest possible material, and the exigencies of their trade have compelled them to go on painfully and laboriously beating it out, until it is difficult to say which has grown most weary of watching the process—the author or the reader. Even Sir Walter Scott could not multiply works of fiction continually without betraying manifest signs of exhaustion, and it is not surprising that writers, who never possessed a tenth part of his wealth of imagination or his fertility of invention, should fail where he did not succeed. Some had one good novel in them, and no more; some, perhaps, had half-a-dozen. But they have given us scores—each one, as a rule, more commonplace than its predecessor. The English public are slow to turn their backs upon an old favourite, but there is a limit to their great patience, and these too prolific writers have done their best to reach it.

It is partly owing to these circumstances that the American novelist has, of late years, received so effusive a welcome. Publishers have accepted blindfold anything he has chosen to offer them. The reason is, that he has either provided us with total change of scenery and of characters, or we take up his books in the expectation that he will do so. It must be his own fault if he does not succeed, for the opportunities before him are boundless. America is the land of romance, difficult as it sometimes is to remember it in the presence of the wonderful material development of one part of the continent. No one has yet done full justice to the story of New England, or given us more than a partial glimpse of the men and women who laid the foundations of the great Republic. The old Spanish settlements afford an inexhaustible field for the romancist, and it has scarcely been touched. The Southern States are full of unwritten novels, and even the west and south-west, as more than one writer has shown, are not without their poetry and charm. Another Gilmore Simms, or a Fenimore Cooper, might easily hold the attention of the civilized world enthralled with narra-

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tives based upon actual occurrences in the war of Secession. But most of the American novelists who are at present all the rage in this country, if not in their own, do not appear to have the time, the capacity, or the inclination, to grasp any of these themes. With the exception of Mr. Bret Harte, whose admirable sketches of wild life in the West are thoroughly and distinctively American, owing very little to European 'culture' or influences, the writers whose works are so much in vogue in England either neglect their own country altogether, or introduce us to types of Europeanized Americans with which we are already too familiar, and which add nothing to our knowledge of American character. One little book of Hawthorne's—the 'Scarlet Letter'—is worth all the laboured and tedious writings of the novelists who boast of having founded a new school of fiction, based upon the principle that the best novelist is he who has no story to tell. A more convenient theory could scarcely be provided for those who have turned to novel-writing as a pleasant means of acquiring profit and reputation, without any natural gifts for the work, and without even a true insight into its nature. For writers who are unable either to invent a plot, or to infuse a spark of the fire of imagination into their 'analytical' studies, it is extremely satisfactory to have it laid down as a law, that a story is quite superfluous to a novel, and that wooden dummies are much more interesting than men and women. Their scornful question, what is the use of a plot? reminds us of another question of a similar kind, put to his companions by the celebrated fox who had lost his tail. La Fontaine has expressed it in his own inimitable manner:—

'Que faisons-nous, dit-il, de ce poids inutile,  
Et qui va balayant tous les sentiers fangeux?  
Que nous sert cette queue? Il faut qu'on se la coupe.'

And we know the sequel:—

'Votre avis est fort bon, dit quelqu'un de la troupe;  
Mais tournez vous, de grâce, et l'on vous répondra.'

Any one who will go back to the works of the originators of American fiction will remark at once, how thoroughly imbued were their minds with the traditions and national feeling of their own country. For them, the awful forests and prairies of America, and the heroic struggles of its early settlers against innumerable difficulties, had infinitely more attractions than the 'gilded saloons' of Paris or London, or even than the canals and palaces of Venice. The men and women who passed  
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across their stage were peculiar to the land of their birth, and the land, as well as the people, was brought with marvellous distinctness before the mental vision of those whose eyes had never gazed upon either. It is true that these writers could not boast that they had made fiction a 'finer art' than it ever was before, and they did not enjoy the opportunity of publishing elaborate praises of each other's performances in the pages of illustrated magazines. The most successful of all 'fine arts' in the present day—the art of puffery—was then comparatively unknown. We do not find, for instance, that the business of literary log-rolling was at all understood by Charles Brockden Brown, the pioneer of Cooper, and indeed the earliest of American novelists. His books—of which one at least, 'Arthur Mervyn,' used to be read in England—were produced under all sorts of difficulties, and no one would cite them as finished examples of literary workmanship. But they were interesting. They opened up a totally new vein in literature, and they were what they pretended to be—pictures of American life. The sketch given in 'Arthur Mervyn' of Philadelphia under a visitation of yellow fever will not soon be forgotten by those who have once become acquainted with it. We should not be disposed to call Charles Brockden Brown a great novelist, for the range of his powers appears to have been as limited as were his opportunities of observing varieties of character. He was too much under the influence, as his biographers have admitted, of the Radcliffe and Godwin school, but at the same time he had great descriptive gifts, and his plots were always interesting. The theory that a professed story-teller gets on best without any story, and that all he need do is to stand up and preach about the objective and the subjective sides of a fanciful character, had not then been formally laid down. The world was still under the impression that a novel was intended, among other things, to amuse. Brown was not equal to some of his successors, but we do not hesitate to say that he was superior to many of the recent 'American novelists,' whose most careless work is now received with praise so unqualified, that we might almost be led to suppose another Wizard of the North had suddenly appeared upon the scene. He was a true American, for whom America was a country good enough to live in, and Americans the most interesting of all subjects of study. His method was a little antiquated, and his style was sometimes open to great improvement; but, in spite of these and other defects, his productions were what they pretended to be—true and picturesque sketches of his own country and of the people who inhabited it.

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They will be read for the light they throw on the United States of the early part of this century, long after the great majority of more recent novels are dead and forgotten.

Another writer, whose works are far less known than they deserve to be in this country, but who produced numerous powerful sketches of genuine American incident, was William Gilmore Simms. No one, perhaps, in these days reads the series of stories which Simms linked with events in the Revolutionary War, but they are much better worth reading than many of the novels which have made fame and fortune for inferior writers. Apart from their interest as stories, they have a permanent value for the fidelity with which they describe the South, and especially South Carolina, in the Revolutionary epoch. There was a basis of historical fact in all the romances of Gilmore Simms, and he took for his heroes the gallant soldiers whose names are still venerated by the people—Marion and Sumpter, Pickers, Moultrie, and other men of whom the 'Palmetto State' has good reason to be proud. The three works, in which we find him at his best, are those which we have placed at the head of this article; and it is satisfactory to know that a complete edition of his novels has been called for during the last few years in the United States, and that the name of so meritorious a writer is not likely to be forgotten by his countrymen. His fame, we cannot but think, is likely to increase as time goes on. The United States have thus far produced few imaginative writers of greater desert than Simms, in his particular line; but we may anticipate that many a clever man, who has hitherto allowed his time and thoughts to be diverted into the field of journalism or some kindred pursuit, will be tempted to compete for the honours of the successful novelist, now that it is seen how slender are the qualifications which suffice to win them. The Americans are, contrary to general supposition, a highly imaginative—and we may even add, a sentimental—people. But it is only in our own day that novel writing has been found to answer well, from a pecuniary point of view. Hitherto, transatlantic publishers were satisfied to take all the works of fiction which they required from the literature of the mother-country. When a three volume English novel could be had for nothing, and reprinted and sold for a couple of shillings, there did not seem to be much temptation to pay a native writer a high price for his work. But all at once, a demand sprang up from Europe for novels of American growth. Cooper, no doubt, was always a favourite, abroad as well as at home, but the modern revival of the taste

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for American fiction dates back only to Irving and Hawthorne. Irving's fanciful sketches were quite as popular in this country as Hawthorne's more minutely studied stories. The cry for something new is sure to recur at intervals, and it was natural that we should look to the United States for the desired novelty in the world of fiction. But the men who might have been best fitted to satisfy the demand were all engaged in other pursuits. Edgar Allan Poe's example was not encouraging to the young author who dreamt of making his imaginative faculties provide him with the means of livelihood. It is true that Poe was incredibly reckless and indiscreet in the management of his affairs, and that he seemed to have a natural faculty for pursuing the path which led to poverty and ruin. He was perpetually in debt, and when any money came into his hands, he gave himself no rest till he had flung it all away. It must be admitted, too, that the social circles into which he fell were not calculated to induce him to set before himself a loftier ideal of life; and that the rewards which he obtained for his work did not encourage him to form a high estimate of his calling. His remarkable genius might have entitled him to take rank as the greatest of all American imaginative writers, but he exercised it in a desultory and capricious manner, too frequently at moments when he was not completely master of his powers. For some time after his death, the younger school of writers avoided fiction. The literary calling offered but one lucrative post—that of the journalist. No doubt there were many who failed to earn a tolerable living in that, but the prizes of journalism are greater in the United States than they are in this country. The consequence is, that most of the literary ability in the Republic has been drawn into that pursuit. And now it is seen that even journalism does not reward its successful followers so well as fiction. A few years ago, the very novels which are to-day to be found on every railway bookstall, were not known to the general public even in America. They have been praised in England with that unanimity which sometimes breaks out in so surprising a way among critics. Justice has not been done, but some good effect will be accomplished if the present *furor* should suffice to bring forward one or two American writers, who could be named, of real and unquestionable genius, who have hitherto allowed themselves to be swallowed up in the waste of journalism. When they see the kind of production which passes muster in England as the highest form of the American novel, they may perhaps be stimulated to do credit to themselves and to their country, by giving us something

something better than the feeble and dreary compositions, which are advertised as superior to the old-fashioned productions of the authors of 'Vanity Fair' and 'David Copperfield.'

One of the most original, and at the same time most eccentric, novelists of the past was Sylvester Judd, the author of a very curious book entitled 'Margaret, a Tale of the Real and Ideal,' published in 1845. Mr. Judd was a Unitarian minister, and his novel was partly designed as an exposition of his religious principles. It remains to-day one of the most thoroughly characteristic fruits extant of New England theological training—a book which could have been produced in no other country but America, full of a wild sweet woodland flavour, and lit up here and there by fantastic touches of genius. With all its faults, there is a charm in this work which we shall look for in vain in the productions of the later school of American novelists. Mr. Lowell has said that 'the story of Margaret is the most emphatically American book ever written,' and we doubt very much whether he would be disposed to retract this judgment, notwithstanding all that has been written since. It would be useless to give any account of the plot of this tale, but we may find space for a description of a New England home in the old days, when simplicity was still the rule of life:—

'It is snowing, and has been for a whole day and night, with a strong north-east wind. We cannot approach the place by any of the ordinary methods of travel; the roads, lanes, and by-paths are blocked up: no horse or ox could make his way through those deep drifts, immense mounds, and broad plateaus of snow. If we are disposed to adopt the means of conveyance formerly so much in vogue, whether snow-shoes or magic, we may possibly get there. The house or hut is half sunk in a snow bank; the waters of the pond are covered with a solid enamel as of ivory; the oxen and the cow in the barn-yard look like great horned sheep in their fleeces of snow. . . . Flourishing in the centre of these high-rising and broad-spreading snows, unmoved amid the fiercest onsets of the storm, comfortable in the extremity of winter, the family are all gathered in the kitchen, and occupied as may be. In the cavernous fire-place burns a great fire, composed of a huge green back-log, a large green fore-stick, and a high cob-work of crooked and knotty refuse wood, ivy, horn-beam, and beech. Through this the yellow flame leaps and forks, and the bluish-grey smoke flows up the ample sluice-way of the chimney. From the ends of the wood the sap fries and drips on the sizzling coals below, and flies off in an angry steam. To a stranger the room has a sombre aspect, rather heightened than relieved by the light of the fire burning so brightly at mid-day. The only connexion with the external air is by the south window-shutter being left entirely open, forming an aperture through the logs of about two feet square ;  
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yet when the outer light is so obscured by a storm, the bright fire within must anywhere be pleasant. . . . Over the fire-place, on the rough stones that compose the chimney, which day and night through all the long winter are ever warm, where Chilion has fixed some shelves, are Margaret's flowers; a blood-root in the marble pot Rufus Palmer gave her, and in wooden moss-covered boxes, pinks, violets, and buttercups, green and flowering. At one end of the crane in the vacant side of the fire-place hang rings of pumpkin rinds drying for beer. On the walls are suspended strings of dried apples, bunches of yarn, and the customary fixtures of coats, hats, knapsacks, &c. On the sleepers above is a chain-work of cobwebs, loaded and knapped with dust, quivering and gleaming in the wind that courses with little or no obstruction through all parts of the house. Through the yawns of the back door, and sundry rents in the logs of the house, filter in unweariedly fine particles of snow, and thus along the sides of the room rise little cone-shaped, marble-like pilasters. Between Hash and his father, elevated on blocks, is the cider-barrel. These are some of the appendages, inmates, and circumstances of the room. Within doors, is a mixed noise of lapstone, mallets, swifts, fiddle, fire; without is the rushing of the storm.

This is a homely picture, we admit, and we fear that some of the fashionable novelists of the present day would pronounce it 'vulgar'; but it tells us more about life in America than we have been able to gather from the borrowed splendours of Venetian and Parisian 'interiors' which we find in the writings of Mr. Howells and Mr. James.

The fact is that, in our eager search for the American novel, we are in danger of overlooking the very writers who have the best claim to our attention. Instead of perpetually asking for something new, we shall do well to go back to the old, which for most of us will be new. How many English readers, for instance, have even heard of John P. Kennedy, the author of 'Swallow Barn,' a novel which contains vividly-drawn scenes of Virginian life, in the days when Virginia was still the proudest of the American States? We do not say that it is an exciting novel; but are the novels which we are now asked to read so thrilling in their interest, that poor Kennedy can no longer presume to hold up his head? Was ever any reader kept out of bed by his desire to finish the 'Portrait of a Lady' or 'A Modern Instance'? If we want to know what America and Americans are like, it is precisely such books as 'Swallow Barn' that we must make up our minds to read. Then there was Mr. James K. Paulding, whose descriptions of the old Dutch settlers of New York and Pennsylvania were considered good enough fifty years ago to be translated into French, and who deserves a better

a better fate now than to be allowed to sink into oblivion. We admit that these lesser stars were to a great extent eclipsed by the brighter light of Fenimore Cooper, whose highly original romances are still read by most people at least once in their lives. Thousands of boys, it has often been said, have been sent to the sea by reading 'Robinson Crusoe,' and with equal truth it might be affirmed that hosts of emigrants have been attracted to America by Cooper's fascinating pictures of the pleasures of wild life in the wilderness. Most settlers found out sooner or later that across the Atlantic, as everywhere else, there is a very wide difference between romance and reality, and perhaps few of them have encountered Indians so noble as Chingachgook and his son Uncas, or hunters quite so unselfish as Leather-stocking. These characters, and many others which Cooper brought into existence, will outlast all the creations of the school of Cooper's countrymen who have since risen up to profess the great and solemn principles of 'æsthetic realism.'

The prime objection which must be made to most of the American novels which are now prepared for the English market is that they are not American and are not novels. Occasionally, indeed, a work of true merit reaches this country, without any adventitious aids of puffing, and it rarely fails to receive its due deserts. Such a work was 'Democracy.' No doubt, it presented a somewhat one-sided picture of American political and social life, but every one who has been behind the scenes at Washington must be aware that the picture, so far as it went, was not in the least degree overcharged. But the qualities which recommended it to English readers were its liveliness and general interest, the clever way in which the story was told, and the freshness and originality of the style. There were some remarkable resemblances between this work and another little story which had a great success in England two or three years ago, entitled 'A Fair Barbarian;' and the same hand seems to be visible in another story, still in course of publication, called 'Through One Administration.' Each of these books is thoroughly American, although the writer of the two which have been publicly acknowledged is not an American by birth. Mrs. Burnett assuredly has nothing to learn from the more pretentious novelists who advertise themselves and each other so energetically in this country. One of the most charming sketches which any imaginative writer has produced for years past is this lady's 'Louisiana'—a book which Nathaniel Hawthorne might have been proud to call his own. Although the story is merely that of a young girl who becomes ashamed of her poor uneducated father, and disowns him in the

presence of strangers, of the father's grief when he realizes the truth, and of the girl's subsequent remorse, there is so much tenderness in it, so true and profound a pathos, that it cannot fail to stir the most sluggish sympathies. The poor old man rebuilds his house, and tries to make it look fine, to correspond with the fine friends whom his daughter has made, but he feels sorrowfully that he cannot alter himself.

"'Thar's things," he says to his daughter, "as kin be altered, an' thar's things as cayn't. Let's alter them as kin. If ye'd like a cupoly put on the house, or, say, a coat of yaller-buff paint—Sawyer's new house is yaller buff, an' it's mighty showy; or a organ or a pianny, or more dressin', ye shall hev 'em. Them's things as it ain't too late to set right, an' ye shall hev 'em."

'But she only cried the more in a soft, hushed way.

"'Oh, don't be so good to me," she said. "Don't be so good and kind."

'He went on as quietly as before.

"'If—fur instants—it was me as was to be altered, Louisianny, I'm afeared—I'm afeared we couldn't do it. I'm afeared as I've ben let run too long—jest to put it that away. We mought hev done it if we'd hev begun airlier—say forty or fifty years back—but I'm afeared we couldn't do it now. Not as I wouldn't be willin'—I wouldn't hev a thing agin it, an' I try my best—but it's late. Thar's whar it is. If it was me asked to be altered—made more modern, an' to know more, an' to hev more style—I'm afeared thar'd be a heap o' trouble. Style didn't never seem to come nat'ral to me, somehow. I'm one o' them things as cayn't be altered. Let's alter them as kin.'"

The daughter repents sorely of her fault, and makes atonement; but the iron had entered deeply into the father's soul. The wounds of age do not easily close. One day he is taken ill, and his mind wanders to his dead wife, 'Ianthy,' who had often been in his thoughts in the midst of his great loneliness and sorrow.

'He turned his eyes slowly upon Louisiana as she entered, and for a second or two regarded her wonderingly. Then a change came upon him, his face lighted up—it seemed as if he was all at once aware who had come to him.

"'Ianthy!" he said. "I didn't sca'cely know ye! Ye've bin gone so long! Whar hev ye bin?"

'But even then she could not realise the truth. It was so short a time since he had bidden her good-night and kissed her at the door.

"'Father!" she cried. "It's Louisiana! Father, look at me!"

'He was looking at her, and yet he only smiled again.

"'It's ben such a long time, Ianthy," he said. "Sometimes I've thought ye wouldn't never come back at all."

' And

'And when she fell upon her knees at the bedside, with a desolate cry of terror and anguish, he did not seem to hear it at all, but lay fondling her bent head and smiling still, and saying happily :

"Lord! I *am* glad to see ye! . . . I didn't know ye was so nigh, Ianthy," he whispered. "Lord! jest to think yer allers nigh, an' thar cayn't nothin' separate us."

But before the close he recognizes his daughter once more :—

'That afternoon, when the sun was setting, the sick man wakened from a long, deep sleep. The first thing he saw was the bright pale-yellow of a tree out in the yard, which had changed colour since he had seen it last. It was a golden tree now as it stood in the sun, its leaves rustling in a faint, chill wind. The next thing, he knew that there were people in the room who sat silent and looked at him with kindly, even reverent eyes. Then he turned a little and saw his child, who bent towards him with dilated eyes and trembling, parted lips. A strange, vague memory of weary pain and dragging, uncertain days and nights came to him, and he knew and yet felt no fear.

"Louisianny!" he said.

'He could only speak in a whisper and tremulously. Those who sat about him hushed their very breath.

"Lay yer head—on the pillar—nigh me," he said. She laid it down and put her hand in his. The great tears were streaming down her face, but she said not a word.

"I hain't got long—honey," he faltered. "The Lord, He'll keer—fer ye."

'Then for a few minutes he lay breathing faintly, but with his eyes open and smiling as they rested on the golden foliage of the tree.

"How yaller—it is!" he whispered. "Like gold. Ianthy was powerful—sot on it. It—kinder beckons."

'It seemed as if he could not move his eyes from it, and the pause that followed was so long that Louisiana could bear it no longer, and she lifted her head and kissed him.

"Father!" she cried. "Say something to *me*! Say something to *me*!"

'It drew him back, and he looked up into her eyes as she bent over him.

"Ye'll be happy—" he said, "afore long. I kinder—know. Lord! how I've—loved ye, honey—an' ye've desarved it—all. Don't ye—do no one—a onjestice."

'And then, as she dropped her white face upon the pillow again, he saw her no longer—nor the people, nor the room, but lay quite still with parted lips and eyes wide open, smiling still at the golden tree waving and beckoning in the wind.

'This he saw last of all, and seemed still to see even when some one came silently, though with tears, and laid a hand upon his eyes.'

We cannot hope, by two or three quotations, to give a fair  
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idea of the charm and beauty of this little story—and yet for one reader who has admired ‘Louisiana,’ a hundred have read ‘Daisy Miller,’ with its artificial mannerisms and its tawdry smartness, and have fancied that they were being initiated into the secrets of American life and character.

That there are American girls like Mr. James’s Daisy Miller, we are not prepared to deny; but if we were to exhibit her as a fair representative of young women in the United States, or of any large section of them, every American would think that he had a fair right to complain. Mr. Henry James has done scant justice to his countrywomen; perhaps he has studied them less than he has studied the women of Europe. In the truly ‘first-class notice’ (with a pretty portrait attached) which Mr. Howells has liberally devoted to Mr. James—Mr. Howells having received a similar notice, also with a pretty portrait, a few months previously—we are told that Mr. James’s ‘race is Irish on his father’s side, and Scotch on his mother’s;’ that much of his early life was spent in Europe; that he was at Harvard a few years, and then ‘took up his residence in England and Italy which, with infrequent visits home, has continued ever since.’ It would therefore appear that the studies of Americans which Mr. James presents to us are made chiefly from a distance, and there are not a few Americans, proud of their own descent from the old stock, who would be inclined to receive with much coldness the credentials of his ‘race.’ New England blood was in Hawthorne’s veins, but Mr. James comes almost as a stranger to make his ‘analyses’ of Americans, many of whom, in New York, New England, Virginia, or the Carolinas, would have no difficulty in showing a family descent in their own country of two hundred and fifty years. This may have something to do with the singularity of the ‘types’ which supply Mr. James with his American portraits. The women are all flirts, so far as they are anything; the men are very like the conventional American of the stage. Daisy Miller goes about Rome at all hours with an enamoured Italian, and refuses to heed the remonstrance of her mother and her friends, and all the while—as we are led to suppose—she is really in love with some one else. The hero of ‘The American’—which is perhaps the best of Mr. James’s books—is a man who does all sorts of impossible things; indeed, every situation in the book is impossible. An American of the kind depicted in Christopher Newman never could have obtained admission into the proud and exclusive French circle where he goes to seek a wife, but if he *had* once been admitted, and if the family had undertaken not to oppose his addresses to the

the lady he had honoured with his admiration, assuredly they would not have 'backed out'—to use his own phrase—in the infamous way described by the novelist. His affianced bride would not have given him up at a moment's notice without rhyme or reason; and when he came into possession of a secret which placed the whole family in his power, a man like Christopher Newman would not have hesitated to use it. The plot, in fact, is simply chaotic—a wild caricature of real life; but Mr. James contrived to make his story interesting. Since the production of this work, he appears to have been guided by the principle which is expressed in Mr. Howells's panegyric: 'Will the reader be content to accept a novel which is an analytic study rather than a story?' The answer to this question, from nine readers out of ten, will be emphatically No: on that point neither Mr. Howells nor Mr. James need be in doubt for a single moment. When once the general reader is made to understand that he is not to go to these gentlemen for entertainment, even of the tamest kind, but only for philosophic instruction and dawdling sentimentality, their occupation will be gone. The one thing which the public exact of the dramatist or the novelist is, that they shall be amused. If the amusement is provided, they may perhaps be willing to take a little 'instruction' with it; but when it is all pill and no sugar, the dose will be rejected. Mr. Howells seems to be buoyed up with the hope of finding a much more accommodating frame of mind prevailing, at least in England. It is an act of kindness to warn him beforehand, that he is providing for himself an ample fund of future disappointment.

Mr. James, in his latest completed work—'The Portrait of a Lady'—carries out unflinchingly the theories of his school. There is no story. The book is one of the longest of recent times—767 closely-printed pages; and there is not a single interesting incident in it from beginning to end. No one can possibly care, for a single moment, what becomes of any of the characters. If an earthquake swallowed them all up in the middle of the second volume, the reader would only be tempted to thank the fates for a good deliverance. Three volumes of 'analysis' in small type is somewhat trying, even to the most sternly cultivated æstheticism. The characters are described at enormous length by Mr. James; then they describe themselves; then they are described by the other characters. Between them all, it would be strange if their 'points' were not sufficiently brought out. But nothing can relieve their inborn tediousness. Mr. James's descriptive writing is not remarkable for either grace or power, and his conversations are not brilliant.

brilliant. True Mr. Howells assures us that Mr. James's style 'is, upon the whole, *better than that of any other novelist*;' but some of us may perhaps hope for pardon if we prefer Scott, Thackeray, or George Eliot. It is evident that the Transatlantic æsthetic reformers will not run the risk of placing too low an estimate upon the services which they are rendering to literature. And then the theory is laid down, that the silly old custom of finishing a novel should be discarded. There is to be no beginning, no middle, and no end. It is like a lucky-bag at a bazaar—you thrust your hand in anywhere and take out anything you can find. As Mr. Howells says, the reader must be left 'arbiter of the destiny of the author's creations.' The novelist provides the characters, and everybody is left free to dispose of them according to his own taste. Thus, in 'The Portrait of a Lady,' the fate of all the personages in the book is left unsettled. We are shown at the close a glimpse of the lady and her lover—one of her lovers. 'He glared at her a moment through the dusk, and the next instant she felt his arms about her, and his lips on her own lips. His kiss was like a flash of lightning.' That is about all, but let no one do Mr. James the injustice to suppose that his scenes are all so warm as this. The flashes of lightning are few and far apart. As Professor Nichols observes, 'his morality [is] always reliable.' And no doubt it is worth something to be sure, when we take up a novel, that we shall have good 'reliable' morality in every page. That merit is possessed in an equal degree by Mr. Howells and Mr. James. So much it is due to them to acknowledge. Dull unspeakably dull, they may be; but they are never improper.

We have said that Mr. James's conversations, though long, are never brilliant. Open his pages where one may, and it will be found that the men and women are prying on in the same hum-drum fashion, and with apparently only one definite object in view—that of providing as many pages as possible of 'printed matter.' In a serial story, running, say, for twelve or eighteen months, this is a very important consideration. Mr. James has made himself, by practice, proficient in what may be called the tea-pot style of conversation:—

"I wonder if he will have some tea. The English are so fond of tea."

"Never mind that; I have something particular to say to you."

"Don't speak so loud or everybody will hear us," said Pansy.

"They won't hear us if you continue to look that way: as if your only thought in life was the wish that the kettle would boil."

"It has just been filled; the servants never know!" the young girl exclaimed with a little sigh.

"Do

"Do you know what your father said to me just now? That you didn't mean what you said a week ago."

"I don't mean everything I say. How can a young girl do that? But I mean what I say to you."

\* \* \* \* \*

Pansy raised the lid of the teapot, gazing into this vessel for a moment; then she dropped six words into its aromatic depths. "I love you just as much."—"The Portrait of a Lady," ii. 235, 236.

What sort of a cup of tea these six words made after they were dropped into the pot the author does not explain; but then he does not explain anything. The *dramatis personæ* wander about like babes in a wood. So, at least, it must seem to the ordinary reader, but we now know, from the information vouchsafed by Mr. Howells, that all this barren wilderness of conversation is intended as a mental exercise—it is an 'analytic study.' That Mr. James himself has studied before propounding his analysis must be taken for granted. But it is sometimes rather difficult to conjecture *where* he has studied for his characters, whether American or English—unless, perhaps, in the theatre, at a comic performance. His Lord Lambeth, for instance, in 'An International Episode,' put before us as a rather favourable type of the English gentleman, bears a very suspicious resemblance to Lord Dundreary. Here is a fragment of his conversation:—

"I thought you Americans were always dancing."

"I suppose we dance a good deal; but I have never seen much of it. We don't do it much, at any rate, in summer. And I am sure," said Bessie Alden, "that we don't have so many balls as you have in England."

"Really!" exclaimed Lord Lambeth. "Ah, in England it all depends, you know."

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"Certainly, from what I have read about English society, it is very different."

"Ah, well, you know," said her companion, "those things are often described by fellows who know nothing about them. You musn't mind what you read."

"Oh, I shall mind what I read," Bessie Alden rejoined. "When I read Thackeray and George Eliot, how can I help minding them!"

"Ah, well, Thackeray—and George Eliot," said the young nobleman; "I haven't read much of them."

"Don't you suppose they know about society?" asked Bessie Alden.

"Oh, I daresay they know; they were so very clever. But these fashionable novels," said Lord Lambeth, "they are awful rot, you know."

Sometimes,

Sometimes, however, this agreeable 'young nobleman' has a little more to say for himself than 'well, you know':—

"Damn my eyes!" exclaimed Lord Lambeth. "If one is to be a dozen times a day at the house, it is a great deal more convenient to sleep there. I am sick of travelling up and down this beastly avenue."

Now no one is disposed to deny either to Mr. James or to Mr. Howells any reasonable degree of credit which they may choose to demand for this kind of work; the reception of their novels in this country is sufficient proof of that. But what we are not prepared to concede is the extraordinary claim which has recently been put forward by one of them, and not disavowed by the other, to be accounted superior to Dickens and Thackeray. 'The art of fiction,' Mr. Howells gravely tells us, 'has in fact become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray. We could not suffer the confidential attitude of the latter now, nor the mannerism of the former. . . . These great men are of the past—they and their methods and interests.' The 'school which is so largely of the future as well as the present, finds its chief exemplar in Mr. James.' Mr. Howells has every reason to be satisfied, and perhaps astonished, at the progress which his 'school' is making in England, but surely it must grieve him to find that in his own country it has few adherents. Every day, in every part of the United States, one or other of the characters of Dickens or Thackeray is sure to make his or her appearance in scores of newspapers; for there is no part of the world where Dickens, especially, is more read and quoted. The accuracy of the portrait of Mr. Jefferson Brick, for example, is continually attested—as Mr. Howells must be well aware—by American journalists applying it to each other ten times a day. It is in the United States, and not in England, that one hears most of Elijah Pogram. Have any of the 'creations' of Mr. Howells or Mr. James taken this hold upon the popular mind, or passed into the daily literature of their country? Does anybody remember the name of one of Mr. Howells's characters, male or female? Does any one ever see that name quoted? We do not say that it is the duty of a novelist to be modest in his pretensions, but surely it is well for him to be prudent. And when he tells us that he and his companions in art have superseded Thackeray and Dickens, the majority of people will be constrained to make the reply which Martin Chuzzlewit gave to Colonel Diver, when he was asked which of the original Mr. Jefferson Brick's productions had

had caused the greatest sensation at the Court of St. James's—namely, that he had never heard of any of them.

Mr. Henry James has occasionally been so far faithless to the principles of his school, as to produce something which may be taken for a fairly developed and intelligible plot. But Mr. Howells is true to his faith. He literally has no story to tell. The two volumes which he has published under the title of 'A Modern Instance' contain nothing, so far as pure narrative is concerned, which could not be told in ten lines. The fact is, as the novelist himself explains to us, 'in one manner or other, the stories were all told long ago; and now we want merely to know what the novelist thinks about persons and situations.' Such is Mr. Howells's candid opinion.

'Mais tournez vous, de grâce, et l'on vous répondra.'

When an author has written half-a-dozen novels and a few odd plays, without the vestige of a plot in one of them, and not enough in all of them combined to make the foundation of a child's story, then it is quite obvious that a theory to account for and justify his style of art is no more than we have a right to expect. In 'A Modern Instance,' Mr. Howells appears to have called forth all the powers of his imagination. The hero, whose name is Bartley Hubbard, marries a girl who has fallen in love with him, deserts her, and disappears. He is described as a man with a 'yellow moustache,' wearing a 'diagonal coat'—not deficient, therefore, in originality of appearance. When he enters a room, he shows his superiority to ordinary mortals by 'dropping into one of the empty chairs, and hanging his leg over the arm'—the arm of the chair, as we may venture to presume. We should ourselves absolutely decline to accept Marcia, the heroine, as an accurate type of the American young lady of the present day; but Mr. Howells must be presumed to know best, and if his countrywomen like his portraits of them, well and good—it is not for us to object. In that case, they have a quick way of arranging their love affairs, as appears from the following passages:—

"Bartley! you shall *never* go!" she cried, throwing herself in his way. "Do you think I don't care for you, too? You may kiss me—you may *kill* me, now!" The passionate tears sprang to her eyes, without the sound of sobs or the contortion of weeping, and she did not wait for his embrace. She flung her arms around his neck, and held him fast, crying: "I wouldn't kiss you for your own sake, darling; and if I had died for it—I thought I should die last night—I was never going to let you put your arm round me again until you said—

said—till—till—now. Don't you see?" She caught him tighter, and hid her face in his neck," &c. &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Whether Bartley perfectly divined or not all the feeling at which her words hinted, it was delicious to be clung about by such a pretty girl as Marcia Gaylord, to have her now darting her face into his neck-scarf with intolerable consciousness, and now boldly confronting him with all-defying fondness, while she tightly pushed him and pulled him here and there in the vehemence of her appeal; and Bartley laughed as he caught her head between his hands, and covered her lips and eyes with kisses.'—I. 57-59.

The young lady's mother presently enters the room, and finds her seated on Bartley's knee. This interruption, however, does not disconcert any one, except the mother:—

"Oh, mother, it's you! I forgot about you. Come in! Or I'll set the table, if that's what you want." As Mrs. Gaylord continued to look from her to Bartley in her daze, Marcia added, simply, "We're engaged, mother. You may as well know it first as last, and I guess you had better know it first."

Now all this, we are asked to believe, is true to the life; but suppose any English novelist had given it as a representation of American manners and customs. Would not the eagle have screamed? Should we not have heard something about British ignorance and British 'condescension'? Then take another passage, which we cannot but regard as an outrage upon the high sense of 'chivalry' which we are told—and believe—characterizes all American men in their treatment of women. It is scarcely necessary to explain that this relates to a scene *after marriage*:—

"Bartley!" she besought him in her despair. "Do you drive me from you?"

"Oh, no: certainly not. That isn't my way. You have driven me from you, and I might claim the right to retaliate, but I don't. I've no expectation that you'll go away, and I want to see what else you'll do. You would have me before we were married; you were tolerably shameless in getting me; when your jealous temper made you throw me away, you couldn't live till you got me back again; you ran after me. Well, I suppose you've learnt wisdom now. At least you won't try *that* game again. But what *will* you do?" He looked at her, smiling, while he dealt her these stabs one by one.'

All this is said to a young mother, with her child in her arms. We must repeat that it would have fared ill with an English author who had drawn such a picture of any American.

Some

Some one went up to Sheridan once at a dinner party, and told him his handkerchief was hanging out of his pocket. 'Thank you, sir,' replied Sheridan, 'I suppose you know the company best.' On the same principle, we must be silent when Mr. Howells tells us about his own countrymen. But we are not surprised that the circle of his admirers is larger here than it is on the other side of the Atlantic. There he appears to have achieved a *succès d'estime*; it remained for the more generous critics in England to discover that Bartley Hubbard and Marcia Gaylord 'are worthy of a place beside some of the finest of George Eliot's creations.' After that, we really think the successors of Dickens and Thackeray might mercifully relax the severity of their judgments on this doomed and benighted country.

Whatever may be the differences of opinion as to the value of the new 'school,' it must be acknowledged on all sides that a novelist enjoys an immense advantage in being a contributor to an illustrated magazine, which is ready not only to publish his works, but to issue elaborate articles on their merits—accompanied, as we have said, by that most affecting of souvenirs, a 'portrait of the author,' duly softened and idealized. The art of puffery gets 'finer' every day, whatever we may think about the art of novel-writing. Literary men are only just beginning to learn how to use it with effect. They have looked on for years at its successful application to various branches of commerce, and at length it has dawned upon their minds, that it may just as well be made serviceable to them as to the vendor of a new universal pain-killer or of a 'liver-pad.' In England we are still a little behind-hand in this field; the latest improvements have been brought out in America for special use in England. Thus, the 'analysis' of Mr. Howells appeared last March, and his biographer certainly threw some light on the frame of mind which produces the æsthetic novel. It appears that Mr. Howells has somewhere exclaimed, 'Ah, poor real life, which I love, can I make others share the delight I find in thy foolish and insipid face?' 'This,' adds the panegyrist, 'is his attitude throughout.' It is at least a remarkable attitude. The great masters of the craft which Mr. Howells does not quite disdain to profess did not find real life insipid; not thus did it appear to the 'effete' Thackeray and Dickens, or even to Hawthorne, or to some of the American novelists of the present day whose names are still comparatively unknown to English readers. We need not be surprised at the stilted and unnatural air of most of the men and women who figure in Mr. Howells's pages, when we learn that he has discarded nature as unworthy  
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of further attention, and regards actual life as foolish and insipid. He prefers to paint from imagination. If a man has vast insight into human nature, and great gifts of imagination besides, he may possibly be able to place reliance upon his own unaided efforts. But Mr. Howells may depend upon it that, when any one tells him he is thus furnished for the fight, he is being lured to his destruction.

There is, however, more than one writer now living who deserves that credit for raising the character of American fiction, which has been so freely distributed among the select circle of *puffistes littéraires*. We need not refer at any length to Mr. Bret Harte, whose best works are known throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is true that these works are all short, but in such prosy days as our own they are none the worse on that account. As an 'analyst,' Mr. Bret Harte, it must be admitted, is nowhere. The youngest disciple of the Howells and James school would dissect a whole township while he was making a rough sketch of a wandering group in the Sierras. We admit also that Mr. Bret Harte seems to break down when he applies himself to any long and continuous effort. A more preposterous novel than 'Gabriel Conroy' was never written; it is wonderful how a very clever man could have gone on writing it without feeling, as it were, at his fingers' ends that he was producing a tissue of silly imitations of Bowery melodramas. But while Mr. Harte was working in the field where no one had preceded him, and which he had made his own—the mining districts of California—there was no one who could be compared with him; and we may safely say, in the midst of all the absurd braying of trumpets and beating of drums now going on, that his equal has not appeared since. It was Mr. Bret Harte's fortune to see California in the days of the 'Argonauts,' when gold-seeking was the all-absorbing passion of every man's mind. Those who pronounce real life 'insipid' should have been in the Sierras any time between 1849 and 1854. It might, perhaps, enlarge their ideas to go even now and take up their residence for a while among the drifting population of miners, mountaineers, and 'pikes,' which is still to be found in Nevada and California. The oft-repeated advice, 'go west,' would sometimes be as useful to the American novelist as to the newly arrived immigrant who is seeking occupation. It would at least enlarge his stock-in-trade. We should see less of the plaster images brought back from Venice, Paris, or London, and more of the living men and women who inhabit the American continent. Mr. Bret Harte's experiences were very different from those of the *littérateur* who takes to novel-writing

writing because it pays. When the thirst for gold, which sets in motion all the deepest springs of human nature, broke out in 1849, there was a great rush from all parts of the world for California. The news, that gold was to be had for the mere trouble of digging for it, sent tens of thousands of adventurers in hot haste to the Sierras, and led to a state of society which has never had a parallel in any country. Among the gold-seekers there were not a few who found it easier to murder than to dig, and they either held small communities in terror, or were occasionally driven out by vigilance committees. Some phases of this remarkable era in Californian life were caught by Mr. Bret Harte, and he has embalmed them in 'Poker Flat,' the 'Luck of Roaring Camp,' and other sketches which will never be forgotten, for they describe scenes which will occupy no small space hereafter in American history, and which disclose a new world to European eyes. We have always regretted that Mr. Bret Harte deserted this great and unknown tract for another in which there were no special opportunities for the exercise of his remarkable powers. All the romance was not gone out of California when the gold fever declined; the days of savage lawlessness, tempered only by vigilance committees, had passed away; but life on the Pacific Coast is full of picturesque elements, and it will be many a year yet before it flows in the monotonous channels which have been worn by time in the Eastern States. Unfortunately, as we must maintain, Mr. Bret Harte chose to desert his literary mine before it was half worked out, and he sought for inspiration in Boston, where none was to be had, and afterwards in Europe, where he will almost surely not find it. It is not Paris or London that needs further description, but Red Dog or Sandy Bar; the old Spanish population of the Pacific Coast, and the curious settlements which lie scattered along the Sacramento valley. We are not anxious to see any more American 'side-shows,' in which haughty French Counts and English Duchesses strut clumsily across the stage; but we cannot hear too much of the personages who, if not actually indigenous to American soil, are very rarely seen far away from it.

The influence of Charles Dickens is, no doubt, apparent in Mr. Bret Harte's manner, but he has too original a mind to be much indebted to any one. As with Dickens, every striking feature of a scene, every peculiarity which marked out a man or woman from the general throng, was photographed on his memory, and he reproduced it with marvellous fidelity. We are, of course, referring to the Californian period of his career, when he first made his mark, in the pages of a local magazine  
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which at that time was seen by very few persons east of the Rocky Mountains. We shall probably never again have such pictures of the nomadic tribes of adventurers who infested California some thirty years ago—vicious, hardened, reckless of life, and yet not altogether without some redeeming points. The little story, 'Tennessee's Partner,' contains half the history of those times in a few pages. Thoroughly characteristic of the desperate fraternity is the brief account of the arrest of Tennessee himself, by a lynching party:—

'As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up to Grizzly Cañon; but at its further extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and with this gambler's epigram he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.'

Then it will be remembered that Tennessee's partner comes forward and offers to buy him off, but Judge Lynch is incorruptible. Once more the figures of speech are borrowed from the popular game of 'euchre':—

'He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.'

Mr. Bret Harte is one of the writers who do not find it necessary to prove that they are Americans by an ostentatious display of hatred of everything English. There is no occasion with him for laboured satires on the country where he has found a hospitable greeting. All that he writes has a whiff in it of American air. And if the English public have anything more than

than a passing fancy for American novels, they cannot do better than choose those which are American in something more than the name—which depict Americans as they really are, and which serve to illumine the lesser known phases of the national character. The author of 'Democracy' has done this; so has the author of 'Through One Administration'—if, indeed, those works have two authors. It is certain that in each of these stories a comparatively new vein has been opened up. The novels of society in the United States have, as a rule, been little better than absurd travesties. We see the kind of American lady, for instance, that Mr. Howells can offer to our notice in Marcia Gaylord, Florida Vervain, and others of the same kind; while Mr. James has not yet shown us any one more attractive than Daisy Miller and Isabel Archer. In 'Democracy' we are also introduced to the American girl who is a *franche coquette*, but she is a coquette of a highly amusing kind; and in the other story we have named, there are female characters of a higher type—notably, in the wife who plays so important a part in the tale, and who cuts a figure in politics which may be new to English readers, but which is by no means without precedent in Washington. Mrs. Burnett has adventured boldly upon very delicate ground, but if political corruption is ever to be driven out by Congress and the State Legislatures, the novelist will have to reinforce the preacher and the avowed reformer. It has been denounced for years past from the pulpit, and condemned in the press; but we see no reason to believe that it is less prevalent than ever it was. 'Lobbying' is a trade—a profession, as some of its members insist on our calling it—which still pays better than almost any other, especially when a man (or a woman) has gained a reputation for exercising real skill, and for having the faculty of keeping silence. The fate of many a measure has been decided by the strategy of the female lobbyist, especially when she possesses the social advantages of Mrs. Amory in 'Through One Administration.' It is very likely that the process of telling the truth will be attended with some disagreeable incidents, and we may be sure that no one in Washington will be particularly anxious to be identified with Senator Plainfield, any more than with Senator Silas P. Radcliffe. Mrs. Burnett has cast off all disguises in her latest work, and if she has to encounter some severe criticisms in her adopted country, no one will be able to refuse her the praise to which she is justly entitled of having given the world the best American novels of the present day.

Another writer who has gained a great and well-deserved reputation

reputation in the United States, although he is comparatively little known in this country, is Mr. George W. Cable, who is doing for the State of Louisiana what Nathaniel Hawthorne did for New England—reproducing for us the people and customs of an age which, though not remote, has passed away. The French and the Spaniards of the last century, who held Louisiana, left the impress of their civilization upon its people, and it will be long before it entirely disappears. Until 1803, when Napoleon ceded the State to the American Government, partly in consideration of receiving fifteen millions of dollars, but chiefly to prevent the control of the Mississippi falling into the hands of the English—until then, the City of New Orleans was almost as French as any city in France itself. The population was then, as it largely is now, composed of people of French descent or of Creoles. It is this mixed and singular community which Mr. Cable has studied with so much care—not from a distance, but on the spot. He has revived, or imagined, many strange and touching stories of days when the French were doing great work on the Mississippi, and he has thrown the charm of romance round the old streets, whose very names still tell of the departed glories of the colonial epoch. The time is probably not far distant, when the only visible remains of the French and Spanish domination will have to be sought in the curious cemeteries, where the dead are put to rest in sealed tombs above ground; for New Orleans stands from two to four feet below the level of the Mississippi, and it would be impossible to dig a grave without coming to water. On the monuments which are preserved in the French and Spanish cemeteries, many a quaint inscription is to be seen, dating back to the period when Bienville was governor of the State. The people retain to this day some of their old peculiarities, but Mr. Cable has dealt chiefly with the Louisiana of from fifty to thirty years ago, and this was entirely unknown to the majority of Americans prior to his labours. In 'The Grandissimes' he has presented a vigorous series of pictures of a somewhat earlier date—the period when Louisiana had just been sold, and her people were indignant at the unceremonious way in which they had been turned over to the United States. The colonists were faithful to the mother country, although the mother country was not faithful to them. Mr. Cable has given many illustrations of the bitterness which was at first caused by their compulsory transfer to the United States, and in 'The Grandissimes' he makes one of his principal characters die with the declaration on his lips, that 'old Louisiana will rise again. She will get back her trampled rights.' And doubtless the

the Louisianians wished sincerely for the fulfilment of some such prediction as that in the days when General Butler ruled over them with a rod of iron, or in the still darker days when they were delivered over, bound hand and foot, to be governed by the negroes. Many, who had the means to go, fled into Texas; others remained, only to be ruined. There was no 'vindictiveness' on the part of the United States Government; but a generation was destroyed.

'The Grandissimes' is the most carefully wrought-out of Mr. Cable's stories, but the most finished is, we think, 'Madame Delphine,' and some of his shorter sketches in 'Old Creole Days' are scarcely inferior to it. Madame Delphine is supposed to be one of the quadroons whose beauty made New Orleans famous, and whose descendants still attract the admiration of every traveller who visits the Crescent City. 'Old travellers,' as Mr. Cable tells us, 'spare no terms to tell their praises, their faultlessness of feature, their perfection of form, their varied styles of beauty—for there were even pure Caucasian blondes among them—their fascinating manners, their sparkling vivacity, their chaste and pretty wit, their grace in the dance, their modest propriety, their taste and elegance in dress. In the gentlest and most poetic sense, they were indeed the sirens of this land, where it seemed "always afternoon." To this class belongs Madame Delphine, she and her daughter Olive, a beautiful girl, but bitterly oppressed by the law of the State, which forbade the marriage of a white man with a woman of the coloured race, no matter how fair she might be. The daughter falls in love, and with a man whom she cannot marry. There is no way of escape for her but one—and that one her mother alone can open up. Madame Delphine does not hesitate. She goes before a magistrate and swears that Olive is not her daughter; that her parents were of the white race, and committed the child to her charge to be brought up as her own. There is no longer any impediment to the marriage, and Madame Delphine is present at the ceremony, and bears bravely up, but afterwards she desires to see the priest, and makes confession:—

"Olive is my child. The picture I showed to Jean Thompson is the half sister of my daughter's father, dead before my child was born. She is the image of her and of him; but, O God! Thou knowest! Oh, Olive, my own daughter!"

'She ceased and was still. Père Jerome waited, but no sound came. He looked through the window. She was kneeling, with her forehead resting on her arms—motionless.

'He repeated the words of absolution. Still she did not stir.

Vol. 155.—No. 309.

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"My daughter," he said, "go to thy home in peace." But she did not move.

He rose hastily, stepped from the box, raised her in his arms, and called her by name.

"Madame Delphine!" Her head fell back in his elbow; for an instant there was life in the eyes—it glimmered—it vanished, and tears gushed from his own and fell upon the gentle face of the dead, as he looked up to Heaven and cried:

"Lord, lay not this sin to her charge!"

In all these stories of Mr. Cable's there is one disadvantage which may, we fear, tend to diminish the pleasure of the ordinary reader in them. It is the free use which he is obliged to make of the Creole *patois*. If this difficulty can be patiently endured for a few pages, it will afterwards be easily surmounted, and it is not greater, after all, than that which must be faced in any novel which sets before us in true colours the local life of various States in America. For although we are often told that 'dialect' is peculiar to England, and that identically the same language is spoken all over the United States, the fact is that the local peculiarities of speech are as mysterious as those which still remain in the different counties of England. The New England dialect itself—the only place, as we are assured, where we may draw from the 'well of English undefiled'—is not without the 'provincialisms' which some American writers dwell so much upon as characteristic of old England alone. A couple of passages from Mrs. Stowe's 'Oldtown Fireside Stories' will serve as examples of what we mean:—

"Your gran'ther used to know old Cack, boys. He was a drefful drinkin' old crittur, that lived there all alone in the woods by himself, a-tendin' saw and grist mill. He wa'nt allers jest what he was then. Time was that Cack was a pretty consid'ably likely young man, and his wife was a very respectable woman—Deacon Amos Petengall's dater from Sherburn.

"Wal, I wouldn't say he was railly wickeder than the run; but he was one o' these 'ere high-stepping, big-feeling fellers that seem to be a hevin' their portion in this life. Drefful proud he was; and he was pretty much sot on this world, and kep' a sort o' court goin' on round him. Wal, I don't jedge him nor nobody; folks that hes the world is apt to get sot on it. . . . 'Ye see, Cack,' said Cap'n Eb, 'I'm off my road, and got snowed up down by your bars,' says he. 'Want ter know!' says Cack. 'Calculate you'll jest have to camp down here till mornin',' says he."

In the south and south-west there are well-marked 'provincialisms,' as the native writers who have written novels descriptive of that region have not failed to show. A story used

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to be told after the War by the Union soldiers of a Georgia woman, who, seeing a party of Kentucky cavalry passing her house, came out and said, 'Be you-uns kim all the way from Kintuck, critter back, to fight for we-uns?' The Indiana local peculiarities are well brought out in a very amusing book, entitled 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster,' by Mr. Edward Eggleston—Indiana being known as the 'Hoosier State.' Mr. Eggleston's scene is laid in the country districts, where 'high art' is not yet thoroughly understood, but there can be no doubt that he has faithfully described his people. He introduces us to a young man from the East, who has gone to Indiana in the hope of obtaining employment as a schoolmaster, and this is the way in which the candidate is addressed by the principal school trustee:—

"I 'low it takes a right smart man to be school-master in Flat Crick. They'd pitch you out of doors, sonny, neck and heels, afore Christmas. . . . It takes a *man* to boss this deestrick. Howsumdever, if you think you kin trust your hide in Flat Crick school-house, I ha'n't got no objection. But ef you git licked don't come on us. Flat Crick don't pay no insurance, you bet. Any other trustees? Wal, yes. But as I pay the most taxes t'others jist let me run the thing. You can begin right off a Monday. They a'n't been no other applications. You see it takes some grit to apply for this school. The last master had a black eye for a month. But, as I said, you can jist roll up and wade in. I 'low you've got pluck, and that goes for a heap sight more'n sinnoo with boys. Walk in, and stay over Sunday with me. You'll hev to board roun', and I guess you better begin here."

This passage enables us to catch a passing glimpse of Indiana life as well as of Indiana speech. Any one who desires to understand something about the American people—as distinguished from dubious examples of New York dandies and Boston young ladies—will do well to make himself acquainted with works like that of Mr. Eggleston. An American book-collector has said that he has in his library over seven hundred native American novels; whether he has included in his collection the hybrid æsthetic novel we are not aware. But stories like Mr. Cable's or Mr. Eggleston's would certainly not be omitted. There is evidently more 'life' in the country districts of Indiana than is dreamt of in the Bostonian school of philosophy. 'Book larnin',' says one of Mr. Eggleston's characters, 'don't do no good to a woman. I never knowed but one gal in my life as had ciphered into fractions, and she was so dog-on stuck up that she turned up her nose one night at a apple-peelin, bekase I tuck a sheet off the bed to splice

out the table-cloth, which was rather short. And the sheet was mos' clean, too. Had'n ben slep on more'n wunst or twicet.' This kind of realism would, no doubt, be too much for the delicate sensibilities of Mr. Eggleston's more artistic competitors.

We have now endeavoured, as well as we could within these narrow limits, to make clear the distinction which should be drawn between the real and the spurious American novel. This was a task which urgently required to be performed in the interests of literature as well as of 'art.' If we can get the genuine product of the country, there is no necessity to be contented with bad imitations of it. Numbers of American writers have given us stories, not deficient in general interest, and yet which are purely American, containing much that is most instructive and suggestive concerning their own country and its inhabitants. They must be amazed—such of them as are still living—when they find that while half England is running eagerly after the great American Novel, their own work has been left out of sight, and that English critics in important journals are declaring that now, for the first time, a school of 'imaginative composition' is making itself visible across the Atlantic. There has been nothing of the kind, it appears, till just lately, either in prose or verse. The delightful poems in which Whittier has told his beautiful tales of Indian or colonial life—some of them written nearly fifty years ago—are not worthy of even a passing word. The whole series of distinctively American novels, from 'Arthur Mervyn' down to 'The Grandissimes,' is dismissed with contempt. We are, so we are informed, looking on at the 'modest and unpretending' beginnings of American fiction. Modest and unpretending are happy phrases to apply to the claims which have been put forward by writers who insist upon our acknowledging that they have compelled Thackeray and Dickens to 'take back seats,' and are masters of a style 'better than that of any other novelist.' Can we wonder that the very members of this 'school' should be tempted to tell us plainly that English criticism 'is only the result of ignorance—simply of inability to understand'? This may appear a very ungrateful return for all the flattery which in this country has been lavished on the Howells and James school; but we cannot say that it is undeserved. Undoubtedly a good deal of 'ignorance' has been shown, and the present obsequious attitude of English critics in the presence of anything which is called 'American' reveals a clear 'inability to understand' true American literature. So far, then, the assertion is well founded. And as

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for its incivility, we have provoked that also. The respect of the Americans is never to be won by indiscriminate adulation. Before very long, the good sense of the public will correct the follies of the critics. They must already begin to have their doubts, whether the water-gruel diet on which they have been placed can really be the strong American meat of which they have heard so much. Eventually the truth will become clear to them. They will see that imaginative literature in America had passed through a long and respectable life before the Boston Mutual Admiration Society was even heard of; and they will come to the conclusion that, if the American novel has reached its highest perfection in the works proceeding from this band of brothers, then that they have had quite enough of it, and they will turn with joy from the prophets of realism to the old-fashioned novelists who had no 'style' worth mentioning—to Georges Sand and Balzac, to Walter Scott and Jane Austen, and even in the last resort to Thackeray and Dickens.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Parliamentary Papers, Egypt*, 1881–82.

2. *Egypt: Native Rulers, and Foreign Interference*. By Baron de Malortie. London, 1882.

3. *Egypt under its Khedives*. By Edwin de Léon, Ex-Agent and Consul-General in Egypt. London, 1882.

4. *Speech of the Marquis of Salisbury at Edinburgh*, Nov. 23, 1882.

**A**LTHOUGH the Egyptian Question has been subjected to much the same treatment as the Sphinx, and battered and beaten by innumerable hands, yet, as in the case of the Sphinx, its real secret has never been fully divulged. Counsel has been darkened thereupon by voluminous despatches, bulky Blue-books, and newspaper correspondents (both amateur and professional), each and all revealing, or pretending to reveal the truth, yet really divulging only fragmentary truths, or untruths, of more or less importance, and ending in general bewilderment as to the causes and consequences of the war from which we have lately emerged. If, as the Laureate sings, 'a truth that is only half a truth, is ever the blackest of lies,' we cannot long breathe safely in such an atmosphere as that which has enveloped Egypt and the Egyptians, ever since Arabi Pasha emerged from obscurity, and was permitted through the vacillating policy of Her Majesty's Government to pose as the Rienzi of his country, and even in his prison to perplex and stultify

stultify his conquerors, converting his own trial into theirs. Yet in spite of the avalanche of words, tumbled down on the heads of the hapless public by tongue and pen on this prolific theme, the two great questions underlying the Egyptian imbroglio have never yet been fully and fairly grappled with by those who made the mischief.

These questions are: First, what were the real causes which plunged England into a war, at first declared to be no war, but a series of 'operations more or less sanguinary'—and subsequently defined as 'a war conducted strictly on the principles of peace'? and, secondly, whether the pleas set up for the necessity of any war at all were valid, and susceptible of such proof as would vindicate the Government from the sin and shame of needlessly plunging two countries into all the miseries and losses of a useless war?

We assert, and propose to prove, that the war with Egypt, which has ended in the virtual establishment of an English Protectorate over that country (however much we may dislike it), and saddled the Imperial Government with the sole responsibility for Egypt's future, at the cost of much blood and treasure and heavy prospective taxation on both countries, might easily have been avoided by the exercise of a little statesmanship, a little prescience, and a little consistency, on the part of the Government, now at its wits' end to decide what use to make of the mastership it has obtained.

Let us therefore see whether an indictment on these charges can be sustained, and also whether the results arising from the war are such as to redeem its irregularities, and to repay the Imperial Government for the waste of life and treasure, past, present, and to come, which it has involved. With patriotic self-sacrifice, the Opposition in Parliament, and through their mouthpiece, the press, have not resisted the action of the Government, however foolish and faulty they considered it, because the country was at war; and until that war was over, if they could not approve, they still remained silent, so as not to achieve a party triumph at the cost of national disaster. This long silence has at last been broken by Lord Salisbury, in his speech at Edinburgh on the 23rd of November, before the Conservative Club; and as the whole issue is summed up in his arraignment of the Government, we reproduce the more important portions of his speech:—

'However ready we may be to tender the homage of our unrestrained admiration for the valour shown in Egypt and the skill with which that valour has been guided, we cannot undertake to transfer bodily to Her Majesty's Government the whole of the merit acquired

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by our army. I think before that takes place this country will require to examine the policy by which the war in Egypt was rendered necessary, and, later on, to examine the results to which this expenditure of blood and treasure has led. I feel that there has been lost to the world a splendid specimen of political denunciation, because the misdeeds of the Ministry of 1882 were unfortunately not subject to the criticism of the orator of 1880. What magnificent lessons, what splendid periods of eloquence we have lost! Just think if Mr. Gladstone, when the spirit of 1880 was upon him, think if he could have had to deal with the case of a Ministry professing the deepest respect for the concert of Europe, the deepest anxiety to obey its will—a Ministry which, with these professions upon its lips, assembled a Conference, and kept it for months in vain debate; under cover of these discussions prepared its armaments, asked for a mandate to invade a country, which the Conference refused to give, and then, when the refusal was given, and the armaments were ready, the Conference was calmly shown to the door, and the country which they had asked the leave of Europe to take, they took in despite of Europe's will. If the orator of 1880 had had such a theme to dwell upon, what would he not have said of the disingenuousness and the subtlety, of the fair name of England soiled, and the necessity above all things, as a safeguard against selfish action, of scrupulous obedience to the united will of Europe?

‘Suppose that unequalled orator had had before him the case of a Government who sent a large fleet—a vast fleet—into a port where they had no international right to go, and when that fleet was there, demanded that certain arrangements should be made on land which they had no international right to demand; and, when those demands were not satisfied, forthwith enforced them by the bombardment of a great commercial port—what would you not have heard of political brigandage? What sermons would you not have listened to with respect to the equality of nations—the weakest and the strongest—before the law of Europe? What denunciations would you not have heard of those who could, for the sake of British interests, expose such a city to such a catastrophe, and carry fire and sword among a defenceless people?

‘Now, in speaking of the policy which has led to this war in Egypt, I do not think it necessary to notice the attempts which have been made by some minor organs of the Government to infer, that what has happened at the end of 1882 was the necessary result of what was done in 1879. They will find that the system of government—or the system of financial administration I should rather say—we counselled the Khedive to set up, was one which Her Majesty's Government, when they succeeded to office, expressed their approval of, and was one which they could have altered or abandoned if they disapproved of it. It was perfectly open to the Government to have abandoned the system if they found it fraught with either inconvenience or danger. It is notorious that they approved of it from the first. I am not myself so far enamoured of it that I should now propose its restoration; but it was an expedient perfectly suited to the circumstances under

under which it was set up, and it might have been maintained for a very considerable time, if there had been applied to it those qualities which are necessary to sustain any Oriental system of administration—namely, that the authority which was vindicated should be vindicated by force so soon as it was vindicated by words, and that no time should elapse between the utterance of defiance and its justification. That is the condition of the maintenance of authority in every Oriental country.’

It may be said that these are merely partisan statements, unsupported by proofs. Those proofs, which it was impossible to marshal and array at such a place, and on such an occasion, we shall now bring forth from their hidden receptacle, the catacombs of the Blue-books, in conjunction with the contradictory statements and admissions made by various members of the Cabinet;—one of whom, in seceding from it, has passed judgment on his colleagues in the following emphatic words: ‘I think that in the present case (the bombardment) there has been a manifest violation both of international laws and of the moral law, and therefore it is impossible for me to give my support to it.’

The march of events in Egypt has been too rapid and too recent to require any detailed statement of the discontents and political changes there, which led to a collision between the Anglo-French Control and the representatives of the Egyptian people—widening into a breach between that Control and the Ministry and Chamber of Notables, and ending with the armed intervention of England alone—avowedly to restore the Khedive’s authority and the *status quo*, both of which that armed intervention has destroyed as effectually as Arabi’s success could ever have done; a result for which in his letter from prison he returned thanks to Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville. Nevertheless, so much confusion still exists in the public mind about the real sequence of events, as to render a brief and rapid narration of them useful and necessary, in order to understand the relations of England and Egypt towards each other, as well as to the European Powers, and to the Suzerain Sultan.

The initial point of departure from the old Egyptian despotism—the arbitrary rule of an hereditary Prince, tempered only by irregular interference from the Porte and the Great Powers—can be traced back to the later days of Ismail Khedive. Ismail attempted to do for Egypt what Napoleon III. did for France. That he modelled his rule on that of Napoleon III. must be evident to all who contrast the Egypt which Ismail found

found on his accession in 1863, and the Egypt from which he was exiled in 1879. This was shown, externally by his partial destruction and reconstruction of the city of Cairo, which he found purely Oriental and left semi-European: and internally by his imitation of the Napoleonic idea of making popular suffrage the foundation of Imperial power. It is true that he could not call for an actual plebiscite, for with the materials at his command that would have been too broad a farce for even an Ismail to play in the face of Europe; but he fell back on a support similar in kind, if not in degree, to sustain him equally against foreign encroachments and home discontents, by the convocation of an Egyptian Chamber of Notables fresh from the people. Then and there were sown the seeds of a National Party, whose head was Cherif Pasha; and of a national movement, which took root and germinated till it bore fruit in the late sanguinary struggle. At the same time Ismail taught the army its power as a political lever, for on the day he summoned it to overthrow the Nubar, Rivers Wilson, and de Blignières Ministry, he introduced a new element into Egyptian State affairs.

Freed from his busy brain and restless hand, Egypt for a short time seemed to have relapsed into chronic political apathy, allowing the Anglo-French Control to verify its title, and the young Khedive Tewfik nominally to govern the country. This 'fool's paradise' in Egypt lasted less than two years, the discontent of the people and army giving only slight but significant indications of its existence; but 'the rest of mankind' (including the bondholders, whose interest was punctually paid) began to believe that this halcyon state of things might be permanent. The incident of the release of the colonels by their regiments, and the powerlessness of the Government as indicated thereby (1st of February, 1881), should have served as a warning to the Optimists, but did not. We need not stay to discuss whether it was by an arbitrary act of the ruling party that some Fellah officers were superseded by Circassians, or because the Fellahs had been tampering with the fidelity of their kindred troops. It is enough to remind our readers that the three colonels who were foremost in petitioning against that step—Abdelal, Ali Fehmi, and Arabi—were arrested by a ruse and released by the soldiers, who at the same time procured from the Khedive the dismissal of the Circassian Minister of War, Osman Rifki. On that day there came to the front a figure, destined for a time to overshadow all others in Egypt, and to secure the support of the army and of the Egyptian people at large, as the representative man of both, as well as the  
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head of the National Party, whose real chief was and is Cherif Pasha, a genuine Egyptian patriot.

As early as August, 1879 (before Arabi was heard of), Cherif, then Prime Minister, had submitted to Tewfik a programme for a new Constitution, which would have given representation in Parliament to the Egyptian people, and have converted the Khedive into a constitutional monarch, which constitution he persuaded his Ministry to adopt. On its presentation, the Khedive disapproved of it as 'being inapplicable to the country,' and the Ministry resigned. Speaking at the time to Mr. Lascelles, Acting Consul-General, the Khedive informed him of his objections; after which Mr. Lascelles saw Cherif, 'who said that, although personally glad to be released from his duties, he must regret, as an Egyptian, the return to personal power. It was a real misfortune for the country if it should again fall under the rule of an absolute sovereign.'\* It was this attempt of Tewfik to play Ismail, in refusing to listen to the most patriotic of his counsellors, whom he replaced by the retrograde Riaz, the advocate of Absolutism, that commenced the series of blunders which almost wrecked himself and Egypt. But this piece of veritable history places Cherif on the pedestal to which his injudicious foreign supporters have sought to elevate Arabi, as originator and champion of the National Party in Egypt, in ignorance of the stern rebuke administered to Arabi by Cherif on his assuming office, 'when' (as Cherif reports) 'I told Arabi Bey that whatever his aim might be, and whether the cry for reform was justified or not, it was not for a soldier to express, much less enforce, opinions;' and I added, 'your servant—any fellah—has much more right than you to criticize the Government and the institutions of the country.' M. de Blignières therefore truly characterized Cherif Pasha, when in his letter to M. Clémenceau he styled him, 'the true father of the National party in Egypt.'

The immediate moving cause of Arabi's earliest revolt has been given in two paragraphs of Sir E. Malet's despatch to Lord Granville of the 22nd of September, 1881, where he says: 'Time has confirmed the correctness of the account of the causes of the discontent of the officers, in my despatch of the 2nd of February. It sprung from the comparative or rather total neglect of necessary reform in the army, while other branches of the administration and the country generally were being cared for.' But other and deeper causes of discontent existed, which emboldened the mutineers to identify themselves with the popular cause. The chief of these were: impatience of the Foreign Control, the heavy

\* Parliamentary Papers, 'Egypt,' No. 1, page 65.

taxation for payment of the National Debt, the exclusion of natives from public office, the substitution of foreigners with high salaries, amounting to about 400,000*l.* per annum, and the exemption of foreign residents from taxation, except in a few immaterial instances. Hence the cry of 'Egypt for the Egyptians' became the cry of the military mutineers, and obtained for them the sympathy and support of the Egyptian people, who welcomed them as deliverers from foreign taskmasters. The actual existence of a National Party, or of popular sentiment among the oppressed Egyptians, has been obstinately denied in and out of Parliament, in the teeth of Parliamentary papers accessible to all who choose to read them. Proofs of its reality may be found on almost every page of those papers since 1879. Turning, for instance, to No. 2397, page 45, we find that the popular agitation against the Rivers Wilson and De Blignières Ministry had assumed such proportions as to alarm the English Consul-General, who reports it fully. On the 1st of April of that year he advises the Government of proposed popular demonstrations 'which might not improbably lead to disorder.' He also advises them that 'there is a considerable agitation at Cairo, where meetings are held by Ulemas and Notables, with the object of exciting animosity against the European Ministers.' He furthermore explains the object of those meetings to be 'to get up petitions to put into force the Turkish Constitution promulgated in Egypt in 1877, but which had hitherto remained a dead letter.' He further goes on to explain, that the persons getting up these meetings are not 'of the baser sort,' but 'persons of wealth and position, not agitators or soldiers, and that the Ulemas had been led to believe it was the intention of the European Ministers to hand over the country entirely to the Europeans.' He also reports that sixty-two delegations from the Ulemas and high native functionaries, seventy-three from civil and military officers, forty-one of merchants and Notables, and sixty members of the Chamber of Delegates, had presented addresses to the Khedive protesting against the designs of the European Ministers. It will be observed that this movement was a purely political one, and was sustained by influential members of the Chamber of Delegates. Additional proof, therefore, of the existence even at that early day of a National Party outside of the Military Party, which did not then exist, it is unnecessary to produce. It was the attempt to ignore and resent this national movement, under compulsion of the Controllers, which so nearly cost Tewfik his throne and life: not merely his resistance to military mutineers seeking higher pay and rank, though the latter finally

finally sought to achieve their selfish ends through an appeal to popular sentiment, and succeeded. Yet Her Majesty's Government obstinately refused to see or recognize this National Party, and hugged to their heart the delusion that, by putting down what they termed 'Arabi's rebellion,' they could restore peace and prosperity to Egypt; although the condition of affairs there, and the necessity of the continued military occupation of the country, ought to have taught them the reverse.

That French statesmen did not regard this as a mere 'military revolt,' is abundantly proven by their despatches, to be found in the French Yellow-books of 1881-82. One citation will suffice to show the broader view taken across the Channel of these disturbances, and the admission of the existence of '*Egyptian aspirations for self-government*' underlying them. In a despatch to the French Consul-General at Cairo, of the 27th of October, 1881, M. St. Hilaire says:—

'As to the *Egyptian aspirations for self-government*, it would not be easy for us here to judge of the exact value of these legitimate aspirations, nor how they might be satisfied. But these aspirations are too real, and, in some sense, too well justified, to warrant their being neglected, or to admit the idea of suppressing them. What the so-called "National Party" in Egypt really is—of what elements it is composed; what are its reasonable demands; how they could be satisfied;—those are the points on which especially we should be enlightened by our agents, who, being on the spot, see affairs from a closer point, and alone can see them properly. The assembly of the Notables, which will take place in two months, will afford you a valuable opportunity, of which you will know how to avail yourself. —'Egypt,' No. 5, p. 71.

To controvert the flippant denials of the existence of a National Party in Egypt, made by English and French writers—the fountain of whose knowledge is the gossip of the Cairene hotels—we have abundant testimony in the statements made by leading natives before the Cairo Commission of Enquiry, recently held. Out of a cloud of witnesses we cite the evidence of Sheik Mohammed Abdu, a learned member of the Mosque El-Azhar, a literary man but no politician, appointed by Cherif Pasha Director of the Arabic Press, the functions of which he calmly performed, during all the late disturbances, with an equanimity reminding us of Goethe's under somewhat similar circumstances. He testifies that, although not an admirer or follower of Arabi at any time, he too, like every one else at Cairo, was a Nationalist: and in reference to the war he uses this plain language:—

'No one doubts that the war was a National one, and all classes of the

the people rushed into it with enthusiasm, giving all assistance in their power, believing it to be a war between Egypt and England. I never heard it said that the Khedive was fighting against his own army, for it was generally known that the war was begun by his orders. It was known that the Khedive had removed Arabi from office for not having obeyed his order to continue the resistance against the English, and to fortify some positions in order to prevent a landing. *That the war was National none could doubt who saw that our Princes, Notables, Sheiks, and persons of all ranks, contributed horses, grain and money.* I saw the people going to the war quite willingly—whether Fellahs or Bedouins—and showing eagerness to fight the English. Whenever the subject of the war was mentioned at any meeting, a prayer was offered up for the success of our arms.’

The Sheik Abdu was so obnoxious to Arabi from his conservatism, that he was denounced by that chieftain as unworthy to wear a turban, which he recommended him to discard; and he preached moderation even to Sultan Pasha (recently decorated by the Queen, on the recommendation of Her Majesty’s Ministers), when that worthy declaimed against the employment of foreigners. A well-informed observer on the spot thus summarizes the Sheik’s testimony:—

‘Sheik Abdu was opposed to the military demonstration at Abdin, to the dismissal of the Ministry, as demanded by the Military party, and even to the convocation of the Chamber of Notables. “I felt that danger was approaching,” said the Sheik; “I did not cease in my opposition to the movement, but,” he adds, “a series of facts occurred which shook my convictions, and gave my opponents very strong arguments against the opinions which I then entertained. I saw”—to summarize his statement—“that Cherif Pacha, a man of high and deserved reputation for his intelligence and great experience, had accepted the Presidency of the Cabinet, the re-assembly of which had been procured by military pressure and threats against the regular Government of the country; that Haidar Pacha, a member of the reigning family, had accepted the portfolio of Finance; that the rebellious colonels—Arabi Bey and the others—had been received by the Khedive with distinction. Large assemblies of Notables met at the house of Sultan Pacha, who had hastened to Cairo from the interior; and the resolutions passed at these meetings and others of the same kind received the warm approval of his Highness and his Ministers of State. Under these circumstances,” argues the Sheik, “I could not but see that the movement was becoming not only a national one, but legally a national one; for had not numbers of leading Nationalists, with the authority of the whole party, become responsible for the preservation of order and the conduct of the army; and had not their assurances and their guarantees been welcomed by the Government?”’

One such witness as this must outweigh the loose statements  
of

of a score of scribes, writing from imperfect information or preconceived prejudices, and blinded by passion or policy. A hundred more native witnesses, above suspicion, and testifying (as did this Sheik) to their own disadvantage and peril, before English intervention on behalf of Arabi and his colleagues had rendered it safe to speak so plainly,—confirm this testimony, and conclusively establish the fact, not only of the existence of a National Party, but also of such a party being the backbone and mainstay of Arabi's armed resistance to England.

From the contrary delusion, which—as we have already said—possessed Her Majesty's Ministers, there was a rude awakening on the 9th of September, 1881, shortly after the second anniversary celebration of Tewfik's accession; for on that day 2500 soldiers with arms in their hands, headed by Arabi Bey, colonel of one of the regiments, who had previously figured in Ismail Pasha's demonstration above referred to, surrounded the Khedive's Palace of Abdin at Cairo, and imperiously demanded, in writing, 1st, The dismissal of the Ministry headed by Riaz Pasha, '*which had sold the country to the English:*' 2ndly, The convocation of the Notables, representing the Egyptian people: and 3rdly, The increase of the army to 18,000 men, as provided for by the Military Commission then in session.

We have full accounts of this *émeute* from two English officials who witnessed it, and supported the Khedive with their counsel during its continuance. Their reports will be found in the Parliamentary Papers (Egypt, No. 3), but a condensation of the narratives is furnished by a recent publication, '*Egypt under its Khedives,*' of which we shall avail ourselves, as it gives the situation in a few words.

'The scene is thus graphically described by Sir A. Colvin, who accompanied the Khedive when he went to confront the mutineers on the square fronting the Abdin Palace, which was entirely occupied by soldiers. I said to him, "When Arabi Bey presents himself, tell him to give you his sword, and to follow you. Then go the round of the square, address each regiment separately, and give them the order to disperse." Arabi Bey approached on horseback. The Viceroy called out to him to dismount. He came forward, with several others, on foot, and a guard with fixed bayonets, and saluted. As he came forward, I said to the Viceroy, "Now is your moment." He replied, "We are between four fires, we shall be killed." He then told Arabi to sheathe his sword. The order was obeyed, and he then asked him what all this meant. Arabi replied by enumerating the above three points, adding that the army had come there on the part of the Egyptian people to enforce them, and would not retire until they were conceded. The Viceroy turned to me, and said, "You

"You hear what he says!" On Sir A. Colvin's suggestion, he then retired to his Palace, leaving him to confer with the mutineers, which he did for an hour, until the arrival of Mr. Cookson (acting Consul-General). The latter then continued the conference. Mr. Cookson found Arabi obstinate in the repetition of his formula and his intention to carry it out, returned to the palace, saw the Khedive, and recommended, as did Sir A. Colvin, that the officers should be informed that the Khedive was in communication with the Sublime Porte as to their demands, and that they should be asked to disperse until the answer came. Arabi replied that they would remain under arms until the answer came, and, if unfavourable, they would cease to recognize the Khedive, until a Turkish Commissioner came to settle the questions at issue.

'The Khedive then offered at once to dismiss his ministers, keeping the other questions in abeyance, which Arabi accepted, with the proviso, that no member of the Khedive's family should be in the Ministry, nor should the Minister of War be a Circassian or Turk, as contra-distinguished from an Arab. Cherif Pacha was agreed on as President of the Council, with power to form a new Ministry at once. The Khedive's letter to Cherif announcing this was read aloud, and greeted with shouts of "Long live the Khedive!" and Tewfik, showing himself on the balcony, was greeted with acclamations.'—Pages ix. and x.

While all was chaos, Cherif Pasha was again called to the helm, and righted the ship. Mr. Cookson, the then acting Consul-General, whose clear head and courageous spirit were demonstrated on many occasions during these troubles, and notably when he almost lost his life in the June riots, but whose repeated warnings, like those of Cassandra, were given in vain, thus contrasts the conduct of Cherif and of Arabi, in his despatch of the 13th of September, to Lord Granville:—

'On Tuesday (13th) things took an unexpected turn for the better. The relief came from an equally unexpected quarter. Arabi Bey had summoned to Cairo, in support of his demand for a Constitution, by which he buoys up his military agitation, the members of the Old Chamber of Notables. These gentlemen, to the number of 150, arrived that morning, but they proved more capable of appreciating the true situation than their military allies. Informed of the negotiations going on with Cherif Pacha, they in a body went to him, and entreated him to agree to form a Ministry, offering him their personal guarantee that, if he consented, the army should engage to absolute submission to his orders. The military leaders, more struck by this conduct than all previous representations made to them, gave such signs of yielding, that at 10 o'clock M. Sinkiewicz and I were summoned to the Palace to hear these good tidings. We were informed that Cherif Pacha had consented, on the assurances given him by the Notables, to undertake the formation of a regular Ministry, and

and that the chiefs of the army were prepared to sign a document, protesting their absolute submission to his authority as the Khedive's Minister. . . . The officers made but two conditions' (the restoration of their displaced War Minister, Mahmoud Samy, and the adoption of the military changes proposed by the Military Commission), 'both showing how exclusively they have regarded their own safety and interest throughout this agitation.'

The line is here clearly and distinctly drawn between the really patriotic National Party, composed of the Notables headed by Cherif Pasha, and Arabi and his colonels, who only used it to 'buoy up their military agitation.' Had the Cabinet, instead of persisting in treating the Egyptian question as a mere 'military revolt,' framed its action upon Mr. Cookson's wise discrimination, by giving the national aspirations in the beginning the consideration now accorded them, this 'buoy' would have been torn away from Arabi and his colonels, and 'Peace with honour' would have been secured for England and Egypt without the shedding of one drop of blood. As a shrewd observer on the spot (Baron de Malortie) writes :—

'Tewfik, crushed by the personality of Riaz, had welcomed at change ; but he disliked Cherif as much, if not more. Cherif's name had only been the third submitted by His Highness to the mutinous soldiery, and that only at the suggestion of a foreign agent, who reminded him of Cherif's popularity. Not that Tewfik disliked the man, but the principles he represented. The autocratic ways of Riaz did not exclude the possibility of a Khedive's resuming power himself, while with Cherif's constitutional ideas and a Chamber of Notables, there was an end to personal rule.'

So, satisfied at last that there was no other man equal to the emergency, the Khedive was compelled to sacrifice his personal predilections to his personal safety, and proposed Cherif as his Prime Minister, who accepted the trust.

And thus the curtain fell upon the first act of this great drama on the 16th of September, just one week after the opening scene at Cairo. The Porte, naturally desiring to ascertain the condition of things in Egypt, prepared to send thither a Commissioner (instead of 'battalions' as solicited by Tewfik), and was severely snubbed by England and France, and its 'intentions' peremptorily demanded. The Porte, dissembling its natural indignation, replied that the Commissioner was sent 'as an indication of the Sultan's desire to maintain the existing state of things, and to strengthen morally the Viceroy's position'—and the Commissioner was sent, in despite of the angry remonstrances of the 'friendly Powers.\*' From this moment, in

\* See 'Parliamentary Papers,' No. 3, pages 32, 33.

deference to the fears of France, Her Majesty's Ministers joined in insulting and disregarding the Porte on every occasion of its attempted intervention in Egyptian affairs (in spite of professions to the contrary in despatches), until they converted an ally into an enemy. How insulting to the Porte that conjoint action was, one specimen out of many will suffice to show. In Despatch No. 73, from Sir E. Malet to Earl Granville (Egypt, page 39), is to be found the following brief statement:—

‘In obedience to instructions, I and M. Sinkiewicz made the following communication *verbally* to the Khedive and Cherif Pacha: “We have received the instructions of our Governments to assist the Government of H. H. The Khedive *in maintaining the independence of Egypt*, as it is established under the Firmans of the Sultan, and we are desired to use our good offices, *in case of need*, to restrain any attempt on the part of the envoys of the Sultan to control the action of the Ministry in its present endeavour to re-establish confidence in the country, and discipline in the army.”’

A more gratuitous insult never was offered than this, and it was further emphasized by the notice to the Porte of the intention of the two Powers, in defiance of the Sultan's protest, to send ironclads to Egypt, which in fact were sent, and only withdrawn simultaneously with the departure of his envoys from Egypt. This was on the 8th of October, 1881. Yet on the 4th of November of the same year Lord Granville writes a despatch to ‘obviate misapprehensions,’ in which he declares, ‘It is therefore our aim to maintain this tie’ (‘which unites Egypt to the Porte’) ‘as it at present exists.’ The confusion of ideas and instability of purpose, which have characterized the proceedings of the Cabinet in Egyptian affairs, need no stronger confirmation than this. After this false move, the Sultan regarded the action of England in Egypt with suspicion and distrust. He has been accused of ‘intriguing’ in Egypt, which no doubt he has done; but it should be borne in mind that the intriguing certainly commenced on the other side, as even the carefully collated Blue-books (with their yawning hiatuses of unpublished correspondence) abundantly prove. But even the doubtful merit of consistency in pursuing a wrong path must be denied the Government, which first insulted the Sultan, in support of the Khedive's Cabinet against his supposed machinations, and then pursued a policy, still under French dictation, which drove Cherif into retirement, and placed Arabi in the position he sought, as champion of Egyptian nationality, and redresser of the wrongs of the people.

This is the first count of the indictment against Her Majesty's Ministry, namely, their inability to see or comprehend the

actual situation in Egypt, although it was fully explained to them by able and zealous representatives on the spot; and, as a consequence of such ignorance, a policy inert when it should have been active, and mischievously active when its meddling exasperated difficulties which a little discretion and a little good faith could have removed. Here is the proof to substantiate these statements. When the news of the sending of the ironclads to Alexandria, ostensibly for the 'protection of foreign residents,' came in a Reuter's telegram to Egypt, Cherif Pasha's disgust and despair were unbounded. At his request Sir E. Malet immediately telegraphed to Lord Granville:—

'Cherif Pacha has just sent to enquire of me the object of the despatch of the ironclads. *He is very anxious about it, as it will renew agitation, cause distrust in him, and weaken his authority.*'

The Consul-General added this significant hint, 'If it is a necessary measure, could it not at least be postponed?'

Deigning to listen neither to the protest of the Porte, nor to the Egyptian remonstrance, nor to the discreet suggestion of the Consul-General, the Government provoked by the presence of those ships the massacre of the 11th of June. As though to add insult to injury, while these events were occurring, Lord Dufferin at Constantinople, to soothe the wounded susceptibilities of the Sultan, gravely called the attention of the Turkish Prime Minister, to '*the friendly tone in which Mr. Gladstone spoke of the existing relations between Turkey and England in his recent speeches at Leeds*'—a touch of humour worthy of the descendant of Sheridan.

But the Pandora's box of Her Majesty's Ministers, once opened, was kept so; nor did they, like their prototype 'the blundering Epimetheus,' clap on the lid in time to save the *hope* of peace. The next evil let loose on Egypt was the Joint Note—a measure as unnecessary as it was mischievous, despairingly denominated by Cherif Pasha as 'a bomb-shell,' launched at the moment when his administration was becoming a success. As usual, the time chosen was most inopportune. A difference between the Controllors and the Council of Ministers had just been satisfactorily arranged. It had been provoked by Arabi, on the war budget, and had been settled by a compromise, which promised concord, when this explosive was launched with the most mischievous effects. Of this we have French as well as English testimony. Writing to M. Gambetta on the 1st of January, 1882, M. Sinkiewicz, the French-Consul General, says:—

'Yesterday evening Cherif Pacha and M. Malet came to see me, to speak

speak about the Joint Note. It seems to have been misunderstood in certain quarters. *It is regarded as a slur on the Chamber of Notables—a defiance to the National Party, and a menace of intervention which nothing at this moment justifies.* These objections were clearly formulated to us by Cherif Pacha, in whose presence M. Malet proposed to me, to demand of our respective Governments a new collective note intended to explain away such an opinion.—‘*Documents Diplomatiques, l’Egypte*,’ pp. 29 and succeeding.

In private, Cherif’s comments were stronger still:—

‘*Quelle boulette!*’ were his words. ‘All was going well. The army (so to say) out of court, and then one does not know why, the Powers alienate gratuitously the Notables, *on les blesse au vif*, they will get frightened, and side with Arabi, for fear of an intervention. We shall see the consequences to-morrow, when Article 31 of the Organic Law will be voted. The Powers, by squeezing themselves in between the Khedive and the Notables, and by undermining the solidarity of Ministers and Chamber, are only giving Arabi a hold on the latter. *Ils n’auraient pas pu trouver mieux pour nous perdre.*’—Baron de Malortie’s ‘*Egypt*,’ pp. 199, 200.

The fact that Her Majesty’s Ministers were coerced by M. Gambetta into a measure of which they did not approve, (Lord Lyons having been told, ‘*qu’il se heurtait à une décision déjà prise,*’) by no means removes the responsibility from their shoulders, but rather increases it. Against this second count of the indictment they cannot plead *force majeure*, unless they had reason to be afraid of France, a plea which even they would hesitate to set up in justification. For the prediction of the patriotic statesman proved prophetic. A bomb-shell, indeed, that Joint Note proved to be, pushing again to the front the arch-plotter Arabi, who, as though in answer to the implied menace, was on the 15th of January forced on the Khedive as Under-Secretary of War, when Cherif’s Ministry was succeeded by a new one, which Tewfik was compelled to accept. The only extenuating plea, that could possibly be set up for the Cabinet’s servile following of Gambetta’s lead, was the necessity of preserving the French alliance. How necessary or how valuable such alliance really was, subsequent events have clearly shown. The identical Note was ‘worse than a crime, it was a blunder;’ but it unhappily comprised the two in this unfortunate instance. For the power of Arabi over public affairs, and the widened breach between the Control, backed by the two Powers and the Government of Egypt—which brought on the war—date from the downfall of Cherif.

Sir E. Malet and his French colleague telegraphed to their Governments on the 22nd of January for authority to compromise

with the Ministry on the budget question, which became the real *casus belli*, in the following terms: 'Do you authorize us to advise Ministry to consider proposals for a compromise, giving right to delegates from the Chamber to co-operate with the Ministry on the vote and examination of the Budget?' On the 23rd of January, Sir E. Malet writes that Sultan Pasha, President of the Chamber, had suggested this idea, on behalf of the Chamber. There is no answer to this to be found in the published correspondence, nor does it appear that any definite instructions were given thereupon.

On the 1st of February, Sir E. Malet telegraphed that 'the Chamber insisted on their demands; that the Cherif Ministry was expected to resign; that one of the Ministers told him that *the only issue* was the despatch of a Turkish Commissioner, and a Turkish force, and that *English intervention would be dangerous to the European population.*' He added: 'The matter is urgent, and demands immediate attention.' Lord Granville telegraphed to the French Government for their guidance, and then telegraphed to the Consul-General to 'do nothing to precipitate matters'! being the only positive instructions to Sir E. Malet between the presentation of the Joint Note and the fall of the Cherif Ministry—the breakwater between the Condominium and Arabi.

Negotiations were entered into for the dismissal of the Ministry of Mahmoud Samy (that is, Arabi's), but on the 23rd of May Sir E. Malet reports that a change for the worse had taken place, and the negotiations have resulted in nothing. He uses the following strong language, and gives this good advice—as usual, unheeded:—

'The present situation has been brought about by the Ministers and people persisting in a belief that the two Powers *will not despatch troops*, and that the Opposition of France renders a Turkish intervention impossible. . . . I am still of opinion, that *if the Sultan declares himself at once*, and if it be known that troops are ready to be despatched, we may succeed without the necessity of landing them.'—'Egypt,' No. 8, p. 65.

This advice was evidently based on the response of the President of the Council, as reported by Sir E. Malet to Lord Granville on the 11th of the same month, as follows: 'I have the honour to inform your Lordship, that the President of the Council said yesterday, in speaking of the safety of Europeans, that it was also guaranteed, *in the event of an intervention by the Porte alone.*'

It will be seen throughout all the diplomatic correspondence, that

that M. Gambetta had a positive policy—the joint action of England and France. His successor, M. de Freycinet, a negative policy—to keep the Turk out, and not to go in himself. Sir E. Malet, a definite policy—Turkish intervention. Lord Granville, no policy at all, but to shirk responsibility, shifting it first on France, and afterwards on the Conference.

Sir Edward Malet had, from a very early period, repeatedly warned Lord Granville of the dangerous policy Her Majesty's Ministers were pursuing in Egypt, but his warnings and advice were both unheeded. Writing to Lord Granville on the 19th of May, 1882—just three weeks before the first massacre—he thus truly describes the situation:—

‘In order to arrive at a settlement, the first step must necessarily be the resignation of the Ministry now in power, and the surrender of the military leaders, *which could probably be compassed*, if their persons, rank, and property are guaranteed, but they should be obliged to quit Egypt for a year at least. . . . *But if the Porte shows itself hostile to the action of the two Powers, resistance will be shown here. . . . The fact of its not being generally known here that the Sultan will intervene may probably make that very intervention necessary*, which both of the two Powers are anxious to avert.’—‘Egypt,’ No. 8, p. 11.

In furtherance of this discreet policy, which met the approval of Sir Edward Malet's French colleague, the two, on the 20th of May, asked the authorization of their respective Governments to propose to Arabi and four of his associates, who have now gone into exile with him, that they should leave the country, not to return without the Khedive's permission, being guaranteed their rank, pay, and property, which proposal was acceptable to the Chamber of Notables, as will be seen by reference to the Parliamentary Paper No. 8, pp. 28 and 29. But this proposition was put in such a shape as to destroy any possible good effects it might have produced, being formulated as the well-known Ultimatum launched by England and France on the 25th May, as a second ‘bomb-shell,’ crippling friends and strengthening enemies, as did the first only five months before. France at the same time was permitted to bully the poor Khedive for asking aid from his Suzerain the Sultan, the only one to whose voice the mutineers would listen, as Her Majesty's Ministers had repeatedly been told by their own representatives in Egypt.\*

The unfortunate Khedive, insulted by his new Ministers, and deserted by the Notables as well as by the Consuls-General,

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\* See ‘Documents Diplomatiques, l’Egypte,’ 1882, pp. 142–148.

knew not which way to turn, or what to do. When his nominal Ministers, but real masters, went so far as to decline having any personal intercourse with him, the Khedive complained bitterly to a sympathizing foreigner of the humiliation put upon him by consenting to a reconciliation with the men who had thus insulted him, in obedience to English advice.

'Tell Lord Granville, on your return to London,' he said, 'that I was not for conciliation. I ought never to have consented to receive those Ministers again: they are rebels; they are false. . . . It has been for me the greatest sacrifice I could make to England to take those Ministers back again for a time. I did not think it dignified or worthy of a prince to do so; but Sir Edward urged the necessity of avoiding an open rupture until the ships were here. He feared for the lives of my family and mine, and also for the Europeans. Besides, they wanted some one to treat with, and who would be Prime Minister now? . . . I am in the hands of the Powers, and must do what they wish me to do. You know there is no unity, and the whole thing has been stupidly spoilt. It might have been settled in a few days. France is afraid of greater complications. It might have been settled in a few days. The French won't hear of an intervention and a disembarkment of Turks. True it might have serious consequences for Egypt; yet I know nothing can be done without the Sultan.'—Baron de Malortie's 'Egypt,' p. 321.

Such was the sad pass to which English diplomacy (as represented by the Liberal Ministry) had reduced the poor young Prince, and the influence of England in Egypt. This despairing cry from the heart of the young Khedive brings vividly before us the position to which the joint 'meddling and muddling' had brought him. And here we cannot forbear reproducing the 'touch of nature' that 'makes the whole world kin.' The unfortunate Prince closed his despairing appeal to the English Minister with the following touching picture of his own personal position:—

'I have passed a dreadful time. Were I alone I should not care. You are married, and know what it is to tremble for those one loves best: it is not gay (*sic*), and matters are not improved by women crying all day long. Yet I could not send my family away; it would have looked like fear—a weakness. I assure you it is not pleasant to be at the mercy of one's enemies without any means of resistance.'—Baron de Malortie's 'Egypt,' p. 321.

When we reflect on the cause which had brought the trusting Prince to this forlorn condition, his piteous complaint is not pleasant reading for patriotic Englishmen, nor Frenchmen

men either. He had leaned on the *Condominium*, but chiefly on English support, and found both but broken reeds in his hour of trial. It is true that the first announcement of the coming of the ironclads produced a panic in the minds of the Ministers, chiefly because they believed that a Turkish fleet was to accompany the French and English ships; and they feared the moral and religious influence of such a conjunction, far more than the cannon of the infidel, in its effect on the popular mind. But, as sagacious in their acts of omission as of commission, not only had the two Cabinets failed to secure this, but they succeeded in provoking a Turkish protest against the proceeding, which took out its sting. But of this at first the Egyptian Ministers were ignorant. They held two councils, at which one of them implored his colleagues not to resist (supposing the men-of-war were sent for more than display). 'Who speaks of resisting?' answered Mahmoud Samy, the Premier. 'We want to know how to do honour to the fleets of the Padishah and his allies.' In their perplexity they called on the Khedive to know what was to be done. He replied: 'I don't know. I shall comply with any demand, so far as the Firmans allow.' But when six vessels only arrived, and none of them Turkish, and news came of the Sultan's protest, there was an immediate reaction; and the Ministers resumed their attitude of insolent contempt for the Powers and the Khedive. This feeling increased as time went on and the arrival of the ships was followed by no action of the Powers sending them; while the farce acted by Dervish Pasha at Cairo, and the other farce of the Conference at Constantinople, were allowed to be played out; although the natives saw equally through both, and laughed at the beards of the Giaours, who were thus easily hoodwinked by the Padishah.

But that contempt of Ministry and people culminated, when they saw that fleet lie 'As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean,' within sight and sound of the indiscriminate massacre of the Christians by the scum of the Arab populace, aided by the police, on the memorable 11th of June; and when days and weeks dragged by without even a threat of retribution, while the Christian remnant fled the country. Arabi and his supporters felt themselves masters of the situation, after the arch-mutineer had been publicly decorated by the Sultan; and the sole alternative then presented was, either submission to the sway of Arabi and Mahmoud Samy, and the expulsion of the Christian element from Egypt, or a resort to force to compel order and reparation. A full month passed before any movement was made, and then it was a separate, not a conjoint one,

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by a sudden and thorough departure from every principle of the policy previously pursued by the English Cabinet. It has been shown that, from the commencement of the Egyptian imbroglio up to this point, the Cabinet had blundered in every step it had taken, and was therefore compelled finally to eke out its diplomatic failures by adopting the last resort in national quarrels, which it is the duty of diplomacy to avert. Even in taking this step, however, Her Majesty's Ministers resorted to false pretences, and alienated from England her two allies, France and Turkey, both of whom, by a discreet diplomacy, might have been conciliated, even if they would not co-operate. For, as Lord Salisbury has justly observed, sustained in his allegation by the one member of the Cabinet who withdrew from that Cabinet in consequence of its action,

'It was the case of a Government who sent a fleet, a vast fleet, into a port where they had no international right to go; and, when that fleet was there, demanded that certain arrangements should be made on land which they had no international right to demand, and, when those demands were not satisfied, enforced them by the bombardment of a great commercial port.'

The pretext that the safety of the English fleet demanded the disarmament of the Egyptian forts, and that the refusal of the Egyptian authorities to suspend all warlike preparations constituted a *casus belli*, justifying a bombardment, cannot be supported by any code of International Law, or by the usage of nations. Moreover, if wounded national pride, or justice, required the condign punishment of the offending native population of Alexandria for the massacre in June, in order to ensure indemnity for the past and security for the future, why resort to a subterfuge to enforce it, before avowing such a purpose and demanding satisfaction of the authorities, who possessed full powers to give it? Was it not also essential that, before provoking a further outbreak of fanatical fury, precautions should have been taken to protect the Christian residents, still remaining at Alexandria, from a repetition of the terrible scenes of a month before? Yet no such warning was given in time to be available, no such precautions were taken, and the chief sufferers from the consequences of that bombardment were the Christians: their lives and property for forty-eight hours being left at the mercy of a mob of fanatics, who, after murdering all they could lay hands on, consummated their work by burning down and destroying the European quarter of the city. The Cabinet which sent that fleet to bark, not to bite, had made no preparation for such an emergency;

gency; and hence, as on the 11th of June, riot, rapine, and murder held carnival at Alexandria unchecked, until, glutted with carnage and plunder, the Arabs desisted from their fiendish work. Then, and not till then, the few men who could be spared from the ships, aided by the sympathizing crews of vessels of other nationalities, came on shore, and stood sentinel over the smoking ruins and the corpses of the Christians lying unburied beneath them.

Competent authorities on the spot have declared that less than a thousand men, landed on the coast at or near Aboukir, could have intercepted the retreat of Arabi and Toulba with their demoralized handful of troops, immediately after the bombardment, have saved the city, and nipped in the bud the war subsequently waged at the cost of thousands of lives and five millions of money. It is amazing to witness so little forethought, and such an utter absence of preparation, on the part of the Ministers, who sent out an armed fleet to a barbarous country to overawe a hostile and menacing population, which had just massacred their compatriots and other Christian residents.

Among the many pleas set up by Her Majesty's Ministers to justify the bombardment of Alexandria and subsequent warlike operations in Egypt, the most important were the necessity of ensuring the safety of the fleet, menaced by the strengthening of the Egyptian forts, and the existence of 'anarchy' in Egypt imperilling the safety of foreign residents, and the free passage of the Suez Canal.

With the first plea we have already dealt. As to the second, anarchy or the 'want of government,' or absence of authority, did not exist for an hour in Egypt.

On the 30th of January, four days after the date of his despatch to M. Gambetta approving of the Joint Note, Lord Granville wrote to Lord Lyons that 'Her Majesty's Government do not apprehend much danger of such an outbreak as would cause *anarchy*;' and on the succeeding 7th of February he stated to the House of Lords that 'there does not seem any immediate danger of *anarchy* and disorder.'\* In reply to the Porte's Protest against the Joint Note, Austria, Germany, Italy, and Russia, made on the 2nd of February an identic communication to the Porte in favour of maintaining the *status quo* in Egypt. 'They are of opinion that the *status quo* could not be modified, except by an accord between the Great Powers and the Suzerain Power.' Such being the facts, the English Government, to cover this particular case, invoked a novel principle of International Law,

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\* Hansard, 266, 37.

which must surprise all students of that Code, both at home and abroad, viz. 'the rights under the Treaty of 1840, and the late firmans, which make it legitimate to use what may be termed *International Police Powers*.\*' If such newly-discovered 'International Police Powers' authorize the bombardment of the forts of a Power with whom we are at peace, the sooner that Treaty and those Firmans are revised, the better: since the same privileges must be accorded to all the signatories as well as to ourselves, and imitation might prove most inconvenient to England.

The protection of the residents, and free passage of the Suez Canal, are the remaining pretexts. But Her Majesty's Ministers were warned in advance, by their agents on the spot, that the mere presence of the fleet in Egyptian waters only created, instead of removing, the hostility of the native element against the foreigners in their midst; and when the wisdom of that warning was verified by results, it was shown that no preparations had been made to afford that protection, even after acts of violence had rendered it necessary for the preservation of their lives. That the Government had warned and neglected it, the published despatches prove.

On the 30th of May Mr. Cookson, at the request of the chief British merchants at Alexandria, telegraphed to Lord Granville a warning which proved prophetic, but which was insufficient to cause Her Majesty's Ministers to provide for the protection of British and other Christian residents in Egypt. These were Mr. Cookson's words:—

'British residents in Alexandria call upon Her Majesty's Government to provide efficient means for the protection of their lives. . . . The small squadron actually in port could only silence the fire of the Egyptian forts, and when these forts were disabled, then would commence a period of great danger to Europeans, who would be at the mercy of soldiers exasperated by defeat; while the English Admiral could not risk his men ashore, as his whole available force for shore operations does not exceed 300 men, although the squadron was sent here to safeguard European life and property.'

Mr. Cookson verified, in his own person, the truth of his warning, just a fortnight later; as did also the unprotected British population of Alexandria.

With regard to the earthworks and fortifications, at this period, assurances were given to both Houses of Parliament by members of the Government, that 'Her Majesty's Government have a sufficient knowledge of the fortifications at Alexan-

\* See Sir Charles Dilke's speech of the 25th of July, 1882.

dria and the positions of the earthworks, such as to cause us to feel not the slightest anxiety or apprehension with regard to the safety of the fleet ;' but as regards the safety of the population, so strongly appealing for protection, no attention seems to have been vouchsafed, and certainly no precautions were taken. The defenders of the Government have urged again and again, that they could not have foreseen that the bombardment of the forts would have been followed by the destruction of Alexandria and the massacre of the Christians, and that therefore they were not to blame for not having troops ready to land ; but they forget or ignore the plain warning of Mr. Cookson six weeks previously.

With reference to the Suez Canal, it was respected by the Egyptians, and no attempt to interfere with the transit was made by them, nor even the cutting off of its fresh-water supplies, until after the military occupation of the Canal by the English forces ; although nothing could have been easier, at any period of the war, than for them to have blocked up its channel, or destroyed its banks, in a few hours. In this instance the Egyptians showed more forbearance than any civilized people would have done ; but that danger, in the beginning, was purely imaginary, and had no foundation in fact.

And this is the third count of the indictment ; in answer to which Her Majesty's Ministry can only plead the *prestige* acquired by the warlike operations subsequently carried out by the army and navy, and a possible future Protectorate over Egypt, in fact if not in name. This spasmodic vigour of the too long torpid Cabinet was of no avail. The utter inefficiency and impolicy of the extreme measure was proved by the result. It only made Arabi the champion of the Egyptian people against a foreign invader, and gave him that odour of patriotism, which was all he required to rule or ruin the country. It made the Khedive a State prisoner, and centred the Government in a committee of national defence. It sent thousands, previously hostile or indifferent to Arabi, flocking to his standard. It arrayed on his side the Ulemas and Notables, the men of property and position, and the populace ; and it imperilled the lives of such patriots as Cherif, and the faithful few who clung to the Khedive in his fallen fortunes. Finally, it necessitated the sending of an army, to leave matters worse than we found them, and to find ourselves solitary in the face of Europe, with a Sphinx's riddle to solve.

Let us now see how the professions of the Cabinet square with their performances, and whether even the small merit of consistency can be accorded to them. Turning to the official declaration

declaration of policy, addressed by Lord Granville to the English Consul-General in Egypt, November 4th, 1881, we find loud professions of disinterestedness, commencing thus :—

‘The policy of Her Majesty’s Government towards Egypt has no other aim than the prosperity of the country, and its full enjoyment of that liberty which it has obtained under successive Firmans of the Sultan, concluding with the Firman of 1879. [The firman here referred to is that which substituted Tewfik for Ismail, and gave the succession to the eldest son of the former.]

After enumerating ‘the reforms which had been accomplished through the action of the English and French Controllers-General,’ Lord Granville goes on to deprecate any attempt

‘to impose on the Egyptian people a system of jurisprudence which would conflict with that which they have inherited from their fathers. In reference to the reform of justice, as administered among the natives, we have felt,’ he says, ‘that the Ministry of His Highness is alone competent to reconcile Western and Mohammedan law in a manner which would command the confidence and satisfy the requirements of the native population.’

Then, following these glittering generalities, comes a declaration which, in view of subsequent events, is painfully prophetic:

‘It cannot be too clearly understood that England *desires no partisan Ministry in Egypt*. In the opinion of Her Majesty’s Government, a *partisan Ministry, founded on the support of a foreign Government, or on the personal influence of a foreign diplomatic agent*, is neither calculated to be of service to the country it administers, nor to that of the country in whose interests it is supposed to be maintained. It can only tend to alienate the population from their true allegiance to their Sovereign, and give rise to counter-intrigues, which are detrimental to the interests of the State.’

It is evident that, while penning these lines, Lord Dufferin’s mission had no place in the imagination of the writer; since language could not more clearly indicate its scope and aim. No pen could more distinctly trace the exact condition into which the policy of the Cabinet has brought both England and Egypt, and the strained position from which ‘the personal influence of a foreign diplomatic agent’ (Lord Dufferin) can alone relieve them.

The one chief reason why Arabi dared to defy the power of this country, has been pointed out by Lord Salisbury in his speech at Edinburgh :—

‘The first thing that strikes you, when you look at it as a whole, is wonder that Arabi Pasha, with his force and with his opportunities, should have defied as he did the power of such a country as Great Britain.

Britain. How was that mystery to be solved? If any nation suffers itself to get into war with a weaker nation which is sufficiently civilized to know the great difference that exists between them, you may depend upon it that there is something in the conduct of that stronger nation which induces the weaker nation to believe that the larger country will never exert its strength. We have heard a great deal about *prestige*. I detest the word. It does not really express what we mean. I should rather say "military credit." Military credit stands in precisely the same position as financial credit. The use of it is to represent a military power, and to effect the objects of a military power without the necessity of a recourse to arms.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'We were in the position of a financial operator who had ruined his own credit by doubtful and dangerous operations. We had squandered our military credit at Majuba Hill, where we had taken up the position of a Power that was willing to submit to any insult that might be placed upon it. We had proclaimed to the world that we were not ready to fight for our military renown, and the tradition of our ancestors was lost in us. It was a false proclamation—a proclamation that the Ministry had no mandate from the nation to make, and which the nation, at the first opportunity, forced them to disavow. But the disavowal has cost blood and treasure which, if they had been more careful of the reputation of this country, need never have been expended. You know, gentlemen, that in times past, three years ago, those who maintained such doctrines and insisted on the necessity of the maintenance of your military credit as one of the most precious inheritances of the nation, were denounced as "Jingoes." But these Jingoes are justified now. They have Her Majesty's Government for converts. They have forced Her Majesty's Government to demonstrate in action that which is their principal contention, that, if you suffer military credit to be obscured, the fault must be wiped out in blood.'

That this was the chief reason for the audacious resistance of the Egyptians is most true; but there were others also to which we must briefly allude. The zigzag policy of the English Cabinet was such as to perplex all human understanding—one day as blustering as Boreas, the next as mild as Zephyr. Not only had it eaten much dirt elsewhere; but, even with regard to Egypt, until it assumed a spasmodic attitude and became a belligerent, nobody, in or out of Egypt, believed that England would intervene, with or without co-operation from any other Power. Her Majesty's Ministers had blown hot and cold alternately so often in this business, that the possibility of their striking a blow was undreamt of. The twenty-four hours' warning given by Admiral Seymour of the opening of hostilities, under certain conditions, was regarded as a mere menace and not as a serious declaration of a settled purpose. Arabi himself has  
detailed

detailed to a friend his convictions and feelings on this point. He relates that, although satisfied the Admiral would not carry out his threat of bombardment, he yet could not divest himself of some little anxiety on the subject, feeling how critical the situation had become. He tells how his troubled sleep was broken, in the early morning, by the booming of the British cannon, and how the cold sweat bedewed his brow at the thought that this small country of 5,000,000 souls—mostly peaceful tillers of the soil—was arrayed in arms against one of the strongest of European Powers.

From that hour to the close of the short and unequal struggle, the Egyptians, though they fought bravely and desperately at first, soon bore themselves behind their entrenchments as men without hope. Their war was almost entirely a defensive war—they trusted to the spade, to the climate, and to some foreign intervention to rid them of the presence of the hated invader, far more than to their own armed resistance. They listened to the seductive tongue of M. de Lesseps (brooding anxiously over his canal as a bird over its nest), and to French, Italian, and other foreign sympathizers, who fed them with false hopes. That they never carried out their threats of imitating other races, which had repelled the invader by resorting to inundating and burning their country and capital cities, proves that the Egyptians are a milder race, and not made of the sterner stuff which is capable of such retaliation. Recourse to such extreme measures might have retarded the conquest, and have made it more costly in life and treasure, but from the opening of hostilities every sane man knew there could be but one termination to them; and that not long delayed, when the Power which had provoked and commenced the conflict put forth its strength.

It was under such circumstances, and by such pleas, that the vote of credit was asked for and obtained, to carry on a war already commenced without the sanction of Parliament; and the conflict was soon pushed on to its victorious conclusion. The skill of our commanders and the valour of our soldiers deserve all the praise they have received; but we cannot help feeling, in common with many of our countrymen, that we have given way to a display of vanity and self-glorification, which has tended to make us somewhat ridiculous in the eyes of foreign nations. We would commend to the notice of our readers the well-timed remarks, which Mr. Kinglake has recently made in the excellent Preface prefixed to the cabinet edition of the seventh volume of his 'Crimean War':—

'The fault, unless I mistake, lay all in those "showmen" of ours, who, because much engaged in the business of what France calls "representing,"

"representing," are deprived of the sense of Proportion; and even of these there are some who can scarcely be charged with the practice of favouring their country unduly; for, to do them sheer justice, they apply the same thousand-fold magnifier to any petty misfortune, as well as to what the armed Puritan was accustomed to call "a small mercy." Still, by too big a way of giving expression to what, after all, was only a nation's good-humour, our State showmen rendered it possible for any foreign observers to accuse sober England of swelling with triumph because her magnificent troops, under such a commander as Wolseley, proved stronger than native Egyptians!

The real responsibilities of Her Majesty's Ministers for the continuance of the war they had commenced so wantonly, have never been fully fastened upon them. Even after Egypt had armed herself to defend her soil against invasion, and after the loss of Alexandria, an opportunity was offered to the Peace Cabinet, so suddenly converted into a War Cabinet, to terminate the unequal struggle without further effusion of blood. Terms, almost identical with those finally conceded to Arabi and his colleagues through the farce of a trial (which it took months to prepare for and five minutes to get through), were proposed by those leaders from the camp of Kafr-Dowar, just twelve days after the bombardment, and disdainfully rejected by Her Majesty's Ministers. The Blue-books furnish the proofs of this, and fix the responsibility of the war upon the Ministers who threw away such an opportunity.\* These proofs are to be found in the correspondence between Mr. Cartwright, acting Consul-General, and Lord Granville, which we shall briefly summarize. On the 24th of July, 1882, Mr. Cartwright telegraphs to Lord Granville, that Ali Moubarek, former Minister of Public Works under Cherif, had reached Alexandria, and reported to the Khedive that at Kafr-Dowar he had seen Arabi encamped with thirty thousand men. Arabi's officers had informed him that the English terms were, the dismissal of Arabi himself, the disbandment of the army, and the formation of a foreign or Turkish gendarmerie; and they declared these terms to be inadmissible. The ensuing day (25th) Mr. Cartwright telegraphs to Lord Granville as follows:—

'With reference to my despatch of yesterday, I have the honour to report that Ali Moubarek called on Sir A. Colvin this morning, and gave him to understand that Arabi and Toulba Pachas were in reality inclined to hesitate in the course they were now pursuing. He even stated that they had privately encouraged him to sound the English authorities for terms. Sir A. Colvin replied that he had no authority,

\* See Blue-book, 'Egypt,' No. 17, pp. 206-210 and 213.

but that application should be made to Admiral Seymour, but that the Conference was charged with the whole matter, and that even the Admiral could only act as intermediary. After hearing these reservations, Ali Moubarek proceeded to make the following statement. He thought that, after removing obstructions from the Mahmoudieh Canal, as a pledge of sincerity, the rebels might propose to Sir Beauchamp Seymour that *the Egyptian Army should be dissolved*, and that all (except the principal officers) should retire, *the ringleaders being simply banished*. Sir A. Colvin suggested that if such terms were proposed, there was no time to lose, because combined and overwhelming forces were being prepared. Moubarek Pacha then expressed himself more definitely. He said that most of the officers (including Toulba) *were anxious to secure their safety*, and would force Arabi, however uncompromising he might be, to retire. He believed the Army could be thus split up, and resistance brought to an end.—Despatch No. 423, p. 210, No. 17, 'Egypt.'

On July 26th Mr. Cartwright telegraphs that  
'no further overtures have yet been made by Ali Moubarek, or in connection with the suggestion made by him and reported in my despatches.'

Lord Granville's response to Mr. Cartwright on the 25th of July (also by telegraph) says:—

'Her Majesty's Government are prepared to entertain any proposals made on behalf of Arabi, provided they are *bonâ fide*, but it should be understood that *they would be ready to accept no terms short of complete submission*. . . . Meanwhile, Her Majesty's Government will not relax their military preparations.'

On the 27th Lord Granville authorizes Sir A. Colvin to resume attendance at the Council in his capacity of Controller-General, and France sends similar instructions to her Controller. On the 28th Mr. Cartwright reports active telegraphic communications as going on between Moubarek, with the Khedive's knowledge and consent, and Arabi at Kafr-Dowar, and that Sir A. Colvin had little doubt that another proposal would follow. But here, unhappily, Lord Granville's reservation comes in to nip in the bud these promising negotiations, for Mr. Cartwright adds: '*Moubarek Pacha clearly understands that, until the dam is removed, no communications of that nature can be attended to.*'

A wiser man than Lord Granville has laid down an axiom, that it is always well to 'build a bridge for the retreat of a flying enemy,' but such evidently was not the opinion of Her Majesty's Ministers. In this case they cut down the bridge which the enemy was constructing, by naming impossible conditions in advance; by demanding unconditional surrender as  
a preliminary

a preliminary to any negotiation; by fixing the only terms they might afterwards possibly accept; by replacing the Controllers, the greatest bone of contention between the belligerents; and by giving no encouragement to the dispirited and alarmed chiefs of the army, who had a delicate and difficult task to perform in even entertaining any propositions for peace. The Blue-books give no further information in regard to these negotiations; but whether their silence arises from sudden collapse after this unfavourable reception, or from other reasons, we are left to imagine, nor are we informed by the subsequent published correspondence.

The English Government are now in undisputed possession of Egypt, and all are anxious to know, what will they do with it? By a strange irony of fate, they seem, so far as they have indicated their future policy, to have adopted the programme of the defeated rebel. The abolition of the Anglo-French Control, representative institutions and ministerial responsibility, the reduction of the number of overpaid European officials,—in one word, ‘Egypt for the Egyptians,’—these plans which are now proposed by the English Government, were the reforms demanded by the rebel government.

Such is the condensed history of the real causes and of the alleged reasons which plunged England into a war which was waged for the upholding of the Khedive’s authority and suppression of a military rebellion, and which has ended in the armed occupation of Egypt by English troops—an occupation which promises to be permanent. ‘Sir Evelyn Wood’s appointment by the British Government, with the staff of officers selected to accompany him to Egypt, is expected to extend over two or three years,’ as we learn from good authority.

In answer to our first query, as to the real causes of the war, we have produced the published proofs that they were duplex in character, comprising local discontents, created by the change of the Joint Control from a limited financial into an overshadowing political machine, and the abuses arising therefrom; and the drifting policy of Her Majesty’s Ministers, who misunderstood and mismanaged the whole matter from the beginning to the end.

In respect to the second query, as to ‘whether the pleas set up for the necessity of any war at all were valid?’ we have shown that, out of their own mouths, Her Majesty’s Ministers have condemned themselves: and that the exercise of a little statesmanship, a little prescience, and a little consistency, on their part, would have saved the two countries from what

members of their own party have denounced as a wanton, wicked, and useless war.

We have proved even more than this—namely, that they threw away not only the chances afforded them of avoiding war, but also the opportunity of putting an end to all military operations in Egypt a fortnight after their commencement, by shutting the door in the faces of the negociators for peace from the camp of Kafr-Dowar. The present treatment of the Control and *status quo* prove how earnest they were in preserving those institutions, which that wicked rebel Arabi had made his reasons for revolt.

The Khedive's throne is now propped up by British bayonets, and he himself converted into a puppet, whose strings are pulled from Downing Street. It is impossible to exaggerate the difficulties which beset us. Can a British Protectorate continue to control Egypt, in the face of those treaties and firmans, so often quoted as of binding force and authority in Lord Granville's despatches? Or if, in imitation of France in regard to Tunis, all such conventions are treated as waste paper, torn up, and scattered to the winds, will the other Powers consent to England's assumption of absolute control over 'the Belgium of the East'? Even if these external difficulties are overcome, the internal complications are equally threatening; for we have to confront, on the soil we have conquered, a Prince practically deposed, a dissatisfied, humiliated, and vengeful people, who hate and fear their conquerors, and sympathize with their defeated exiles, and a jealous foreign population of rival nationalities. Having destroyed the former *status quo*, we must reconstruct out of its ruins and rubbish a new *modus vivendi* for Prince and people, and for the foreign element, which is among but not of them, with at least the tacit consent of Europe; and we must reconcile interests the most conflicting and incompatible. Looming over all, like a black cloud, is the unsettled Debt question. There is no over-colouring in this picture of the Egyptian situation, as created by England's armed intervention and the subsequent proceedings of Her Majesty's Ministers. But since rashness and feebleness have alternately swayed those councils, the solemn warning of Lord Salisbury may well be impressed upon them, when he says:—

'We are now the predominant Power in Egypt. The valour of our troops has made us so. Let us observe with rigid fidelity every engagement we have taken to the amiable and respected Prince who rules in Egypt. But, as regards the Powers of Europe, let us follow our position to its logical results. We are the predominant Power; why

why should we cease to be so? Why should we allow diplomacy to fritter away what the valour of our soldiers has won?’

This warning seems all the more necessary, at this crisis, since the utterances of the Liberal convert who is one of the latest accessions to the Cabinet are not calculated to reassure us on that point, but indicate an intention of leaving the Egyptians to ‘stew in their own juice’—to use the brutal phrase borrowed by one of the officials from Prince Bismarck. ‘We have no business in Egypt,’ says Lord Derby, ‘a day longer than is necessary to restore order.’ . . . ‘What we have got to do is to set the Khedive on his legs, to support him in making necessary reforms, and then, if it be possible, to let him stand by himself.’ He makes also this candid admission, which upsets the Ministerial theory of a mere military insurrection: ‘I believe that the grievances of the Egyptian people were, and are, of a very real character, and that there is plenty to do in the way of reform.’ But does Lord Derby really believe that it is possible to let the Khedive stand by himself? He must be strangely ignorant of the state of affairs in Egypt, if he does not know that the Khedive would disappear the moment the last English troops left the country. If we are to keep the Khedive on his legs, we must resign ourselves to the disagreeable necessity of a real protectorate of the country: however much we may disguise the fact by a feigned name.

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ART. IX.—*Parliamentary Debates*, October and November, 1882.

THE third year in the life of a Ministry is usually a period at which a good deal of discussion is sure to arise concerning the state of parties. Of late, this discussion has been more than ordinarily animated, if not peculiarly instructive. On the one hand, the Liberal leaders profess to have unlimited confidence in their increasing popularity, although there are not wanting signs that in their secret hearts this confidence is by no means so profound as they would have us believe. They must be aware that the principles upon which they came into power are not those which have enabled them thus far to maintain it. We hear no more of the old ‘battle-cry’ of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform. There has been war, and not peace; there has been a large increase of expenditure instead of retrenchment; and reform, even of the Corporation of London, has been postponed till the more convenient season which sometimes,

times, in politics, never arrives. The Administration has nothing to show for the time that has passed but a long list of unfulfilled pledges, and a few performances which, whatever may be their intrinsic importance, are distinct violations of the policy expounded to the people on the eve of the last election by Mr. Gladstone and his followers. By many Liberals, as by some of the journals which represent them, it may be held that success justifies the means. But success which is gained by false pretences is not likely to be permanent in its character. Although Mr. Chamberlain's organization for filtering public opinion through approved channels has accomplished wonders, it is evident to all observers, except to those who are unable to carry their glance beyond the passing moment, and who see even that imperfectly, that a large number of Liberals are unable to reconcile their profession of faith with the course pursued by the Government. Not being blinded by the charms of office, they cannot but remember the appeals which were made to them by their leaders while Lord Beaconsfield was in power, and they find it more and more difficult to believe that they were made in good faith. They recal the language, for instance, which that sturdy pillar of Liberalism, Sir William Harcourt, addressed to them in the autumn of 1878:—

‘The Government had hoisted the old red flag of the Tory party, the bloody red flag of the Tory party, and he knew what the Tory party was, and the crew that sailed beneath it; it was a gaunt and grisly company. That was no personal observation. The company of which he spoke, which sailed under that flag, was war, taxation, poverty, distress. The Liberal party had its flag too. It was the old flag. It bore very different words, the old words of peace, retrenchment, and reform.’

Sir W. Harcourt's admiration of Mr. Gladstone has sometimes been carried almost to a romantic excess, especially during the season of despondency which fell upon the present head of the party after his defeat in 1874. But the Home Secretary would probably prefer not to be questioned too closely as to what had become of his famous ‘old flag.’ There has apparently been a war, although Mr. Gladstone is not yet prepared to admit it; but the ‘grisly crew’ of the Tory party, and the ‘bloody red flag’ which has made them the terror of the world, have had nothing to do with it. It must be a grievous blow to Sir W. Harcourt to find that, if he wanted peace and retrenchment, he enlisted, after all, under the wrong banner. It cannot be charged against him that he chose his side with precipitation. He carried his ‘epigrams,’ of which the above is an unusually brilliant example, to the leader who inspired him with the  
greatest

greatest devotion, only to find that the principles which he held so precious were summarily thrown overboard. It is true that he remains faithful to Mr. Gladstone, as faithful as he has ever been; but he must share the disappointment which so many other Liberals feel when they contrast the actual history of the Ministry with the programme which was submitted to the country in 1879-80.

We are told, however, by one of the journals which profess to instruct the public in political morality, that we have no right to criticize the Ministry; that their acts have been approved by the nation, and that any review of their proceedings is a mere waste of time. When and how the national approval of the misrule in Ireland and the unnecessary 'military operations' in Egypt was expressed, these great authorities on matters of conscience and principle do not explain; but their assumption is the very thing to which the Conservatives have the strongest right to object. So far as the election of 1880 turned upon any principle at all, and was not the outcome of popular caprice and a long course of bad seasons, poor harvests, and worse trade, it was decided by the supposed anxiety of the people to get on rapidly with domestic legislation, and to withdraw altogether from foreign complications. It will defy the ingenuity of all the Liberal leaders combined to show a plausible pretext for contending that the popular desire—if this was it—has been carried out. They undertook to go one way, and they went directly the other. They were elected, as they said, to carry out a certain policy, and they found it more convenient to trample it underfoot. The nation cannot have condoned this betrayal of its trust, for it has had no opportunity of making its opinion known and felt. The bye elections since 1880 have been largely in favour of the Conservative party, but we will put them all aside, whether they tell for one party or the other, as affording little indication of the feeling which would be easily excited under the stimulus of a general election. The bye elections of 1879 and the early part of 1880 were very favourable to the Conservative party. The organization on each side is seldom, at such seasons, working at its full strength, and the results give little indication of what will happen in the rush of a general election. But still, after allowing all the deductions on this score that any one may choose to demand, the fact remains, that discontent has shown itself with growing force in the Liberal ranks. The great body of Nonconformists have for years past been in favour of the statesman who disestablished one Church, and who, as they hope, will not be unprepared, when circumstances push him on, to lay the axe to the root of another. But they

they find it hard to countenance a war which the smallest acquaintance with facts will tell them ought never to have been provoked, and which Mr. Bright has denounced in the House of Commons as a breach both of the international and the moral law. Consequently it is not surprising that Mr. Gladstone's name should recently have been received with many signs of displeasure in Exeter Hall, and that several of the Liberal papers which circulate most largely among the multitude are in open opposition to him. In Scotland there is also considerable discontent, provoked partly by broken promises, and partly by the mysterious overtures to the Papacy which, in spite of repeated denials, the Ministry continue to make. The 'leading journals' here and there do, indeed, assure us day after day, that the Ministry are more popular than ever, and that there is not a cloud visible in the political sky. But one peculiarity of leading journals is that they are never right. They talked just as they are talking now on the eve of Mr. Gladstone's defeat in 1874; there was not one of them which did not ridicule Mr. Gladstone's famous 'campaigns' in Midlothian, and predict the victory of Lord Beaconsfield. They are as certain to be in the wrong now as they were then. There is nothing, in fact, to guide them to a sound conclusion. To look at the surface is their business in life, and there is nothing on the surface. The people generally are remarkably quiet. Few public meetings have been held to protest against any part of the Government policy; the local machinery for calling such meetings is controlled from Birmingham, and Mr. Chamberlain holds high office, and aims at much higher office still. He will remain 'Mr. Gladstone's friend' to the last. But occasionally the spirit of revolt will show itself. In November last an independent candidate had the presumption to aspire to a seat on the School Board at Birmingham, and all the power of the caucus was instantly set in noisy motion against him. Caucuses and independent candidates do not flourish side by side. Strange to say, the daring intruder was elected by a majority of 16,000 votes over the ward politician who bore Mr. Chamberlain's patent stamp upon him. Nor was this quite the first instance of successful rebellion. Such events as these will sometimes occur, to the dismay of the wire-pullers. They happened in New York, the native home of the Chamberlain system, when 'Boss' Tweed and his famous gang were overthrown by a sudden uprising of the people. The ordinary appliances for electioneering were suddenly broken in pieces, and although it is true that the 'machine' was soon set going again, it could not save the founder of the 'Boss' system. The remedy, we admit,

is

is a very irregular and accidental one. But it is effectual when applied. The smooth working of the local caucuses, therefore, is not a decisive proof that the Ministry are beyond reach of danger. Still less can it be taken to warrant the construction which 'leading journals' eagerly press upon us, that Mr. Gladstone is more trusted than ever by the nation, and that the Conservatives have lost all right to protest, or even to offer the mildest form of criticism.

It would be easy, no doubt, to exaggerate the importance of the dissensions which exist in the Liberal party. Nothing is more probable than that the large majority of Mr. Gladstone's followers would readily pardon all the blunders he has made, in consideration of the fact that, in the main, he is leading them surely to the ends upon which their hearts are set. They must be well aware that, but for the weight of his character, the power of his eloquence, and the personal influence he exercises in the country, the revolutionary movement would have made comparatively little progress. The people would have been little disposed to allow the ancient institutions of the nation to be undermined, one after the other, at the bidding of men like Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke. Mr. Gladstone alone has been able to give revolution an innocent appearance. He may not be able, and perhaps he would not be willing, to carry on the work much further than he has done, but he has familiarized the public mind with revolutionary legislation, and prepared the way for the more ardent spirits who are to succeed him. Projects which might have seemed to the last degree wild and hazardous, if they had been advocated in Birmingham or Chelsea, were accepted without misgiving when they were recommended on the authority of Mr. Gladstone. This has been, as it still is, his peculiar value to the Radicals. He placed himself at their head late in life, and only when they were clearly becoming a great power in the State. When it appeared certain that the democratic principle was to gain the ascendancy, he seized its 'aspirations,' as one of his adulators and followers has expressed it, with accidental candour, 'as if he had been a young revolutionary chief, instead of a veteran Minister.' He is popular to-day because he represents the revolutionary principle; as the Radical writer just quoted truly, though incautiously, says, his 'known leanings' are even more important than his 'proved opinions,' and he is held in esteem by the Democracy, not because he has been Tory, Peelite, Whig and Liberal, 'everything by turns and nothing long,' but on account of his willingness to follow the road indicated by the 'forward' school, whenever it clearly led to power. Conservatives or others who suppose that Mr. Gladstone

Gladstone is in any danger of being deserted by his followers are altogether deceived. In this particular stage of democratic progress, no man could be so useful to the destructive party as the present Prime Minister. Under cover of his name, they have been able to push on their attack almost without exciting suspicion. This is a service which they would be blind not to perceive, and infatuated not to appreciate. It atones for a multitude of sins. The misgovernment of Ireland, or even the uncalled-for war in Egypt, are regarded as of little moment in comparison with it. Mr. Gladstone has known how to preserve a moderate attitude, even when encouraging his followers to advance from one position to another. He has not identified himself, for instance, with the views of his disciples on the Land question; but he has repeatedly stated that 'great changes' will have to be made, and he has thereby done more to facilitate real mischief, than if he had plainly defined the changes which he was prepared to carry out. He has left it in the power of his followers to allege that they are striving for objects which have his sanction, although he does not consider the moment ripe for the full disclosure of his intentions.

Mr. Gladstone's value to the Radicals in masking their real designs, and in acting as a symbol of safety and prudence, has been incalculable, and if he has blundered into a foreign war, and given an appearance of reasonableness to the schemes of Irish disunionists, these are but slight drawbacks to the manifold advantages which are gained from the use of his name and great abilities. Coleridge said of Canning, that he 'flashed such a light around the Constitution, that it was difficult to see the ruins of the fabric through it;' but the saying might, with much greater truth, be applied to Mr. Gladstone. There are few measures, however sweeping in their nature, which may not hereafter be sanctioned by some precedent drawn from Mr. Gladstone's legislation. When the landlords of England are 'taken in hand,' to use the phrase in vogue with the Radical party, the Land Bills which Parliament has applied to Ireland will not, we may be sure, be pushed out of sight so completely as Sir W. Harcourt's 'grand old flag.' Mr. Gladstone has, it is true, provided a loop-hole of escape for himself on this issue, as he does on most others. In September and October, 1881, a very active agitation was being carried on by the Farmers' Alliance. Mr. W. H. Gladstone came forward at Dudley,\* and declared that 'a new Land Bill would have to be provided for England.' Mr. Gladstone probably thought it necessary to

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\* Sept. 13, 1881.

modify the expectations which had thus been connected with his name. In a speech at Leeds, delivered a month after his son's promise, he admitted that the 'circumstances of land in England and Scotland demand the closest attention of Government,' but, he added, that he would 'never be a party to the introduction of the Irish Land Act into England' \*—an assurance which must have been received with entire satisfaction by his Radical colleagues and followers, as the surest of all signs that he would one day do it. Similar protestations have preceded the abandonment of every one of his old positions, from the days of Protectionism downwards. The Radicals have a fair right to expect that he will not set a greater value upon consistency than he has done throughout the last five and forty years—the period during which his mind has been passing through the process described by himself as that of 'expansion.' And it would require a much slighter degree of expansion than has sufficed for previous conversions, to convince him now, that the 'circumstances of land' in England and Scotland are essentially the same as those in Ireland.

We should be disposed, then, to warn Conservatives everywhere not to count too much on the dissensions of their opponents. A common cause will bind them together whenever the necessity arises for united effort. The moderate section of the party can at present be soothed by the promise that, when Mr. Gladstone retires, he will be succeeded by Lord Hartington. But Lord Hartington himself has probably not yet forgotten the ignominious treatment he received in 1880, after having borne the responsibilities of the Opposition for several long and dreary years. He has had, and still has, his uses, but the Radicals have no idea of making him Prime Minister. Even if a temporary accident placed him in that position, he could not hold it against the caucus which would immediately be set to work to drive him out. The Radicals have this great advantage over the Whigs with whom they are unwillingly yoked—they know precisely what they want. They have a definite purpose before them, and it is their firm belief that it is in their power to accomplish it. Even now they are able to boast, as one of their organs boasted recently, that the record of the past three Sessions has been one of continual victory for them. 'Radicals have little to complain of in the history of the troubled years since their chief returned to power. The movement along the whole line has been in one direction.' This fact being admitted, the party are not likely to prove recalcitrant

\* Speech at Leeds, Oct. 7, 1881.

because

because Mr. Gladstone stumbled into a war, the chief expense of which will have to be borne by the small class who are liable to the income tax. The question with them is, Has Mr. Gladstone systematically helped on the main cause? No one of ordinary penetration can doubt for a moment that he has done so, and therefore an occasional freak, even if it leads to a war to which the 'working classes' are not asked to contribute a penny, may readily be overlooked.

Sir Charles Dilke boasted in November last that the Radicals 'were gaining ground in the direction of their political principles more rapidly now than at any time in the history of the country.' We entirely agree with him. Their progress has been much greater than superficial observers are capable of understanding. What they have gained cannot be measured altogether by actual legislation. They have not abolished the House of Lords, but they have done much towards destroying its influence, and they have induced tens of thousands to believe that a second branch of the Legislature is now a source of real danger to the people. They have caused it to be understood that the Upper House can only be allowed to exist, on condition that it will not 'interfere' in legislation, and do nothing but pass the Bills which are sent to it backed by a 'mandate.' If it will efface itself, its life may yet for a little while be spared. Such is the utmost concession which the Liberals are prepared to make. In August last, when the Lords were discussing the Arrears Bill, the principal Radical journal in London called their deliberations a 'factious game,' and indicated that the time had come for 'making short work with a system that places it in the power of one Tory peer at the head of some hundred and fifty other Tory peers, to defy the elected representatives of the nation.' The organ at Manchester described the constitutional exercise of the right of the House of Lords to debate or revise Bills sent to it, as 'an odious and intolerable usurpation.' Similar language was used in all parts of the country. Even the journals which affect an air of moderation endeavour to impress upon their readers the necessity of getting rid of the Upper House, or at least of turning it into 'a purely deliberative body.' It may be allowed to meet as a debating society, but it must have no power over legislation. No doubt there are many among the classes to whom the Radicals directly appeal, who are honestly of belief that the legislative function of the House of Lords is literally what the Manchester paper called it, 'an odious usurpation.' 'They do not trouble,' explains one of their number, 'to go into fine-spun theories as to the advantages of hereditary assemblies, or even of Chambers of Review; nor care to impress themselves with the historical.'

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They are simply 'determined not to be baulked in the accomplishment of their desire by men with no legitimate claim to authority over them.' And therefore, 'the general opinion among the wage-earning classes here [i.e. in the North of England] is summed up in the expressive phrase that "them chaps ought to be abolished."'<sup>\*</sup> It is idle to say that if the men who use this 'expressive phrase' knew anything of history—if they would recal, for instance, the sort of legislation which went on in England when the House of Lords was practically abolished, and when the House of Commons had everything its own way—they would probably take a more reasonable view of the question. But as their spokesman frankly admits, they do not want to be bothered with the 'historical,' and they do not mean to be 'baulked.' Ignorance of the nation's history is not the least of the evils which we have to fight against in the immediate future.

But the House of Lords still exists, and it even answers, for the time, a useful purpose. If it shows any indisposition to pass a Bill, a few menaces are found sufficient to bring it to reason. And when it has passed the Bill, it can always be said that there cannot be anything mischievous in the measure, or the Lords would never have accepted it. The process of Radical legislation is thus much simplified. In the first place, a measure is presented to the House of Commons as having been demanded by the people, and in the House as well as out of it—by Ministers as well as by Ministerial journals—the cry is raised, 'the people want this Bill, and therefore discussion is superfluous.' If a Conservative raises an objection, it is said, 'We have heard all that before. Stand aside, and let the people have their own way.' When the Bill is passed, it is made a precedent for endless legislation of the same character. This is the short history of all the Irish legislation which has taken place under the present Government. The argument used in the first instance is, 'You must take this Bill on the recommendation of the Government. Mr. Gladstone says it is necessary, and he knows best. At any rate, the people have confidence in him.' Parliament adopts the measure on the solemn assurance of Ministers that it is indispensable, and that it will restore peace and prosperity to the country. It is afterwards found that it produces totally different results. Then additional legislation is demanded, and Parliament is told that it has gone too far to withdraw; that, having sanctioned the previous measures, it must pass other measures of the same kind, even if

<sup>\*</sup> Letter published in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' Aug. 11, 1881.

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they are seen to be wrong in principle. Let no one say that this is in any degree a misrepresentation of the new and improved principles of legislation which have come in with the present Administration. We merely describe what has occurred. The consent of Parliament to the Irish Land Bills was secured by the assurance from Mr. Gladstone that they would do no injustice, and work nothing but good for the country. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright both gave the world to understand that there would be no great reduction of rents. Lord Carlingford at the same time told the House of Lords that 'the provisions of the Bill would cause the landlords no money loss whatever,' and 'inflict upon them no loss of income.' We all know how these pledges were falsified, and how the hope of 'peace and prosperity' turned out to be a midsummer night's dream. Then the Arrears Bill was thrust upon Parliament, and Mr. Gladstone once more brought forward the 'bludgeon' argument to which there is no reply. He admitted that objections might be made to the principle of the Bill, but the House must finish what it had begun. 'It is done,' said the Prime Minister, 'and cannot be undone.' In a brief speech he demanded that 'only a short time' should elapse 'before this measure is passed into law.' The House of Lords could not oppose the Arrears Bill, because it was nothing but a complement of the Land Bills which it had already passed. And when it showed signs of hesitation, the rattle of the Birmingham machinery was soon heard again, and the Lords gave a new justification for the popular belief that when they are threatened they will submit. Such is the way in which laws are now made. And yet there are many people who probably possess a fair degree of intelligence—leading-article writers and others—who contend that nothing revolutionary is going on in England, and that even to mention the word revolution in this country is an outrage upon the well-known and long-tried 'common-sense' of the people.

The House of Lords, however, being in nobody's way just now, and having favourably distinguished itself by its docility in reference to the Arrears Bill, is to be left unmolested until it next attempts to perform the duty which the Constitution has imposed upon it. It does not even figure in recent Liberal manifestoes. The pressing question of the day is now discovered to be the extension of the county suffrage. It appears to be taken for granted, that the very mention of this topic must necessarily produce a panic in the Conservative ranks, although no one has explained why Conservatives should regard it with greater apprehension than Liberals. It is no more probable that the agricultural labourers would go over in a body to the  
Radicals,

Radicals, than that they would vote in a body with the Conservatives. We do not know how they would vote, but of one thing we are certain, and it is that, if the question is to be dealt with in the 'thorough' spirit which is so much admired, in theory, by the Radicals, one party has just as much reason to approach it with caution and hesitation as the other. Whenever it is so dealt with, it must greatly alter the strength and prospects of both parties. It would bring about a million and a quarter of new electors into the field, and no one can possibly foretell which side in politics would attract the larger share of this number. The Conservative party has taken up no decided attitude in relation to the county suffrage, nor can it do so until the Government of the day tell us how they propose to settle it. Several of its members have talked in a vague and rambling way about the intentions of the Ministry, but they do not appear to realize the magnitude of the question which they are so eager to open up. It would be impossible to deal honestly with the county suffrage without an extensive measure of disfranchisement and redistribution of seats, and when these contingencies are brought within sight, the Liberals are apt to take alarm much sooner than their opponents. It is evident that no small section of the Ministerialists imagine that nothing more will be requisite when they take the county suffrage 'in hand' than to reduce the qualification or do away with it altogether, and that this is a very simple and easy process. There never was a greater delusion, as they will find to their cost. It is true that from Sir H. James and others there has proceeded a suggestion, that the franchise can be altered without treading upon the dangerous ground of redistribution of seats. But the head of the Government is too well acquainted with the real nature of the difficulty to be a sharer in any such dream as that. He knows perfectly well that household suffrage in the counties would render inevitable a redistribution of seats on a scale never yet seen in this country, not even in 1832, and it is tolerably certain that not many of the men who helped to carry this sweeping measure would be required to assist in any further deliberations of the House of Commons.

The Conservative party, then, have no more reason to be afraid of this great bugbear than the Liberals; but what they have a clear right to insist upon is, that the question shall not be taken up to serve a mere temporary party purpose, and made the pretext for an exhibition of political jockeyship. The alteration of the county franchise involves many problems which are far too complicated and important to be lightly treated. Lord Beaconsfield, it may be remembered, drew attention to this fact

fact in 1874. Neither then nor at any other time did he oppose the extension of the county suffrage; it was not very likely that he would or could have done so, seeing that in 1867 he reduced the qualification from 50*l.* to 12*l.* But he pointed out that a general redistribution of power must follow, as an inevitable consequence, from the introduction of household suffrage into the counties, and that this redistribution would, 'to a great extent, be approaching electoral districts.' His calculation, based on equal electoral districts, was that at least 187 constituencies in the United Kingdom would have to be disfranchised, for there could only be one representative for each 48,000 of the population, and any borough or county with a population below that number would necessarily go by the board. Under this system, even boroughs so enlightened as Northampton would be disfranchised.

But apparently Lord Beaconsfield did not think it necessary, in 1874, to do more than faintly shadow forth the immense changes which the adoption of household suffrage in counties would force upon us, and the whole subject is to this hour very little understood by the general public. Comparatively few persons realize that while the phrase, redistribution of seats, was used correctly enough in reference to either of the last Reform Bills, under which borough and county seats were alike reapportioned, it is entirely inapplicable to a measure which would altogether do away with county representation, as it has hitherto existed, and disfranchise a large class who have always been represented in the Parliament of this country. Under the old system, the county members, elected by a higher franchise than that of boroughs, represented the freeholders of each district. The borough members usually represented a smaller constituency, concentrated within narrow and well-defined limits. In course of time the boundaries of boroughs have been enlarged in an arbitrary and irregular manner, and there are many parts of the North in which population has so extended itself along the roads and other areas between boroughs, that what is almost a continuous town may be made up of two or more boroughs, with localities between them not electorally within either borough, and containing a considerable number of county voters. Thus, large and populous districts, wholly urban in their character, belong at present partly to a borough and partly to a county constituency, there being no reason whatever for the distinction. The division may run down the middle of the street, on one side of which every householder and every lodger may have a vote, while on the other side the inhabitants may come within the operation of the 12*l.* county suffrage.

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This arbitrary definition of borough and county boundaries was made worse than ever in 1832, when some very remarkable feats of 'jerrymandering' were performed by the Whig party. It must be further kept in recollection, that there are many parts of the country in which there are towns of from ten to thirty thousand inhabitants, returning one or two members each, while the whole county in which they are situated, with perhaps more than ten times the number of inhabitants, has an equal representation. Then there are the mining counties, filled with a dense population. Now if the franchise in boroughs and counties is to be made uniform, these areas must by some means or other be equalized, for if this is not done, the alteration of the franchise would create greater anomalies than those which exist at present, by perpetuating an exceptional privilege to be shared by comparatively few voters living within a borough, while double or treble the number living just outside these limits are allowed no greater representation, if so much.

It would be necessary, then, to extend one borough till it joined another—in other words, to make an approach, at least, to equal electoral districts. The counties, as the old geographical divisions for which some good reason usually exists, would have to be taken as furnishing the best area out of which the new electoral districts must be constructed, and each of these divisions would have to comprise some rural and some urban parts. The amount of representation allotted to each would have to be decided either by mere population, or by intelligence, wealth, and industrial energy; and whichever standard might be taken, the North of England would doubtless be entitled to a considerably larger share of representation than it possesses at present. Of this no one could complain, but unless the counties were allowed to preserve a freehold franchise, the freeholder, whether of house property or of land, as distinguished from the occupier, would be disfranchised. Such a change would be really not the mere lowering of the county qualification, but the extension of the borough franchise throughout the kingdom, and its division into a series of conterminous boroughs. In any case, and happen what may, the extension of household suffrage throughout the kingdom must immensely reduce the political power attaching to the ownership of property, and there are, perhaps, few reasonable men who would desire to make total disfranchisement the penalty of such ownership. From very ancient times, the claims of property to representation have been admitted. Under the old constitutional system, the freeholder alone voted in the county for the knight of the shire; and the burgage tenant, or the payer of scot and lot, or  
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even the potwalloper, or all three, voted for the burgess in the borough. By the proposed 'assimilation' of the borough and county franchise, every householder would have a vote, and every freeholder should have one also; but as it was thought right formerly that, in order to deal fairly with all parties, they should vote separately, so there might be no injustice in advancing the same claim now. It might be decided that freeholders should have the right to return two members for each county, and in that case the total county representation would, of course, be very largely reduced, but no substantial injustice would be done. One effect of such an alteration would undeniably be greatly to diminish the expense of county elections, now so much complained of, and there would still be a class of members for the counties whose opinions, though not perhaps always identical with those of their borough colleagues, would have a fair claim to attention, and would represent a very strong and valuable element in English political life.

We have thus touched upon some of the inevitable consequences of making household suffrage universal, and we have done so for the purpose of showing how wide and momentous are the issues involved. How many of the persons who talk so glibly about the county suffrage have ever considered these issues? Mr. Chamberlain, in a recent letter to a Welsh correspondent, says: 'It is the earnest hope of the Government that the present Parliament will not separate without having dealt with the question of the assimilation of the borough and county franchise.' And Lord Derby writes to a mining representative—also in the Principality—in very similar words. 'I have more than once,' he remarks, 'expressed myself in public as favourable to the assimilation of the borough and county franchise.' Both Ministers of the Crown must be well aware that the phrase which they use so lightly contains no true definition of the immense change which they are prepared to advocate. The attempt to disguise the creation of a new Electoral Constitution for the United Kingdom—a Constitution which may involve the destruction of county representation and the swamping of borough constituencies—under the flimsy veil of 'assimilation of the borough and county franchise,' is not a very honest piece of work, no matter who may be the person to undertake it. But it answers its purpose of allaying suspicion, and of 'minimizing' the revolution which is going on. Give a dangerous purpose a harmless name, and half the difficulty of accomplishing it is gone.

The 'young reformers' have a misty idea that they can smuggle through Parliament any measure they please affect-  
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ing the county franchise, without approaching the sunken rock of redistribution of seats. Mr. Gladstone had a similar fancy in 1866. He tried then to get the Franchise clauses passed in one Bill, while he put the redistribution clauses in another, but the House would have nothing to do with the scheme. No such evasion as this would be successful when the much larger subject of the county franchise came to be dealt with. It would not be the last stage in the revolution, but it would be a vast and far-reaching one. There would be an immense influx of new voters who would belong chiefly to the class which Mr. Gladstone has told us—not in a speech which could be repudiated, but in articles signed and republished—will exercise very small intelligence in taking their part in public affairs. ‘The working man,’ he has warned us,\* ‘whom Fortune does not taint, and whom it is nobody’s interest to corrupt, is one thing; the working man practised upon, courted, flattered, whether by the old-fashioned arts, or by the new-fangled Conservative demagogism now so much in vogue, is another. His little bark will carry no great breadth of canvas; and the puff of factitious adulation will act upon its equilibrium like a squall.’ And he has also maintained † that from the twenty years succeeding the first Reform Bill (1832) the ‘level of public principle and public action . . . has perceptibly gone down.’ This does not seem to be encouraging, but the Radical party do not ask for universal household suffrage with any idea of securing a wiser management of the national affairs; what they profess to hope for is a very large increase of their power. They believe, in fact, that it would make an end, once for all, of the Conservative party, and sweep away every ‘interest’ which is identified with what they are pleased to call ‘privileged’ classes. Thus even the ‘Spectator,’ a journal which is rapidly becoming old-fashioned and out of date in its Radicalism, candidly admits ‡ that ‘it is nearly impossible to believe that the Democracy, once made completely sovereign by the emancipation of the counties, will not bestir itself to secure to itself a greater share in the material results of civilization.’ This is put in an ingenious manner, not altogether unworthy of Mr. Gladstone himself; it may be interpreted as signifying nothing more than that the Democracy will try to work harder and to save more money. But what the Democracy itself understands when it is told that the time has come for it to secure ‘a greater share in the material results of

\* ‘Nineteenth Century,’ July 1878, and ‘Gleanings from Past Years,’ vol. i. p. 196.

† ‘Gleanings,’ vol. i. p. 160.

Vol. 155.—No. 309.

‡ June 10, 1882.

civilization' is something very different—something closely corresponding with the anticipation expressed by Lord Shaftesbury in reference to household suffrage in counties. 'This measure,' he remarked, 'will affect the tenure and transmission of property *in every form*;' and it is partly for that very reason that the Radicals desire so earnestly to carry it into effect, while they have a Minister at their head who retains the confidence of a large section of the propertied classes, and while that Minister can boast of a majority which will not venture to oppose his will. Meanwhile, every attempt is to be made to persuade the country that no great change is impending—it is only a little 'assimilation' that is proposed. We have endeavoured to give some idea of the real importance of the proposed measure, and we believe that whenever it is carried into effect, even its promoters will be amazed at the revolution it has effected.

It must be admitted that the Radicals have laid their plans well for success. If they do not attain their end, it will only be because the unforeseen has intervened. They are drawing the toils closer and closer round their opponents. Never was a more active agency at work in any country for manufacturing public opinion than that which they control. A Political Vigilance Committee sits in perpetual session, and if any Member of Parliament ventures to dissent from the majority, he is speedily sent for to 'meet a delegate from Birmingham,' and it is made clear to him that he must choose between unconditional submission and the loss of his seat. It is true that there are some men like Mr. Cowen, of Newcastle, who are bold enough to defy the Birmingham oligarchy, but they are so few in number that they cannot hope to produce any effect. The caucus machine, as we pointed out when it was first brought here, is too strong to be resisted by individual action. The 'bolters' and 'deserters' will inevitably be crushed. However determined a man may be, or however confident in the justice of his cause, the organization will, as a rule, be too much for him. The managers will be able to boast that 'public opinion' is in their favour, and this public opinion can readily be made to order by the local committees all over the country. The occasions are very rare when professional men, or the wealthier class of tradespeople, voluntarily leave their pursuits and organize a meeting in the town-hall to express their opinions on political affairs. That sort of work is generally done by men who are anxious to become prominent in local affairs, or who feel that their own fortunes turn more or less directly on the fortunes of their party. Such men eagerly join the ward committees,

mittees, or become members of the 'four hundreds' who are in correspondence with the 'National Federations' at Birmingham and elsewhere. These Federations are, in fact, the exact counterpart of the 'Republican' or 'Democratic' State Committees which, with their dependent ramifications, manage all electoral matters in the United States. There they are so effective in their operations that such a thing as an 'independent' candidate has not been heard of for thirty years. The Committee—or the Caucus, as the similar machine has come to be called here—cannot be beaten, unless in such rare cases as we have previously referred to, when public indignation is so aroused that it bursts forth in an irresistible torrent, carrying away everything before it. The general operation of the system is such that no man, whatever may be his abilities or his claim to consideration, can hope to 'run' for any office unless he has received the *imprimatur* of the wire-pullers. It may be asked, Why should not the wire-pullers choose the best men that can be found for any given office? We cannot say why they should not; we only know as a matter of fact that they never do.

Now, with these appliances at work out of doors, and the 'gag-law' in operation within the walls of Parliament, the leaders of the Radical party may be said to have almost everything in their own hands. 'Few questions,' remarks a once ardent Radical, who has only recently become alive to the true meaning of Radical principles, 'few questions are now really placed before the people in the constituencies for their honest consideration and true judgment. The political markets are mostly rigged, and the results are known and arranged beforehand by the managers. The Ministers claim that the voice of the country approves and urges them forward; in reality it is only a skilful contrivance by which their own voices come back to them gloriously magnified.\*' This melancholy cry comes from one of the 'aristocratic-Radical' school, which had become fashionable as well as numerous, and which espoused Radicalism before it was known or understood whither it would lead. Some of the disciples have discovered their error, and many more will yet do so, but not until it is too late for them or any one else to repair the mischief which has been done. An aristocratic Radical is, to borrow an expression of Mr. Bright's, a creature of 'monstrous birth,' but the fate which inevitably awaits him and his class will be an ample punishment for the follies he has committed and the mischief he has done.

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\* Mr. Auberon Herbert, Letter to the 'Times,' Feb. 18, 1882.

It is already obvious enough that the rule of the party of liberty and free thought will be the most arbitrary ever seen or heard of in this country, and the knowledge of this begins to dawn upon some of the philosophers, noble and otherwise, who have been living with their heads in the air, and who have fancied that they, and not the demagogues among their number, were exercising authority over the multitude. The multitude is generally managed, not by philosophers, writers, or theorists, but by practical men who go among them with a tolerably clear insight into their feelings and wishes, and a natural talent for flattering their weaknesses. Mr. Chamberlain is not a statesman, but he has proved himself to be a skilful 'politician,' borrowing the word from the country where he picked up the caucus. He is essentially what is called a 'smart' man. He has never exhibited a single statesmanlike quality—as yet, he has not even been able to imitate the quiet dignity and reserve which Englishmen have been accustomed to look for in their public men. But what is statesmanship, after all? It very rarely wins elections, and sometimes manages to lose them. Of far greater utility is it to understand the art of bringing up voters to the poll, of stirring up a patriotic feeling in a sluggish ward, of binding men together who never could work in harmony before. This is not the sort of business which calls for the very highest powers of the human mind, but it is useful, and never was it so essential to have it well done as in the present day. Mr. Chamberlain evidently does it well, or he would not be to-day the 'Boss' of Birmingham. The little affair of the School Board last November was annoying to him, no doubt, but what is that when compared with the victories which he has achieved? Has he not been able to make his hand felt all over the country? Mr. Marriott, of Brighton, once ventured to criticize him, and what followed? The Chamberlain screw was put into requisition, and Mr. Marriott received the usual invitation to 'meet a delegate from Birmingham.' There was a stormy meeting; Mr. Marriott found anything but wreathed smiles on the pleasing countenances of his constituents. But he is an obstinate man, and he wrote a letter,\* in which he said:—

'Some of my constituents have been hurt at my remarks on Mr. Chamberlain. I may be right or wrong in my views about him, but it is my firm conviction that if his tactics prevail, Constitutional Government, as it has always hitherto been understood in this country, will be at an end. His caucus system is intended to overawe

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\* Published in the 'Times,' February 28, 1882.

members of Parliament, and directly interferes with the independence of constituencies, and supplants Parliamentary government by establishing innumerable centres of political action, whose course and policy are always to be decided by the wire-puller at the chief centre—that is, by Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham. It places enormous and practically irresponsible power in the hands of one man—power which should not be intrusted to any single individual, even were he an angel from heaven, much less to one of Mr. Chamberlain's political antecedents.'

This is very well indeed, but until the next election takes place in Brighton we should hesitate to award the palm of victory to Mr. Marriott. And we must repeat that it will not do to underrate Mr. Chamberlain, or to have too poor an opinion of his 'antecedents.' It may be said that the spirit of the vestry and the local board is in him, but that, as innumerable events prove, is a very useful spirit for a man to have at his command in the present day. All the Midlothian speeches, and all the marvellous 'epigrams,' ever delivered, would have been thrown away but for the organization which the 'vestry spirit' brought into existence. We have never denied Mr. Chamberlain's right to receive a high reward for his exertions; the labourer is worthy of his hire; and in this case he got it, and is evidently proud of it. But at the same time we are free to admit—not being subject to receive a summons to 'meet a delegate from Birmingham' for saying so—that Mr. Chamberlain's influence is wholly for the bad, and that his method tends to the hopeless degradation of English public life. One of the first fruits of his system is the increasing pressure brought to bear upon Members of Parliament to compel them to forsake their own opinions, and adopt those of the local committees which profess to represent their constituents. There are scarcely a dozen Members of the House who have not severely felt this pressure during the last three years. The Clôture is another result of the new system, for perfect freedom of debate is not consistent with the principles on which the Birmingham Federation is based. The House of Commons never would have placed the 'gag' in its own mouth if it could have decided the question by the ballot. It has been assured by some of the underlings of the Ministry, that the new Rules are merely intended for ornament, and not for use, and the almost childish glee with which the House saw how easily the second Rule—relating to motions for adjournment—could be deprived of its force, encouraged it to suppose that it had not parted with much of its liberties. It will, in due season, discover its mistake. It did not suit the purpose of Mr. Gladstone or his colleagues to use the whole of the powers which they extorted

extorted last November, but the first time they think proper to put them into exercise, it will be found that there is no escape from the first Rule. The Ministry will always be able to secure a majority of over two hundred, and with that it will have the power to shut off debate at any moment. To suppose that so much time and trouble were expended to gain this instrument, in order that it might *not* be used, is a pretty thought enough for the amusement of children, but it has no application to the practical affairs of life.

Considering all that has happened, we cannot affect to feel any great surprise at the dissatisfaction which has been expressed in some quarters concerning the management of the Conservative party during the last year or two. If we are to regard the opposition which Lord Beaconsfield had to encounter as the model on which every party when out of office should shape its action, it may be admitted that the course of the Conservative leaders is lacking in force and resolution. But the Conservatives have not yet recognized the principle, that their first duty is to 'thwart' the Government of the day in all its 'purposes,' especially in relation to foreign policy. They still hold that national interests are paramount over those of party, and that, when a dangerous controversy with another Power has arisen, it is incumbent upon them to stand by the 'Queen's Government'—to use once more an almost obsolete figure of speech. In pursuance of that conviction, Mr. Gladstone was allowed to make his Egyptian war with little or no protest from the Opposition, and even his deplorable legislation for Ireland has met with few serious obstacles. It may possibly be that legitimate opportunities for weakening the Ministry have been disregarded, and that the Arrears Bill in particular presented a favourable chance for compelling an appeal to the constituencies. But, if so, the party and not the leaders were to blame. The followers, for once, refused to follow, and all share of responsibility for the Bill was emphatically repudiated by the Conservative Leader in the House of Lords. But it must be remembered that there is nothing in party tactics so hazardous as to provoke a final trial of strength too soon. The last advice which Lord Beaconsfield ever gave to his party was that no premature attempt should be made to embarrass the Ministry, and that no haste should be displayed in making the attempt to overthrow it. Doubtless some of the younger members of the party are impatient of what seems to them a course of pusillanimous inaction, but a longer experience may convince them that it is not wise to strike until the blow is likely to be effectual. The dashing forays of Lord Randolph Churchill

Churchill have their uses, and we are far from disparaging the services which he has sometimes been able to render to the cause which he has at heart. He has often shown a great mastery of facts, and an unusual degree of skill in impressing them vividly upon the minds of others. Mr. Gladstone has, indeed, thought to silence him by comparing him with an 'insect;' but every one has been able to see that the insect can sting. But the mind of a party leader must be fixed upon the constituencies as well as upon the parliamentary arena, and, to speak with all frankness, as becomes fair political discussion, we fail to see any decided evidence that the constituencies have grown weary of Mr. Gladstone and his rule. Some discontent there is, no doubt, but is it sufficient in extent to transform our minority into a majority? We must take leave to doubt it.

Moreover, it would be madness to shut our eyes to the fact that, when the deliberate judgment of the country was last taken, the Conservative organization was in no condition to win a victory. There was confidence enough, and to spare; but that which can alone justify confidence was missing. Now the lapse of time since then has not been great, and defective electioneering machinery cannot be set right in a day. The Liverpool affair was not calculated to convince us that local organization is everywhere in the highest state of efficiency. Much has been done, we are happy to believe, in many directions, to strengthen our position, and to place us more nearly on a level with an enemy whose energies and resources were never so great as they are at this moment. We may hope that it is an exploded idea, that the only instrumentality for carrying elections is to be found in the back parlour of a firm of old-fashioned local attorneys. But it is quite certain that much preparatory work yet remains to be done. In many constituencies the register has been neglected, and there is nothing fit to cope with the Radical caucus. There are few speakers in the field; the press is inactive. These are agencies which cannot safely be disregarded in our own day, although Conservative leaders have often persuaded themselves that they were superfluous. *Festina lente* is a good old motto, although it seldom recommends itself very strongly to those who have not laid to heart the hard experience acquired by the pursuit of a different policy. It is true that we are sometimes taunted by the Liberals with want of courage, and assured that we are no better than a 'broken band of stragglers.' But how many years ago is it since the Liberals themselves were plunged in the depths of despondency, with their great leader cowed and disheartened,

disheartened, amusing himself with felling trees in the presence of bands of excursionists, or with drawing up lists of measures which were urgently required by the nation, none of which he has attempted to carry out? The Conservative party has often been pronounced dead and buried, but its vitality is as great as ever, although we have never attempted to conceal the fact that the difficulties against which it has to contend are much greater than ever. That it will overcome those difficulties we must all hope, for nothing less than the preservation of the Constitution—all that is left of it—is involved in the contest. But if it is to triumph, it must be led with skill and caution. Daring alone will not suffice. The motto of Danton is good in revolutionary times; but we are not the revolutionary party. Our present duty is as clear as the sun at noonday. It is to labour incessantly to rally all our friends around us, and to wait patiently for the proper moment to bring them into the field.

'But,' it is frequently said to us, 'you have no policy. Your speeches and your writings are void of initiative, and barren of political inspiration.' And this was the moral which was drawn for our instruction on the occasion of Mr. Forwood's defeat at Liverpool. A more maladroit application of a threadbare and foolish criticism it would be hard to imagine, for no one can assert that Mr. Forwood was a Tory void of 'initiative.' He appears to have been an advocate of nearly everything which forms a part of the Liberal programme. The representative of 'advanced' Toryism was defeated; and the 'Times' comes forward with a wise air, and says that what Tories want is a policy, and that 'no political party can live on mere negations.' With that singular ignorance and contempt of local affairs which is so characteristic a sign of the London journalist, to whom the world is circumscribed within the metropolitan area, the propounders of these sage maxims shut their eyes to the peculiar circumstances under which Mr. Forwood appealed to the constituency of Liverpool; they had no idea, for instance, that he had offended large numbers of the shopkeepers by meddling with their sign-boards, and the publicans by declaring his willingness to support the Permissive Liquor Bill; while the workmen, the High Church party, and the Catholics, were all opposed to him. All these incidents in the contest were overlooked, because nothing 'provincial' can be worthy the attention of a London publicist. We are solemnly warned that, unless we bring forth a 'policy' at once new and startling, we shall be 'smitten with atrophy.' We must not criticize Mr. Gladstone, and above all we must not mention the word revolution. Such are the messages of the oracles, and it is difficult

to receive them with the gravity to which all oracles have from of old deemed themselves entitled. Great is the infatuation which is displayed in the present day in many directions, but that the professed representatives of the middle-classes should be perpetually urging the Conservatives to outbid the Radicals for Democratic support, and that they should be blind to the progress of a revolution which is a startling portent to all the rest of the world—this is the most surprising phenomenon of all. It will attract due attention when the true history of our times comes to be written, but it will never be possible to find an adequate excuse for it.

That there should be two parties in the State bent upon making organic changes in the Constitution, and that, whenever the Radicals produce a measure aimed at one or other of our national institutions, the Conservatives should hasten to ‘trump’ it—such is the course urged upon us, now and on many former occasions, by our kind friends and advisers. We are to see if we cannot outstrip the Radical party in the race towards revolution, only we are not to call it revolution, because that may give offence. We must speak of it as ‘progress,’ and give up our vain attempts to oppose ‘measures by which the Liberal party is striving to give effect to the progressive instincts of the country.’ Whether we see anything objectionable and dangerous in these measures or not, we are to adopt them, and make them a little stronger, putting our own convictions on the shelf, just as the great authorities do who first denounce these very measures—the Arrears Bill and the Clôture, for instance—and then praise them and magnify their author. We are one day to condemn a policy as subversive and wicked, and the next to embrace it warmly, and describe it as a high-minded attempt to ‘give effect to the progressive instincts of the country.’ But acrobatic leaps of this kind, though they may be easy to the experts whose pleasing duty it is to practise them every day, are not so easy to those who are endowed with less flexibility of bone and sinew. That the tactics recommended to the Conservatives would succeed, even if they were adopted, we do not believe; for although the public will forgive tergiversation in individuals, and although it apparently dearly likes to see ‘conversions,’ it would not readily forgive a party which forsook all its principles for the sake of securing power. Such a party would be despised by its enemies, and abandoned by all who were deserving of consideration among its friends. That the Conservative party is opposed to change *per se*, can only be asserted by those who are entirely ignorant of the political history of the country. But that it will consent to challenge the Revolutionists to a trial

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of strength to ascertain which can destroy English institutions the fastest—that is more than any one has a right to expect. If the British Constitution is to be sold at a Dutch auction, the Conservative party will stand aloof from the bidding.

Do these writers know what they mean when they tell us that the Tories have no policy? Or have they ever considered what sort of a policy is possible at a time like the present to a party out of power? Mr. Gladstone, they say, had a policy when he went to Midlothian. So he had, and he summed it up in a few words—it was to ‘thwart’ Lord Beaconsfield. Apart from that, if he marked out any definite policy at all, no one has heard of it since, and therefore it cannot have proved a source of strength to his friends or to himself. The Liberal party has not lived during the last three years on the principles professed prior to the last election. The further it has departed from those principles, the more it has prospered. It did not hesitate to celebrate its recantation of Midlothian doctrine by the great military show and street processions of the 18th of November. Those who affirm that it was the ‘policy’ expounded by Mr. Gladstone that carried the day in 1880, should take the trouble to expound that policy once more, and to find out, if they can, what has become of it. But even if the Radical leaders had come before the people in 1880 with a comprehensive programme for their future guidance, it would have been no great credit to them, for those who are seeking to destroy necessarily find it much easier to produce what is called a ‘policy,’ than those who are seeking to preserve, and who, therefore, are driven to adopt a comparatively passive attitude. The aggressive power must always make the greater display. A party, which sets out upon the theory that everything ought to be attacked, need never be at a loss for something showy and dazzling to attract the public eye. Its members take unlimited licence, and the higher they strike, the more they improve their own prospects. No Conservative, for instance, could take his stand upon the ‘platform’ which brought Sir Charles Dilke into prominence, and made him of so much importance that it has been found necessary to put him in the Cabinet. ‘There is a widespread belief,’ he told a delighted audience, a very few years ago,\* ‘that a Republic here is only a matter of education and time.’ ‘There we have something like a policy foreshadowed! And what the wise counsellors of the Conservative party would have it do is to go a little further towards satisfying ‘progressive instincts,’ and promise a Republic the next time it comes into

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\* Speech at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nov. 8, 1871, ‘Times’ report, Nov. 9.

power. Then it would no longer be necessary for Radicals, who are endeavouring to force themselves into prominence, to attack the Royal Family for setting a 'bad tone,' for doing 'much towards continuing the political demoralization and immorality in high places, which all of us deplore.' These were the expressions which Sir Charles Dilke used in 1871, and they did not a little towards placing him where he is to-day. 'We stand still with folded arms,' he cried, 'before the *profligate waste* at Windsor.' And he now looks on at the dreadful spectacle with his arms more tightly folded than ever. He is not the first man whose field of view has been altered by office. In 1871 he protested against the Queen presuming to read foreign despatches and other documents. 'What,' he asked, in a burst of generous sympathy for enslaved Englishmen, 'what does the Emperor of Russia do more than that?' Is it any wonder that this second Hampden—or this 'English Roland' as a Radical journal calls him, *absit omen!*—could see no remedy for all our woes but a Republic? But the attacks upon the Crown having answered their purpose, and a change of circumstances calling for a change of tone, we are told that we must forget all about the speeches of 1871. Was not Lord Beaconsfield allowed to forget *his* early speeches? Were they ever brought up in judgment against him in his later years? The Radical system is to climb to power by unscrupulous means, and then to repudiate them as occasion may seem to require. A 'politician' is to be held free to begin his career all over again, with a clean 'record,' every ten years, or even oftener. Sir Charles Dilke, however, takes care not to run the risk of giving rise to the suspicion that he is becoming an 'aristocrat.' The ladder by which he rose is kicked down, but he takes care to provide a new one almost as good to look at as the other. In his recent series of speeches at Chelsea, he seemed to suggest that the Crown might be permitted to exist, now that he is a Minister under it, but that landed and other property must be made more available for the support of the poor. As a Radical organ interprets his remarks, 'he has hinted at one at least of the directions in which we ought to look for improvement, when he asks whether the aggregation of large estates and the extinction of small estates may not have some bearing on the matter' (i.e. on the comparative poverty of the masses) 'and whether legislation may not be desirable.' 'This opens an immense prospect,' continues the exultant 'organ.' And so, in truth, it does. It holds out the prospect of Communism, and supplies an additional warning to the classes who hold property, especially in land, to prepare for coming troubles. It is at them that the demagogue  
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now levels his weapons. The next great Democratic movement will be against the land, and it will be none the less dangerous because it has been a long time in preparation.

Now this is the sort of thing which leading journals call a policy. It is 'progressive;' it has something 'instinctive' about it. If the Tory leaders would only leave off 'carping' at Mr. Gladstone, and come out with a scheme moulded upon the ideas of the Chamberlain combination, then they might hope to receive the support of the 'Times' and of other enlightened philosophers and moralists. But to sit down doing nothing, to be opposed to 'progress,' and to point out that a revolution is going on in our midst, although no tocsin is sounding and no tumbrils are going about the streets—this is unworthy of the traditions of Conservatism. 'Not thus did Lord Beaconsfield understand the functions of Conservatism.' Perhaps not; but will any one tell us how it is that the people who never had a word to say of Lord Beaconsfield when he was alive except in disparagement and ridicule, are now always holding him up as a sample of the good and perfect man? If he was so wise, is it not a pity that the Liberal organs and leaders did not find it out before? Must a man be 'dead and turned to clay' before his merits are discovered? It is wonderful how much all these Radicals admired and loved Lord Beaconsfield while they were pretending to curse him. Since they treasure up his words like apples of gold, let them think over an observation or two which he once made in reply to this very taunt that the Conservative party is without a policy. To the new admirers of Lord Beaconsfield, in whose consciences there perhaps 'work some touches of remorse,' we commend the following sentences, which, rightly pondered and laid to heart, will save them from much repetition of idle folly hereafter:—

'The Conservative party are accused of having no programme of policy. If by a programme is meant a plan to despoil churches and plunder landlords, I admit we have no programme. If, by a programme is meant a policy which assails or menaces every institution and every interest, every class and every calling in the country, I admit we have no programme. But if, to have a policy with distinct ends, and these such as most deeply interest the great body of the nation, be a becoming programme for a political party, then I contend we have an adequate programme, and one which, here or elsewhere, I shall always be prepared to assert and to vindicate.'—*Speech at Manchester, April 3, 1872.*

And again on another occasion (in June 1872) he declared that the three great objects of the Tory party were the maintenance of the institutions of the country, the preservation of  
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our Empire, and the improvement of the condition of the people. It cannot be said that there is no longer a necessity for any such programme as this, or that it belongs to 'the past,' to which everything nowadays is remitted in such hot haste. It is more applicable to the circumstances of the time than ever it was before, and this fact will make itself obvious even to the dim-sighted writers who profess to have found in the restless passion for destruction and change the only real Conservative force.

The Tory party had a very distinct policy to propose in reference to Ireland, and they had no sooner explained what it was than the Radical leaders borrowed it, which is perhaps the only result ever likely to happen when Conservatives are unwise enough to answer the frequent challenge, 'Tell us what you would do?' Had the plan which our own party was prepared to recommend been carried out, there would be to-day far better hope for the pacification of Ireland than any one, except perhaps Mr. Gladstone, can now see. There was no unwillingness, as the resolution announced by Mr. W. H. Smith plainly showed, to assist really deserving tenants out of their difficulties, so far as that could be done in justice to others; but any efforts of this kind were to be accompanied with a wisely considered scheme of emigration, and with the most strenuous exertions to quell outbreaks of violence, and give back order and confidence to the country. Measures were to be taken to encourage once more the native industries of the people, which the Whigs suppressed, and to tempt capital to flow into Ireland by endeavouring to make its investment at once safe and remunerative. In 1868, when Mr. Gladstone began his memorable—and, as we maintain, his disastrous—course of Irish legislation, Mr. Disraeli said, 'It strikes me, as a general principle, that our mission in Ireland should be to *create and not to destroy*.' That was the Tory policy then; that is the policy which we were still prepared to carry out once more last Session, and its general details were sketched briefly, but with sufficient distinctness, in these very pages. And what happened? The idea of giving assistance to embarrassed tenants was calculated to become popular, and therefore the Liberal leaders at once seized it, gave it a wholly wrong and mischievous application, and disregarded all the other conditions with which we had proposed to accompany it. The 'Arrears Bill'—confessedly a measure in direct violation of the simple principles of common fairness, to say nothing of the now universally discarded 'political economy'—was the sole result of the Radical attempt to imitate a policy which they did not venture to carry out in its integrity. It has done no good, and it could do none, for it does not deal even superficially

superficially with the evils which are at the bottom of all the discontent in Ireland. Months after the Arrears Act was passed, and weeks after Mr. Gladstone had declared at Guildhall that the change in Ireland was most marked, and that 'the battle was in great part won,' there occurred the alarming outbreaks in Dublin, which have compelled the too sanguine Ministry to place the city almost in a state of siege. No sooner had his song of triumph gone up from Guildhall than Mr. Davitt went about to public meetings, replying to the Prime Minister's imprudent and unfounded vaunt that agrarian discontent was dying out, and that there was 'a new tone of sentiment going abroad among the people.' Mr. Davitt predicted the time when the people of Donegal and Connemara would be told 'to march down upon and take possession of the rich soil of the now depopulated plains.' Rent for land, he said at Liverpool in June last, 'is an unjust and indefensible tax of the nation's industry'—mere 'legal theft.' This is the real 'tone of sentiment' which the Prime Minister would find in Ireland, if he could succeed in diverting his attention from the imaginary effects which he delights to ascribe to his own measures. He cannot now induce the Irish tenant to believe that there are no more concessions in reserve. One good gift after another has been the reward of violence and assassination, from the day of the Clerkenwell explosion till now, and we need not be surprised that the Irish agitator should still believe that anything may be wrung from the Minister who never hesitated to turn the 'wrongs of Ireland' to account when he was out of office, and who owes at least one long lease of power to Irish agitation.

So far, then, from the Tory party having no policy—we take Ireland particularly, because it involves the most difficult questions of the day—it is clear that the Liberals went to them for a policy, and stole a part of it, but unfortunately spoiled it in the stealing. It is equally clear now that, whether they like it or not, they will have to adopt the rest of the programme. We have over and over again pointed out that all projects for the amelioration of Ireland must fail, unless they are combined with a large and judicious scheme of emigration; and now the Liberal leaders are avowing the same conclusion. No one any longer questions the 'Liberalism' of Lord Derby, except some of his Radical colleagues. His introduction into the Cabinet doubtless added an additional drop to the cup of bitterness which mysterious fate carried to Mr. Chamberlain's lips in the year 1882. Poor Mr. Chamberlain has thus far shown no great disposition to bear his wrongs in secret; on the contrary, he evidently has a craving for publicity which

which cannot quite be checked even when its only tendency is to excite laughter from Pall Mall to Peru. It may therefore easily happen that Birmingham's 'favourite son' may be disposed to unburden his mind concerning the ill-omened appearance in the Cabinet of a *ci-devant* Tory, whose conversion must be regarded by the genuine Radical with peculiar suspicion. It may be some consolation, perhaps, to have the mild sentiments of Lord Derby strengthened by the 'robust Republicanism' of Sir Charles Dilke, but even after all allowances have been made, it is awkward to have a member of the Cabinet declaring that no more concessions ought to be yielded, that Home Rule in any form means dissolution of the Union, and that Irish poverty and misery can never be removed till 'emigration' on a great scale is organized. These are the opinions avowed by Lord Derby, and his Radical colleagues will be driven by the pressure of events to adopt them. There is no other road open to them, for they have not yet summoned up courage to confess their readiness to accept the true ultimatum of the agitator, 'Ireland for the Irish.' They are willing to go on playing with the question of Home Rule under various disguises, but they are afraid to acknowledge that their legislation has but one logical end—the complete independence of Ireland. No doubt Mr. Forster has an inkling of this; but Mr. Forster, although he once described himself as 'a Radical from the cradle,' has been adjudged a 'traitor,' and drummed out of the party. In these days reminiscences of the cradle do a man no good; the great point is, in the phraseology of American politicians, is he willing to 'toe the mark' *now*? Another Radical, Mr. Goldwin Smith, has plainly warned his associates of the end towards which they are steering. 'In vain,' he has told them, 'your blackmail is paid.' 'If compliance with the demands of Irish demagogism is to be the principle of Imperial policy, it would be better at once to spare ourselves a tedious and humiliating struggle which can end only in one way, for the last demand of Irish demagogism must and will be the dissolution of the Union.\*' It may be, for aught we know, that the leading Radicals are as fully alive to all this as any of their advisers. They may be able to contemplate the inevitable end without either dislike or alarm. But that is not the view of the matter which is taken by the majority of the people of this country, and therefore we have a right to contend that not only have the Conservatives a policy in reference to this great problem of the day, but that it is the policy which would have been ratified by the nation could a definite and fair judgment have been obtained upon it.

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\* 'Nineteenth Century,' June 1882.

If there were, indeed, any reason to believe that the time had come when Conservative principles no longer had a chance of finding acceptance with the people, the rejoicings of our opponents and the fears of our timid friends might be warranted. But there is no such reason. We have, to say the least, lost no ground during the last three years, while there are many evidences that the nation is coming slowly towards the conclusion which it expressed so emphatically in 1874, that the work of 'change' has been pushed on fast and far enough, and that, before indulging any further in the rage for destruction, it will be as well to see the effects of what has already been done. We are prepared to believe, what is so often asserted, that the Revolutionary party are in a minority, but no student of history will need to be reminded that all revolutions have been the work of a minority. It was so in America, where as a recent historian has said, the minority 'succeeded in committing an undecided and fluctuating majority to courses for which they had little love, and leading them step by step to a position from which it was impossible to recede.'\* It was so in France, as M. Taine—not for the first time—has made clear. When the majority, who were interested in the preservation of law and order, 'saw the abyss, it was too late; they were logically driven into it by their own concessions; they could do nothing but cry out and show indignation; having abandoned their source of strength, they could find no point at which they could stop.'† History is at its old trick of repeating itself. The men of moderate opinions are steeped to the lips in confidence, believing that they will be able to arrest the progress of events whenever danger is impending. Their revolutionary allies alone have a distinct aim in view, and are pursuing it with a determination against which only one force in the State can by any possibility prevail. That force is the Conservative party. No man can be certain that it will eventually succeed, but upon its success depends the future greatness, stability, and welfare of this realm.

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\* Lecky's 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' vol. iii. p. 443.

† 'La Révolution,' vol. i. pp. 165-66 and p. 270, &c.

THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Life of Lord Lawrence.* By R. Bosworth Smith, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. 2 vols. London, 1883.

ON the 4th of July, 1857, amid the crash of the enemy's near artillery, and the incessant roll of musketry, the spare and shattered frame that had encased the ardent soul of Henry Lawrence was committed to earth, with hasty prayers, within the beleaguered lines of Lucknow Residency. Three weeks later, ignorant of the calamity, the Court of Directors, with the Crown's approval, named the same Henry Lawrence as provisional successor of the Governor-General, Lord Canning.

Twenty-two years later, almost to a day, on the 5th of July, 1879, Henry Lawrence's younger brother John, after having filled for the usual term of years that great office to which Henry had been designated, was laid in the nave of Westminster with all the solemn glories of music and lofty ritual, and amid such a depth of emotion, and such a crowd of mourners, as no funeral for wellnigh forty years had evoked or assembled. No royal prince took part, unless by proxy, in the last tribute to the man who had done more than any other, dead or living, to preserve India to the Crown of England; but statesmen and soldiers of renown, and old comrades who had borne by his side the burden and heat of the day, now supported his pall, and carried the symbols of his honours.

An old Arab traveller in India tells that, when a king in that country died, there were certain persons bound to him by special ties of devotion, who cast themselves upon his funeral-pyre. These were styled the Faithful Lieges of the King, whose life was their life, whose death was their death. That is not the custom now, Indian or Anglo-Indian. But Lord Lawrence's biographer, in speaking of the elder brother's unique power of attracting and influencing men through the heart, says that he was a man for whom (as sober persons, knowing whereof they

spoke, had repeatedly told him) not one only but a dozen men in the Punjab would have been prepared to die. And we believe that, at least in later years, something similar might have been said of John.

Eleven years ago the 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence' was issued in two volumes from two very different pens. The first, by Sir Herbert Edwardes, was written as it were from within; full of brotherly, almost filial, affection; the work of a friend and disciple; hearty to the uttermost, but failing perhaps at times in taste; and recalling to some long memories the 'early decorated' style, which was well-known in the local press of Upper India, before Edwardes's courage and genius snatched those opportunities which made him famous in England at eight-and-twenty. The second volume was by the late Mr. Herman Merivale, whose destiny it was,—a singular destiny for one so accomplished,—to finish up the stories left half-told by other men. The volume was not by any means inappreciative of its subject, but it was written critically and from without. Those who knew India, and loved Henry Lawrence, preferred Edwardes's contribution with all its faults. Many others, however, doubtless assigned the palm to Merivale's chaster style and better knowledge of the world, and to that calmer review, which sometimes jarred on the sympathies of the former class of readers, by its tone as of one regarding Sir Henry not merely from without, which was inevitable, but (as it seemed) also from a higher level, which was inexcusable.

Some months after the funeral at Westminster, when it became known that the widow of Lord Lawrence had committed the task of writing her husband's history to a Harrow master—to one who had never seen India—there were grievous misgivings and great searchings of heart among the Anglo-Indian legions. It is no purpose of this Review to add an essay on Lord Lawrence to the many (some of them most able and worthy) which appeared four years ago; but we desire to show, so far as our space and ability permit, what the book is like. In three years Mr. Bosworth Smith has carried through a work representing an enormous amount of toil. In spite of an inevitable slip now and then—but rarely of moment—his work shows a great readiness in transferring himself to an Indian atmosphere, a wonderful mastery of the mass of necessary reading, a great power of assimilating Indian matter, as well as of realizing the men, the moral scenery, and the subjects, of which he had to treat. And though the book contains nearly 1200 pages, it is marvellously readable; and one who is neither a lover of contemporary history, nor tolerant of prolixity, has not found, nor

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has he skipped, a tedious page. It is not in the nature of things possible, that a work which intersects so many fields and touches so many complex events, actors in which survive on every side, should fail to call up a hundred questions, and be open to serious corrections. These will, we trust, be well weighed and profited by. For the book, take it all in all, is a noble one, and we believe that it will live. It is not of that easy writing which makes such hard reading to some of us; the style is vivid but scholarly, and sparsely gemmed with apt and scholarly quotation. It is usually restrained even in its fire, when the writer glows with admiration of his hero or of the Faithful Lieges, or in wrath against cruelty, injustice, or insincerity. There is nothing of the mannerism which latterly threatened to swallow up everything else in the Indian histories of Sir John Kaye—nothing save this, that our author has borrowed that writer's fashion of constantly calling each character in his narrative—unless he be a Governor-General, or in his estimation a black sheep (or both in one)—by his simple baptismal name. This jars on our old-fashioned taste, and we long for that ancient dignity of history, which gave men their due style, or dispensed with the prænomen altogether. But the book, as a whole, does not fail of dignity.

Witnessing its successful achievement, and considering how destitute the author was of 'local experience,' we are apt to think that he might have been less hard upon Lord Lytton, who, he tells us, threw local experience to the dogs, and would none of it! Lord Lytton's name brings up what to many of us detracts most from our enjoyment of the book; namely, the exceptional acerbity with which the author regards all who have in any manner abetted Afghan war. Indeed, with an Afghan war looming astern and ahead, almost from end to end of the history, we feel like the night-passenger in a scantily lighted street, who, as he goes on from lamp-post to lamp-post, is chased by the lengthening shadows from behind, until these cross and blend with the deepening shadows from before. On this matter we must touch hereafter, however slightly; but we would rather expatiate on ground less poached by the hoof of party, and treat at greatest length that which is least familiar in Lawrence's history.

We began with Henry. It is indeed hardly possible to speak of one brother without thinking of the other. The bands that united, and the forces that disjoined these twin stars, their contrasts and resemblances, have a strong fascination for the author; he recurs to the subject again and again. To it we also shall necessarily recur.

Edwardes has told us of the rugged and frugal upbringing of the Lawrences. It would be hard to conceive of a more fitting father for such sons than Colonel Alexander Lawrence, whose youth and prime had been full of hard service and gallant deeds, leaving him for memorial and reward a body worn with wounds and toil, the price of his commission, and a pension of 100*l.*; a pittance, he grimly remarked, that would do little more than pay his doctors. The income of this somewhat wayward and impracticable veteran was, however, augmented more than once, not without importunity on his part, both by the Crown and the Company.

The mother, a Knox, claiming collateral descent from the great John, is less distinctly brought before us. But, we are told, she prided herself on her descent; and, simple, thrifty, homely, God-fearing, as she was, her relation to the Reformer was not that of blood alone.

Before Colonel Lawrence left the army, the household was migratory; and their quarters were at Richmond, in Yorkshire, when John, the sixth son and eighth child, was born, March 4th, 1811. The elder boys had been sent to a school at Londonderry (now known as Foyle College), then under a maternal uncle. The selection probably had nothing to do with the stirring associations of Derry, to which the biographer more than once refers, but much with the fact that the boys, being the master's nephews, could remain the whole year, or, in other words, were to have no holidays, a state of things which John Lawrence himself strove to reproduce with his Punjab 'boys' of after years.

At twelve John in turn passed to his uncle's at Foyle. And it is worthy of remark that this small Ulster school should have sent to India, within the limits of one generation, men of such note as Lord Gough, Sir Robert Montgomery, and the three Lawrences (Sir George, Sir Henry, and Sir John).

We may here appropriately introduce an anecdote of later days. Two Simpsons, twin brothers, in very humble circumstances, had been ushers at Foyle. On Christmas-day, 1851,\* the three members of the Punjab Board of Administration had eaten their dinner together at the old Residency House of Anarkalli. There had been a brief silence, when Sir Henry turned abruptly to John, and said: 'I wonder what the two poor old Simpsons are doing at this moment, and whether they have had any better dinner than usual!'

'After a few remarks had been made upon the singular coincidence, that the three men who had been at school together as boys so many

\* The book says 1850, but Montgomery was not then a member of the Board.

years back, now found themselves associated together once more as the rulers of the Punjab, Henry Lawrence, with the impulsive generosity which formed so prominent a part of his character, exclaimed, "I'll tell you what we will do. The Simpsons must be very old, and I should think nearly blind; they cannot be well off; let us each put down 50*l.* and send it to them to-morrow as a 'Christmas-box from a far-off land, with the good wishes of three of their old pupils, now members of the Punjab Board of Administration at Lahore.'" "All right," said John, "I'll give 50*l.*" "All right," said Montgomery, "I'll give another!" . . . The subject was nearly forgotten, when one morning, amongst the pile of letters brought in by the dawk, there was one bearing an Irish post-mark. It was from the old Simpson brothers at Londonderry. The characters were written in a tremulous hand, and in many places were almost illegible from the writer's tears. . . . It began: "My dear, kind boys;" but the pen of the old man had afterwards been drawn through the word "boys," and there had been substituted for it the word "friends." It went on to thank the donors, in the name of his brother as well as of himself, for their most generous gift, which, he said, would go far to keep them from want during the short time that might be left to them; but far above the actual value of the present, was the preciousness of the thought that they had not been forgotten by their old pupils, in what *seemed* to be the very high position to which they had risen. He did not know what the "Board of Administration" meant, but he felt sure it was something very important; and he added in a postscript to his letter, with childlike simplicity, that he had looked out the Punjab in "the old school atlas," which they had so often used together, but he could not find either it or Lahore! "Oh," said Sir Henry, when he came to this part in the letter, to his friend Dr. Hathaway, "if you could only see, as I can see it now, that grimy old atlas, grown still more grimy by its use during the thirty years which have passed since I knew it, and the poor old fellow trying to find in it what it does not contain!"—(Vol. i. pp. 371, 372.)

As regards Lawrence's school experiences, it is recorded that on first going to school at Bristol he was nicknamed 'Paddy,' and received many kicks in the character of an Irishman; whilst at Foyle he was called 'English John,' and received many (probably many more) as being an Englishman! Indeed Henry also, writing to Major George Broadfoot in 1845, says: 'My education consisted in kicks; I was never taught anything,—no, not even at Addiscombe.\*'

Hardly as Colonel Lawrence thought his services had been requited, it would seem that for a soldier with so numerous a family provision came abundantly, though the manna did not fall from the expected quarter. Of his seven sons, five, *i.e.* all who survived the age of eighteen, found careers in the Indian

\* 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence,' vol. i. p. 30.

service through the friendship of one worthy Director, Mr. John Hudleston, of the Madras Civil Service. Whatever arguments may be alleged for the modern competitive system (and after all is said, the great argument lies in its being the inevitable companion of democracy), it will hardly live to vaunt a better result than Mr. Hudleston contributed to the good of his country in the nomination of those five brothers.

A living Church dignitary is said to boast that he in truth saved India, though he never saw it! For Dean Merivale was offered, and declined, the nomination to Haileybury which, on his refusal, fell to John Lawrence. The latter would have been a soldier, like his three elder brothers: 'A soldier I was born, and a soldier I will be!' said he, rebelliously. And indeed, twenty-seven years later, Henry Lawrence, when making way for John as head of the Punjab Administration, wrote: 'My brother will, I think, do very well, but it is because he is in heart and action more of a soldier than half the men who wear red coats.'\* The calm counsel and influence of their sister Letitia prevailed with John, and he went to Haileybury. That he did not make much impression on the heads of the College, is clear from the recollection of contemporaries. Mr. J. H. Batten tells how in 1857 he visited old Dr. Le Bas, who had been Dean in their time, and having enabled him to identify the John Lawrence, then so much in the mouths of men, with the tall Irishman who had distinguished himself by making Orange bonfires on the grassplot, the venerable man drily asked, 'But what has become of all our *good* students?'

In September 1829, John Lawrence sailed for India, in company with his brother Henry, five years his senior, who was returning from sick-leave. Friendly prophets had predicted distinction for Henry, none for John. After a time of illness, home-sickness, and depression, in Calcutta, he was posted to Delhi at his own request, and thenceforward we hear no more of depression.

The 'Delhi Territory,' as it was called, came into our hands after Lord Lake's victories in 1803. It was up to 1832 a 'non-regulation Province,' and formed the extreme north-west 'march' of British India. In condition, memories, and survivals, no province remained within such a measurable distance of the India of 1783-1803, when its unhappy plains were swept over, this way and that way, by the cavalry of rival Mahratta powers, Mogul and Rohilla horsemen, or *campos* and *pultuns* (battalions) under European adventurers, Frenchmen, Savoy-

\* 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence,' vol. ii. p. 202.

ards, Germans, Neapolitans, English, Scotch, and Irish, usually in the service of native princes, but sometimes for their own hands, and always leaving anarchy behind. But fortunately, over much of this region, where the old village community survived, things went on in isolated organisms; the peasantry continuing to till their fields, and to deposit their quota with the master for the time being, as if it were a natural secretion.

Many whom Lawrence must have known well at Delhi had been already grown men when, in the palace there, the treacherous ruffian Gholám Kádír gouged out the eyes of the Emperor Sháh 'Alam with his dagger. Others must have been past middle age when George Thomas, an Irishman from Tipperary, fought and looted his way to an independent principality at Hansi, and with his ten battalions and sixty pieces of artillery, after repeatedly 'bating the Sikhs,' (like the 'Old Tipperary' of later days \*) had got within four marches of Lahore, where he intended to plant the capital of his future empire, when he was recalled to defend his nest against Perron's Mahrattas, and to terminate his brief career of power. Hansi in Lawrence's own day was the head-quarters of the gallant James Skinner, *Sikander Sahib* as the natives called him—the half-caste son of a Scotch subaltern and a Rajpoot girl (the captive of his spear)—who had himself fought for years in the Mahratta ranks, but was now the trusted and honoured commander of a brigade of 'irregular horse,' which formed the original pattern of those famed Indian cavalry of our own day, whose sabres have flashed to good purpose from 'Cambalu, seat of Cathayan Can,' to 'great Alcairo.' Such memories, and the close neighbourhood of quasi-independent States, with the presence of the Mogul's court and the great city, all tended to produce a variety of life and of lawlessness, far beyond what was to be found nearer the heart of British rule. The assistants of the Resident were liable to be employed on any kind of duty within the great frontier province, and their experience was apt to be of a strangely varied and invigorating kind. After a longish apprenticeship at Delhi, Lawrence was placed in acting charge of the district of Paniput, forming that northern part of the Territory, on the plains of which the fate of Upper India has often been fought out, from the mythic war of Pandus and Kurus down to the crushing Mahratta defeat by the Afghans in 1761.

The three or four years that Lawrence passed at Paniput, almost constantly in solitude as regards European companionship, were probably the most important of his life in the

\* Lord Gough was so called.

making of the man. His work there is admirably depicted in a contribution too terse for abridgment, made by Mr. Charles Raikes to the pages of his friend's 'Life.'

When he came to England on furlough, still a young man, it is said that he used to pour forth a continuous flow of stories of his hairbreadth escapes and adventures during those early years; and in later days, at Southgate or Brocket Hall, it was the Sunday evening's treat of his children to hear one of those stirring stories. The mention of them would have been tantalizing if left thus vague. But, as the author says, appropriately to his former character of Biographer of Mohammed:—\*

'When, after the death of the Arabian prophet, disputes arose as to the meaning of a Sura, recourse was had to "the breasts of the faithful," and there a satisfactory answer or explanation was often found. From "the breasts of the faithful" scattered everywhere . . . I have gathered up such fragments as I could of the history of his earlier and more adventurous career; and from these, as well as from my own recollections of his conversation, and from five or six stories, which, shortly after his marriage, with the aid of his ever-ready and faithful helper, he himself committed to writing, I am able to give some slight idea of the dauntless tracker of criminals, of the "mighty hunter before the Lord," of the giant in strength and in courage, in roughness and in kindness, in sport and in work, which John Lawrence then was.'—(Vol. i. pp. 65, 66.)

Fortunate above all has been the preservation of those stories which he committed to writing, not merely for their substantial interest (and such illustrations of the real peasant life of India are very rare), but as showing how admirably this man could write when he braced himself to do it, and did not dash off his say 'in shirt-sleeves' as to expression and grammar. One most striking story told here is that of his arresting 'red-hand' a murderer whose crime had been committed at the magistrate's own gate at Paniput. It shows both his prompt action and his ready wit, but it is too long for abridgment. Another remarkable story, which must also be read in the original, is that of his tracking the murderer of his friend William Fraser, Commissioner of Delhi, who was shot, one evening whilst riding home, by an emissary of the Nawáb Shamsuddín of Ferozepore (south of Delhi), in March 1835.

William Fraser, a younger brother of the well-known traveller James Baillie Fraser, was a remarkable person. During the settlement of the hill provinces, taken from the Goorkhas in 1815, Fraser was Commissioner in charge. By nature a soldier

\* We may note that Mr. Bosworth Smith's 'Mohammed and Mohammedanism' was reviewed in these pages (Q. R. Jan. 1877) by the lamented Prof. E. H. Palmer.  
of

of the most chivalrous stamp, he had been twice wounded in the assaults of Kalanga (where Sir R. Gillespie fell), and he succeeded in persuading Lord Hastings to give him military rank. The rank of major was conferred upon him, in Skinner's Horse, with which corps he had been much associated, and the *eponymus* of which was his bosom friend. And from 1816 to his death we find in the Bengal Army List the name of the civilian William Fraser as 'major with local rank,' in Skinner's corps; the only example probably of such a position in the annals of British India. Fraser's was no nominal soldiering; whenever the yellow brigade took the field, their major went with them; thus he was present, and again wounded, before Bhurtpore in 1825-26. He was probably the most famous sportsman of Upper India; and was noted for repeatedly engaging the lion (which then still survived in the western parts of the Delhi Territory) or the tiger, on horseback with spear and sword only. Skinner erected a grandiose marble monument to his friend in Delhi Church, afterwards destroyed by the mutineers. On it were carved two lions couchant, and some Persian verses, with these English lines:—

'Deep beneath this marble stone  
A spirit kindred to our own  
Sleeps in Death's profound repose,  
Freed from human cares and woes:  
Like us his heart, like ours his fame;  
He bore on earth a gallant name.  
Friendship gives to us the trust  
To guard the hero's honoured dust.'

Had the sentiment of these lines, ascribed to Skinner himself, been graven in Greek beside a Thessalian fountain, instead of simple English rudely carved by a Delhi stone-cutter, they would have been prized as the gem of an anthology.

All the stories told do not pertain to Paniput. Lawrence had been only 'acting' there; a term which has suggested to the minds of the natives, in accordance with their pronunciation of it, and with that striving after meaning in syllables which leads to so many etymological fallacies, the interpretation *ek-tāng*, 'one-leg,' as if the temporary incumbent had but one leg in the official stirrup. One leg only had John Lawrence in Paniput, and when the post became permanently vacant he was displaced by a senior but less competent man. Three succeeding years were spent at Gurgáon and at Etáwa. The former district lay south of Delhi, on the border of the Rajpút States and of the dry regions inhabited by sons of robbers, themselves robbers but half reclaimed. They used to talk freely with him, and  
express

express their regrets of the palmy days departed, when 'the good old rule and simple plan' prevailed, which they expressed in the pithy adage: 'jiskí láthí usíka bhains' (this might be rendered pretty closely: 'horum vaccula quorum bacula!'). At Etáwa, S.E. of Agra, a dismal monotony of dust, his duties were those of 'settlement,' i.e. of fixing the land assessment for a term of years; a subject on which Mr. Bosworth Smith gives the needful explanations with a brevity and lucidity which do him great credit, and almost fit him to play that part which (according to a story he quotes) Victor Jacquemont desired from Holt Mackenzie, viz. to explain in five minutes the various systems of Indian land revenue! In Etáwa, as at Paniput and Gurgáon, Lawrence was storing up that honey of experience, on which the ruler of after days was nourished and fed others; but he loved it not, and rather shocks his biographer by calling it, in a letter of later days, 'that hole!'

In the end of 1839 Lawrence had a bad attack of jungle-fever, and for some time his life was despaired of.

'He had often been heard to say that many a man need not die if he made up his mind not to do so. One day the doctor who had been attending him told him that he feared he could hardly live till the following morning, and took leave of him accordingly. No sooner was he gone than his patient roused himself to the emergency. Now was the chance of putting his favourite maxim to the test. He determined not to die, and bade his servant give him a bottle of burgundy which lay in a box beneath his bed. He drank it off, and next day when the doctor called, by way of form, expecting to find that all was over, he found John Lawrence sitting up at his desk, clothed and in his right mind, and actually casting up his settlement accounts!'

The author adduces the story of the dying emperor, who, when he felt the approaching end, bade his servant set him on his feet, 'for an emperor ought to leave the world standing,' and standing died. That was a nearer parallel to the dying act of Vespasian, which occurred in our own day and our own city, in the case of a gallant and good old soldier who was certainly thinking of no Imperial parallels, and aiming at no sensational effects—we mean the last Governor of Chelsea, Sir Sidney Cotton (he too one of another quintet of brethren sent into the public service in India, whom a competitive system will not easily match!). The brave old man, when he knew his last morning had come, bade them dress him in full uniform—as if he were going to a levee. He judged that it so became one who was altogether a soldier to meet the summons into the presence of the King of kings!

Lawrence

Lawrence was sent home; a joyous holiday it seems to have been; but the distinctest fragment of it surviving is preserved in the amber of that delightful book, 'Caroline Fox's Journals'; a book of which the most disparaging criticism we have heard is, that it resembles one of those Scotch cakes that are *all* plums!

What the furlough gave him besides health and holiday was a wife. Two testimonies of Lord Lawrence's own as to what his wife had been to him are quoted; one of these, wholly unpremeditated and almost unconscious, we copy:—

'One evening, in his drawing-room at Southgate, looking up from his book, in which he had been engrossed, he discovered, to his surprise, that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" said he to one of his daughters. "She's upstairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book, and, looking up again a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter, and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading, and once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister Letitia here broke in, "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on for five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," replied he.'—(Vol. i. pp. 143-44.)

The lady, Miss Harriette Hamilton, was the daughter of a clergyman in Donegal, who had previously held a living in County Meath, a district much disturbed by agrarian conspirators, exercising the savage cruelties that still disgrace parts of Ireland. Lady Lawrence's brother, Archdeacon Hamilton, contributes to the book an anecdote of his father, which we feel bound to extract before passing on:—

'Every night my father used to leave his home, sometimes at the head of a small party, sometimes accompanied only by one trusted servant, his factotum, Andrew Rabb. . . . With his trusted attendant he came by chance upon a notorious offender, for whom search had long been made, and succeeded in apprehending him. While my father held the two horses, Rabb clung like grim death to his prisoner, but exclaimed, while doing so, "We shall never be able to get him safe home." My father, quick in resource, replied, "Cut the waistband of his breeches," these being the nether garments universally worn at that day, and still worn by many of the peasants in County Meath. This done, their prisoner, finding himself, despite his agility, unable to run or jump, surrendered at discretion, and before morning was safely lodged in jail.'—(Vol. i. p. 141.)

In October 1842 Lawrence and his wife started for the East; but it was not till the end of 1844 that he became, in Anglo-Indian slang, *pucka* (*i.e.* substantive and not acting) Collector, in his old districts of Delhi and Paniput. And it was after a year in this position that there came to him that crisis in life,  
that

that tide which taken at the flood leads on to fortune, that step which first lifts above the level of his contemporaries a man destined to historical eminence, and to influence his age for good or ill.

The menace of collision with the military anarchy, that had seethed in the Punjab since the death of Runjeet, was becoming imminent. Sir Henry Hardinge, the upright and gallant soldier who had succeeded Lord Ellenborough, on his way to the frontier stopped at Delhi, where he made acquaintance with Lawrence, and in some degree gauged the calibre of the man. Coming up to inspect the military condition of a frontier, he found himself suddenly called on, after thirty years of civil life, nominally as second, really as General-in-Chief, to command in a succession of fiercely contested conflicts, for which we were but half prepared. Moodkí (18th December, 1845) gave our leaders the first taste of the Sikh mettle, and wiped out all disposition to undervalue it. Two days' sanguinary struggle followed (21st and 22nd December) at Firozsháh; a position formidable only in the warlike quality of the enemy and the weight of their well-served artillery; for the 'intrenchments' were little more than scratches on the plain. Then, when the Sikhs retired to the Sutlej, establishing strong intrenchments at Sobraon, and a siege-train was needed, involving an enormous amount of carriage from the provinces, the Governor-General bethought him with satisfaction of the strong man whom he had met at Delhi. The country had already been sorely taxed for carriage, but Lawrence by extraordinary personal exertion and good arrangement collected in a short space 4000 carts; and, as soon as the arsenal preparations were complete, the train was despatched on its journey of 200 miles to the Sutlej. On February 9th the eagerly expected convoy arrived; the elephants in front dragging the big guns (or what were deemed big guns in those days) and followed by the vast train of carts. The attack was made next morning; its duration gave rise to no question between fifteen minutes and twenty minutes; but after a struggle that lasted for hours, and was not without its vicissitudes and anxious turns, the gallant Khálsa were driven into the Sutlej, and mowed down in swathes by the fire of six-and-thirty guns, whilst the veteran Commander-in-Chief sat his horse looking on, and Sir Harry Smith by his side exclaimed: 'A most glorious victory, sir! you will be famous! you will be renowned in history!'

\* Sir Henry Lawrence told his brother that all he could recollect of the Council of War before Sobraon was Sir Hugh Gough saying, 'I never was bate, and I never will be bate.'—(Vol. ii. p. 377.)

The war was over. Sir Henry Hardinge decided not to attempt complete annexation; but to take, in lieu of costs, Cashmere and the Jullunder Doab with the hill-country above it. Cashmere was unhappily made over, for a payment in silver, to Rajah Guláb Singh—of whom John Lawrence said a little later, in maintaining that Hindu prince's comparative virtue against that of a Mohammedan rival: 'If Guláb Singh flayed a chief alive, Imámuddín boiled a Pundit to death!' But neither the Lawrences nor Sir Henry Hardinge knew as much of the man's character at the date of the Treaty of Lahore.

In anticipation of *some* annexation, the Governor-General had written to Mr. Thomason, the Lieut.-Governor of the N. W. Provinces, desiring him to send up Lawrence. Thomason could ill spare Lawrence, and in lieu of him despatched another civilian whom he considered 'well qualified.' But the well-qualified officer was sent back *sans cérémonie*, and the peremptory mandate 'Send JOHN LAWRENCE' showed that the Governor-General was not to be trifled with.

Some pleasant anecdotes relating to this time come from the amusing 'Recollections of Colonel Balcarres Ramsay':—

'One day I happened to be in the same howdah with Lawrence and three or four others, on the back of an elephant going through the streets of Lahore. Seeing an officer approaching in solitary state on another elephant, he drove his alongside of it and said to me, "Youngster, we are rather crowded here, you are one too many for us; there's a very nice old gentleman who will welcome you with open arms; now, jump in quick!" I confess I had misgivings as to the "nice old gentleman," but to save myself from falling between the two elephants, I had to clasp him round the neck, whereupon the "nice old gentleman" roared at me: "What — do you mean by boarding me in this fashion?" I said, "Sir, it is not my fault; but John Lawrence said you were very amiable, and that you would welcome me with open arms." "Ah!" he replied, "I'll pay off Master John for this." The old gentleman in question was Colonel Stuart, the Military Secretary to the Government of India, who, though a most estimable person, could hardly be called "amiable."'

—(Vol. i. p. 193.)

Hardly! About as amiable as one of Smollett's post-captains.

Lawrence's decision and energy in work led a friend in very early days to call him 'Oliver'; and on this it is observed that the resemblance had struck many, including artists. But we take leave to say, that the resemblance traced by the latter at least is to an ideal Oliver, formed in the 'moral consciousness,' not at all to the Cromwell of Walker, Cooper, or Lely. In character there are some strong points of resemblance, with  
more

more perhaps totally discrepant, morally all in favour of John as against Oliver. The love of fun, however, lay deep in both, and was not dulled in Lawrence by dark memories and questionings of conscience. He could do what few 'Sahibs' can. As Sir Richard Temple says: 'When conversing with natives in the Hindustani vernacular, he would indulge in a vein of good-humoured banter, which would provoke them to actual laughter, despite their habitual abstinence from even smiling in the presence of their superiors' (vol. i. p. 443).<sup>\*</sup> Lord Lawrence used to tell, with his very usual exordium—'when I was Collector at Delhi'—how the officer in command there one day sent him a letter in which not one word was legible. Lawrence, after puzzling briefly over it, returned a reply: 'My dear Colonel,'—followed by a few lines of unmeaning scribble, and duly signed. In short space the Colonel came over in wrath to demand explanation. Lawrence met him by presenting his own letter, which its writer could not read!

Four of John Lawrence's earliest assistants in Jullunder—Cust, Lumsden (Sir Harry), Lake (the devout, gallant, and beloved Maj.-Gen. Edward Lake, R.E., who died two years before his old master), and Hercules Scott—remained his warm and devoted friends for life. From time to time, whilst ruling in Jullunder, Lawrence had to fill the place of his brother Henry in the Lahore Residency. During these periods of vicegerency, says the author—

'John Lawrence's letters to Government contain a gallery of portraits, drawn from the life, of every leading Sing at Lahore . . . When Lal Sing, who was the chief actor in all the court amours and scandals and intrigues, came to see John Lawrence, he found, to his extreme surprise, that his host knew as much about them as he did himself. It was the story of Benhadad and Elisha over again. "The prophet that is in Israel," said the servants of the puzzled king of Syria to their master, "telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber." In vain did the Regent question his servants as to the means by which John Lawrence knew everything that was going on. *Jan Larens sub janta* (knows everything) had been the spontaneous exclamation of the native of Paniput twelve years before, and "*Jan Larens sub janta*" was the only explanation that could be offered now to their bewildered master by the servants of the palace at Lahore.'—(Vol. i. p. 222.)

The intrigues of Lál Singh the Regent, and alleged paramour of the queen-mother, led to a recast of our political arrangements

<sup>\*</sup> We would also refer our readers to Sir Richard Temple's graphic account of Lord Lawrence in his 'Men and Events of my Time in India.' London, 1882—a work full of information, and of great interest.

by the Treaty of Bhyrowal, December 1846, which made the Resident *de facto* ruler. It was now that Henry Lawrence drew around him that band of Faithful Lieges, united to him by bonds of personal attachment and sympathy, the like of which has never been seen in India, nor anywhere else within living memory. But in November 1847 he was compelled by the state of his health to depart for England. Under Lord Hardinge he had been working with a chief thoroughly congenial, one who wrote to him, and to whom he wrote, says the author—

‘as a budget of correspondence in my hands shows—with all the freedom and affection of a brother. When he returned, things were to be widely different. For Lord Dalhousie and he were to be as antagonistic to each other as two great and high-principled men could well be. The one was to jar upon the other to an extent which was to be fatal to the peace of mind of the more sensitive and delicate nature.’—(Vol. i. p. 237.)

Meantime John was ‘acting,’ as usual, in the Residency. ‘Residency’ sounds fine, and calls up visions of luxury. But even comforts were rare in those days. We do not hear of ‘shirt-sleeves’ in connection with Henry, so often as in John’s case; we believe *his* favourite dishabille was an Afghan *choga*, which, like Charity, covered a multitude of sins. But he was as careless of appearances, and even more unconscious of his own surroundings:—

‘The one candle that lighted, or failed to light, the tent in which he and his wife and assistant would be working at night, was, as I have been told by an eye-witness, placed, not in a candlestick, but in the neck of an empty beer-bottle; and on one occasion, when a second candle was wanted for the variety of occupations which were going on, Henry, with the utmost simplicity, remarked that some one must first drink another bottle of beer! A curious commentary this on the “gorgeous East.”’

When the successor was announced to be Currie, an able and honourable man, but not used to the rough ways of the Punjab, and probably not brought up in Spartan discipline like that of the old Lawrence household, the Residency building had (to the intense indignation of its inmates) to be enlarged, and whilst this went on, accommodation was scanty. We are told that John Lawrence, his wife, three children, and a European maid, had to divide between them two rooms of 15 feet by 12! Sir Henry and Napier (now Field Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala) shared a third room; whilst the assistants, if lucky, had also half a room apiece!

We are reviewing a book on Lord Lawrence, and not writing  
a history

a history of the Punjab. We must trust that our readers remember something of the troubles with Moolráj, the Dewán of Mooltan; the attack on Vans Agnew and Anderson, one a civilian, the other a soldier, who had been sent to transfer the government which Moolráj had resigned, and the pathetic story of the death of those young officers; the long delay to second Edwardes's gallant efforts and successes by the despatch of a regular force; then the desertion of the Sikh portion of that force, and further consequent delay. The attack on the two officers occurred on the 20th of April, 1848;—Mooltan did not finally fall till the 22nd of January, 1849. Lawrence pressed urgently for instant action in spite of the season. But he certainly did greatly under-estimate the strength of Mooltan. And perhaps in the retrospect we may feel satisfied that, but for the second general war in the Punjab, which grew out of the long impunity of Moolráj, the Sikh nation would really have remained unconquered; and without the crowning defeat of Gujrát, followed up by Sir Walter Gilbert's famous chase and disarmament of the defeated bands, that impression would never have been made upon the Sikh mind, which was stamped home by the resolution and sagacity of their rulers at the critical hour, and so saved India in 1857.

At this time there appears upon the scene that vigorous and masterful spirit, whose arrival to take up the Government of India had been greeted by events so inauspicious; and with whom the history of the Lawrences was to be so intimately bound up. The hostility of the Napier brothers strove hard to imprint on the mind of England the picture of Lord Dalhousie as a wind-bag, an imperious pretender, 'as weak as water and as vain as a pretty woman or an ugly man,' and what not; but this never had much effect, nor will history so judge him. Mr. Bosworth Smith, we think, whilst honestly striving to be fair, and really recognizing in full measure Lord Dalhousie's vigour of character and brain, hardly does justice to the *man*; and, if he filled in his portrait, would apparently exhibit him as one whom many feared and respected, but scarcely any loved. It is true, we seem to gather, that John Lawrence himself hardly reciprocated the strong regard which Lord Dalhousie evidently felt for him, and for the return of which the Marquis seemed almost to yearn in the isolation of his position in India. The position of a Governor-General is necessarily one of isolation; and in his case the estrangement which had, almost from their arrival, existed between him and his private secretary (an official usually supposed to be the object of intimate confidence) intensified this. His feeling for Lawrence may be gathered from

some

some of the letters now published. Here is one written to greet his arrival, just before Lord Dalhousie's own departure:—

‘MY DEAR OLD BOY,—I have just received your letter, and as I shall be in Calcutta to-morrow evening for good, I will not give you the trouble of coming out here, but will see you, and with *sincere pleasure*, on Tuesday forenoon. As for my health, Jan La'rin, I am a cripple in every sense.

‘Ever yours most sincerely,

‘Sunday evening (Barrackpore).

‘DALHOUSIE.’

And another from Galle; when, after congratulating Lawrence on his K.C.B.ship, he goes on:—

‘I was very miserable in parting from you all upon the ghaut that day. Of all I leave behind me, no man's friendship is more valued by me, no man's services are so highly estimated by me, as yours. God bless you, my dear John; write to me as you promised, and believe me now and always

‘Your sincere friend,

‘To Sir J. LAWRENCE, K.C.B.

‘DALHOUSIE.’

The general sentiment of those who worked under that ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν was one of strong and admiring affection. This is retained to this day, if we mistake not, by such men as Sir R. Montgomery, Sir Arthur Phayre, and Sir Frederick Halliday; and we doubt if a Governor-General ever embarked on the Hoogly amid deeper feeling than attended him who, shattered by sorrow and physical suffering, but erect and undaunted, quitted Calcutta on the 6th of March, 1856.

Near the end of the book, in connection with the termination of Lord Lawrence's viceroyalty, a striking anecdote is told by the husband of his eldest daughter, of which we introduce here the most important part:—

‘On the day (says Colonel Randall) of Lord Mayo's arrival in Calcutta . . . . I made the following remark: “I should like very much to know what your feelings are, at this moment, when you are about to deliver over the government of this country.” “It is strange,” replied Sir John Lawrence, “that you should put that question to me here; for, just thirteen years ago, I was standing in this very room, and, I believe, at this very window, talking to Lord Dalhousie, when we were awaiting the arrival of Lord Canning, and I put to him the very question which you have just put to me. First, I will tell you what Lord Dalhousie's answer was to me, and, then, I will give my answer to you. You know (he said) that Lord Dalhousie was very ill and worn out when he was about to leave India. Well, he had been standing with a wearied look, but immediately I put the question, he drew himself up, and with great fire replied, ‘I wish that I were Canning, and Canning I, and then

wouldn't I govern India!' Then, of a sudden, the fire died away; and, with a sorrowful look, he said, 'No, I don't. I would not wish my greatest enemy, much less my friend Canning, to be the poor, miserable, broken-down, dying man that I am.'—(Vol. ii. pp. 592-593.)

But we have gone far ahead of the second Sikh war. No doubt from the beginning the Governor-General was desirous to let it be understood that though new to India he was, and meant to be, Master; and perhaps he used needless bluntness in conveying the intimation. Sir Henry Lawrence had come out from England as soon as his health at all permitted, and, after seeing Lord Dalhousie at Ferozepore, he visited the camp of Lord Gough, in whose company his lean figure and Afghan cloak were recognized on the morning of the dismal 'victory' of Chillianwala. There was a vague notion—

'that his return might be the signal for a pacification. This general belief in the *Ikbál* (prestige) of Henry Lawrence was in itself enough to arouse the spirit of Lord Dalhousie, to make him put his foot down, and show his subordinate that, *Ikbál* or no *Ikbál*, it was Lord Dalhousie, and not Henry Lawrence, who would have the last word on each question as it came up.'—(Vol. i. p. 268.)

This must be remembered in mitigation of judgment on some of Lord Dalhousie's letters to Sir Henry Lawrence, especially that one, which it is so painful to read, dated 1st February, 1849, a few days after their first interview.\* No record apparently remains of what passed at that meeting, but one guesses that there must have been some rather rough collision. Lord Dalhousie was by no means averse to frank dissent, provided *in the manner* it was never forgotten that he was Governor-General. Like his great predecessor Lord Wellesley, he was jealous of all familiarity, and resented it.

The 'crowning victory' of Gujerat was fought on February 21, 1848; and three weeks later the proclamation of annexation was read in Durbár at Lahore, in presence of the young Maharaja Dhuleep Singh, who took his seat on the throne of Runjeet for the last time.

Henry Lawrence, finding annexation, to which he was much averse, thus carried out, placed his resignation in Lord Dalhousie's hands; but the latter, in spite of all differences, persuaded him to remain as President of the new Board of Administration, of which Mr. Mansel and John Lawrence were the other members. A young civilian with a turn for epigram described it as a firm in which there was a travelling

\* See 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence,' vol. ii. p. 123.

partner (Henry), a working partner (John), and a sleeping partner. The last was relieved in October 1851 by Mr. (for the last quarter-century Sir Robert) Montgomery—no sleeping partner he—whom Lawrence in 1858 calls ‘an evergreen,’ and who is an evergreen still!

We shall touch here particularly on only one branch of the work done under the Board. Lord Dalhousie had promised Sir Henry Lawrence the best men; and for Engineer-in-Chief—‘Civil Engineer’ was the special title of one of the most thorough soldiers on earth—he gave him Colonel Robert Napier. Before the second war Napier had traversed the Punjab from end to end, and was well acquainted with its wants and capabilities.

‘More than this, he was a man of vast ideas. He had something in him of the “great-souled” man of Aristotle—the *beau idéal*, as the whole of his subsequent career has proved him to be, of chivalry and generosity. If a thing was to be done well, and without a too close calculation of the cost, Napier was the man to do it. His ideas found expression in those splendid public works, which are the pride of the Punjab, and are still a model for the rest of India.’—(Vol. i. p. 304.)

What Napier has done in his country’s service since he left the Punjab need not be rehearsed here. Few in a century can look back on such a career. His two greatest projects in the Punjab were the Bári-Doáb\* Canal and the Trunk Road to Peshawer. The Canal was drawn from the Rávi River. It was first opened in 1859, but has since undergone great extension and improvement. In 1881 it had cost, with its numerous branches, 1,500,000*l.*, but it returned a revenue in that year of 7 per cent. on this expenditure, and irrigated 433,000 acres.

In the later days of the Board, Napier’s large expenditure, and the difficulty with which accounts were obtained from officers whose whole energies were devoted to pushing on work, caused many a sharp passage of arms between the Chief Engineer and John Lawrence. They never lost mutual respect and esteem, but some sore feeling long survived. Napier had a noble aid in Lieutenant Taylor (now Sir Alexander Taylor, K.C.B.), whose striking expressions about the spirit then operating in the Punjab service are well worth extracting:—

‘There was a glow of work and duty round us all in the Punjab in

\* The names of the *doábs* of the Punjab were devised by King Akbar, combining the names of the rivers which form them; thus *Bári* from *Biás-Rávi* (Hyphasis-Hydraotes); *Rechna* from *Rávi-Chináb* (Hydraotes-Acesines); *Jetch* from *Jelam-Chináb* (Hydaspes-Acesines).

those days, such as I have never felt before or since. I well remember the reaction of feeling when I went on furlough to England, the want of pressure of any kind, the self-seeking, the want of high aims, which seemed to dull and dwarf you. You went back again lowered several pegs, saddened altogether. The atmosphere was different.'

Before we speak of the serious differences which grew up between the Lawrence brothers, let us borrow a characteristic and pleasant story of days when these clouds were not so menacing.

At one of the early meetings of the Board, that famous gem, the Koh-i-nor, was formally made over to them, and committed to the care of John Lawrence, who stuffed it into his waistcoat-pocket and went on with business. Dinner-time came; he changed his clothes, and threw his waistcoat aside. Six weeks later a message came from Lord Dalhousie, that the Queen desired the diamond to be sent home at once. This was mentioned by Sir Henry at the Board. Quoth John: 'Send for it at once.' 'Send for it! why *you've* got it!' In a moment the facts came back to him for the first time, and he said to himself, 'Well, this is the worst trouble I have yet got into!' But he allowed no misgiving to appear.

'He soon, however, found an opportunity of slipping away to his private room, and, with his heart in his mouth, sent for his old bearer and said to him, "Have you got a small box which was in my waistcoat pocket some time ago?" "Yes, Sahib," the man replied, "a *dibbia* (the native word for it); I found it and put it in one of your boxes." "Bring it here," said the Sahib. Upon this the old native went to a broken-down tin box, and produced the little one from it. "Open it," said John Lawrence, "and see what is inside." He watched the man anxiously enough, as fold after fold of the small rags was taken off, and great was his relief when the precious gem appeared. The bearer seemed perfectly unconscious of the treasure which he had had in his keeping. "There is nothing here, Sahib," he said, "but a bit of glass."—(Vol. i. p. 328.)

It was indeed a strange fate by which these two men, the sons of the same parents, with deep resemblances in the bases of character, yet differing widely in taste and temperament, the one a soldier, the other a civilian, had been brought together to rule the great new province, which was destined to have so important an influence on the history of British India. In Henry, the warm and sympathetic heart was ever uppermost; his mind was full of a certain poetic glow, and seethed perpetually with schemes and aspirations, always lofty and benevolent, but often ill defined. In a remarkable letter, John speaks of his brother as of a higher order of intellect than himself;

self; and though genius in Henry hardly assumed the shape of that 'infinite capacity for taking pains' which some one has defined it to be, yet, definitions apart, his brain at least gave out flashes of genius to which John was a stranger, and which perhaps were in John's mind when he uttered the opinion just quoted. Henry had certainly far more of that gift which attracts men by a kind of electric action—(looking at the fundamental likeness of the men, they sometimes remind us of the positive and negative poles of a magnet—a thing in itself homogeneous)—and this operated long before he reached that position of power which so much intensifies this quality, when it exists at all. John well knew this. In May 1857, when loading Daly with messages for Henry, which were destined never to be delivered, he ended pathetically: 'Ah, well! Henry had a greater grip of men than ever I had!'

De Quincey has a striking passage regarding the farewell kiss, asked in some memorable instances from male friends by dying men; observing how impressive is this among Englishmen, as so far from their usual standard of manly reserve, and recalling the spectator's thoughts to that mighty power which prevails to work such a deviation. The passage rises to mind with that incident at Lucknow, when the four soldiers of the 32nd, who had carried the body of Sir Henry Lawrence to the verandah where it was to await burial, lifted the corner of the quilt which covered it, and one after another kissed the cold forehead before they turned away. Think of that from British soldiers, and all that it implies!

The differences between the brothers had come to the surface often enough even before the annexation, when in Henry's absence the office of acting Resident fell several times upon John. And in the first months of annexation the latter had felt the difficulties so strongly, that he had written to Lord Dalhousie in such terms as these:—

'I am not well fitted by nature to be one of a triumvirate. . . . I have no claims on your Lordship's patronage, but if there is another post available in which my talents and experience can be usefully employed, I shall be glad to be considered a candidate.'

Their difference of view was shown especially in relation to the treatment of the native aristocracy. The Sikhs administered the country by means of *jagirdars*, i.e. persons paid by *jagirs*, or alienations of the revenue of districts, for services actual, potential, or fictitious; the English administered it by highly-paid British officers, at the same time that they reduced the assessment and introduced costly improvements. Henry's sympathies were  
on

on the side of the jagírdárs; John leaned to the view most favourable to the interest of the masses, and also to the objects of the British Government. His knowledge, too, of administrative detail was far greater than his brother's, and he winced when he saw, as he often did, his recommendations, founded on accurate knowledge, overruled by the President on what seemed to him grounds of amorphous sentiment. Henry would rebuke even his friend Montgomery, if he found a respectable Sikh gentleman kept waiting for an interview. John had in those days no suavity to spare on anybody—unless indeed it were Major John Becher, to whom he seemed, no more than Henry, ever able to say a rough word. Some remarks of Temple's state the differences with much acumen:—

... 'Each had lessons to learn. Sir Henry would soon have had to close the treasury, with his ideas of jagír, improvements, light revenue, &c.; and John would have had a full revenue, but a mutinous country. Both were so naturally truthful and candid that, when they had done the mischief, they would have owned it and retraced their steps. But by both being together the mischief was prevented. One checked the other. At the same time they confirmed each other's faults. Sir Henry was most lavish in his proposals, because he thought John would cut down any proposal he made; and John was more hard and stingy upon parallel reasoning.'—('Life of Sir Henry Lawrence,' vol. ii. p. 188-9.)

Better things were hoped when Montgomery joined the Board. But he soon found that he was, as he has expressed it himself, only a buffer between two high-pressure engines, receiving the complaints of each, and expected to pass them on to the other. The feeling in both, but especially in the more susceptible and passionate nature of the elder, grew to be somewhat that of Cassius:—

'Braved by his brother;  
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
Set in a notebook, learned, and conned by rote,  
To cast into his teeth.'

At last it became clear that the thing could go on no longer; and when the Residency of Hyderabad became vacant, in December 1852, each brother wrote, unknown to the other, requesting his own transfer to that office. There could be no question but that the Governor-General's decision would be for the retention of the Punjab in the hands of that one of the brothers with whom his sympathy and approval had rested throughout. It was a bitter pill to Henry Lawrence, and his resentment of Lord Dalhousie's action was deep and lasting.

Three

Three years later we find him still expressing his desire 'to wipe away the stain cast on him by Lord Dalhousie.'\*

The affection of the brothers lay deep, but feeling was harshly strained, and the parting at Lahore must have sorely tried him who remained as well as him who departed. The sore had eventually skinned over, but Henry was never in their correspondence 'dear Hal' again. The brothers met afterwards but once, when both came to Calcutta (March 1856), to say farewell to Lord Dalhousie and make acquaintance with his successor.†

'As it was impossible,' says Mr. Charles Raikes, 'to know Sir Henry Lawrence without loving him, so it is not easy to recal his memory without emotion.' And some after thirty years and more feel this, who never had the fortune to be of his Faithful Band, nor the happiness to partake of his intimacy, but on whom, when by chance their paths crossed, the singular attraction of the man and his warm heart made an ineffaceable impression. It was a day of sad hearts when he left Lahore:—

'Strong men, Herbert Edwardes conspicuous among them, might be seen weeping like little children; and when the last of those last moments came, and Henry Lawrence, on January 20, 1853, accompanied by his wife and sister, turned his back for ever upon Lahore and upon the Punjab, a long cavalcade of aged native chiefs followed him, some for five, some for ten, others for twenty or twenty-five miles out of the city. . . . It was a long, living, funeral procession from Lahore nearly to Umritsur. Robert Napier, now Lord Napier of Magdála, was the last to tear himself away from one who was dearer to him than a brother. "Kiss him," said Henry Lawrence to his sister, as Napier turned back, at last, heart-broken towards Lahore. "Kiss him, he is my best and dearest friend."'

When the story of the difference and parting of these two great brothers was told the other day by the author of the book, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, the eyes of many hearers of both sexes, as the assembly broke up, glistened with tears.

But now, as we linger over these passages, the sultry air is loaded with dull murmurs; the rush of rising waters is in our ears; and we read the telegram from Delhi proclaiming the cataclysm: '*The Sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up.*' Delhi was in the hands of the Mutineers.

With this announcement the first volume dramatically closes. With the second volume, embracing the portions of the history

\* 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence,' vol. ii. p. 275.

† It is curious that there is no intimation of this meeting in the 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence.'

which are the most eventful, but also the most familiar, we must deal in a still more fragmentary fashion.

We have a full and powerful picture of the part played by Lawrence in the capture of Delhi, the crowning glory of his life. We do not think there is any exaggeration in the share attributed to him; that is hardly possible. He was absent, indeed, from Lahore when the news came (May 12th), and it was on Montgomery and like-minded colleagues, military and civil, that the responsibility and the credit rested of dealing the first heavy blow at rising revolt. By the decided course that they took, within forty-eight hours after the fatal telegram the native garrison of Lahore had been disarmed, the fortress of Govindgurh (commanding the great city of Umritsur) had been secured, the garrison of the Ferozepore arsenal reinforced, Mooltan and Kangra warned, and messengers with wise and precise instructions despatched to the small stations scattered over the country. Well might Lawrence give way to unwonted warmth of praise: 'Your Lahore men have done nobly. I should like to embrace them; Donald, Roberts, Mac, and Dick,\* are all of them *pucka* (thorough) trumps!'

From the first he saw clearly, and pressed in every letter and message, from his first telegram of May 13th, that Delhi was the keystone of the mutiny; its capture the essential of our political existence. Take Delhi, and all would go well. Whilst Delhi held out, nothing could go well. True, that he was far from being alone in seeing this; but at times others failed to do so. Even Edwardes, as early as June 29th, expressing his own views and those of his friends at Peshawer, writes in terms like these:—

'Make a stand! Anchor, Hardy, anchor! Tell General Reed he can have no more men from here, and must either get into Delhi with the men he has got, or get reinforcements from below, or abandon the siege and fall back on the Sutlej. . . . Let us hold the Punjab *coûte que coûte*, and not give up one European necessary for that duty. . . . Don't get engulfed in Delhi.'—(Vol. ii. p. 143.)

Such appeals made no impression on Sir John. And when on the 18th of July there came a cry from General Wilson that unless speedily reinforced nothing would remain practicable but retreat on Kurnál (i.e. towards the Punjab), the answer by telegram came instantly: 'We can send you at once 1700 men' (including a British regiment and battery), 'to be followed by 2000 more.' And so to the end.

\* (Sir) D. Macleod, Mr. Arthur Roberts, C.S., Col. (Sir) J. Macpherson (all these dead now), and Col. Richard Lawrence, Sir John's youngest brother.

Lawrence in a letter to Lord Canning, written on September 6th, when the siege-guns had reached the camp, and he was straining his ear, as it were, to hear the sound of their opening on the city, speaks of what they of the Punjab had done (vol. ii. p. 306); but what he says does no justice to his acts, nor could they be abstracted in five times as many lines. Look first at his stirring letters to every successive commander of the Delhi Force—Anson, Barnard, Reed, Wilson—beginning with his most vivid and powerful letter to Anson of May 21st, an expansion, in fact, of that famous telegram, drawn by the report that the General spoke of intrenching at Ambála,—‘Clubs are trumps, not spades.’ People in India used to say that John Lawrence could not write! that he could but jot down the formless elements of his ideas, and let Temple shape them for him. There was no Temple at Rawul Pindi in May ’57, and Temple, bright as his pen might be, never wrote a letter such as that. If John Lawrence had not the electric attraction of Henry, he assuredly had the electric power that stimulated action, that put life and force into every one within the sphere of his influence. We can give but a brief sample of the fire of this letter:—

‘Pray only reflect on the whole history of India. Where have we failed when we acted vigorously? Where have we succeeded when guided by timid counsels? Clive with twelve hundred men fought at Plassey, in opposition to the advice of his leading officers, beat forty thousand men, and conquered Bengal. Monson retreated from the Chumbul, and before he gained Agra his army was disorganised, and partially annihilated. Look at the Cabul catastrophe. It might have been averted by resolute and bold action. . . . The Punjab Irregulars are marching down in the highest spirits, proud to be trusted, and, eager to show their superiority over the regular troops, ready to fight shoulder to shoulder with the Europeans. But if, on their arrival, they find the Europeans behind breast-works, they will begin to think that the game is up.’—(Vol. ii. p. 30.)

Vain fire, and easy words, had his action ended in these. But the same man who maintained this constant stimulus also supplied every want of the besiegers, draining his province of its best officers and most trustworthy troops, and converting even the inflammatory elements that existed in the Punjab into material of war and reinforcement. The old gunners of the Khálsa were called from their ploughs; ‘Muzbis,’ or low-caste Sikhs, idle, owing to the stoppage of public works, were turned into sappers; chiefs who had suffered from having been ‘out’ in ’48-’49 were summoned with their followings and sent off

off to Delhi; so that, when a little later seditious spirits began to stir, they could find no leaders; these were far beyond the Sutlej, and committed to our cause. From the Punjab arsenals the siege trains were equipped; from the Punjab districts vast amounts of carriage were gathered and despatched systematically with their loads to Delhi; from the Punjab treasuries the sinews of war were furnished. Men were raised by tens of thousands to replace the sepoys, raised indeed in such numbers that, as constantly comes out in Lawrence's correspondence, the dread was for a long time never absent from his mind lest this might be overdone, and new danger might arise from the Punjabis becoming conscious of their strength.

The insinuation, that it was not Sir John Lawrence who saved the Punjab, but his subordinates in spite of him, can but have been a jet of malevolence in a time of heated controversy, and can only raise a blush in those who uttered it, now that the great man's history is before us in detail. No man was ever more completely the ruler than he was, as this book and its many valuable extracts of letters show abundantly; ever stimulating the hesitating, encouraging the faint, laying down the main lines of policy, and in spite of every difficulty and discouragement carrying it through upon those lines; it was to him that every one of his own subordinates looked up as a master under whom they were proud to serve. And not they only; for the generals at Delhi, who owed him no official allegiance, accepted him as their superior, consulted him on movements projected, reported daily occurrences, deferred to his judgment, or excused themselves for dissenting from it.

‘What wonder, then, that the leading members of the Government of India and of the Government of England, that the chief officers of the army before Delhi, who knew the circumstances best, and the ablest of the subordinates who served under him—in spite of jealousies, and heartburnings, and misconceptions, such as must arise at such a time—all greeted Sir John Lawrence by acclamation as the man who had done more than any other single man to save the Indian Empire?’—(Vol. ii. p. 225.)

In the great *catabasis* from the Punjab the most striking figure is undoubtedly Nicholson. After Henry Lawrence's disappearance from Lahore, he is indeed the second Hero of the drama before us; and Mr. Bosworth Smith is never tired of dwelling on this Berserkir, this Roland, this Hotspur, of the Indian wars. With him in his mind, John Lawrence must have felt, and might have said—

‘Injecique

'Injecique manum, fortemque ad fortia misi,  
Erga opera illius mea sunt—  
. . . . . meâ concussa putate  
Procubuisse solo Lyrnessia moenia dextrâ.'

In 1822 the women of England set up at Hyde Park Corner an Achilles, after a Grecian model, in honour of the Great Duke. The ascription of Westmacott's copy of one of the famous horsemen on the Monte Cavallo to Achilles is a misnomer, and the Duke was not very like Achilles in character or fate. John Nicholson was so in both ; and his appearance at the leaguer of Delhi, with its effect, is like that of Pelides brought back to the Grecian lines from his sullen secession.

**‘Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
Jura sibi nata negat, nihil non arrogat armis!’**

Every word seems to fit Nicholson, as his hand fitted the sword-grip, or his thigh the saddle! And as we read of his feats, or the extracts from his letters, those Horatian lines ring in our ears like a refrain. ‘Obstinate, haughty and imperious,’ says the author (without any apparent thought of the Homeric prototype) ‘no regulations could bind him; they were made only to be broken.’ (*‘Jura sibi nata negat!’*) His brother officers called him the Autocrat of All the Russias: on some of the Punjabis, as is well known, his dæmonic force made such an impression, that they set up a *Nikkalsainé* sect of devotees, to whom he was an object of worship; and the more they worshipped the more he thrashed them! In the earliest record we have of Nicholson, his grand qualities come out, and perhaps also the germ of wilfulness. The late Colonel Rattray, speaking of the unhappy surrender of the Ghazni garrison in 1842, writes:—

‘My friend Nicholson . . . quite a stripling, when the enemy first entered . . . drove them thrice back beyond the walls at the point of the bayonet before he would listen to the order given him to make his company lay down their arms. He at length obeyed, gave up his sword with bitter tears, and accompanied his comrades . . . to an almost hopeless imprisonment.’—(‘Scenery, &c., of Afghanistan,’ by Lieut. James Rattray, 1848, sect. 18.)

His official report of the result of an attempt to assassinate him in his garden at Bunnoo is a fine specimen of laconism, and of the man; (we give the true text from the 'Calcutta Review,' vol. lxxiv. p. 214):—

'SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I have just shot a man who came to kill me.

‘Your obedient servant,  
‘JOHN NICHOLSON.’

In

In June 1857, when he was pursuing the mutineers from Murdán in the Peshawer valley, and the native cavalry with him showed signs of hanging back—

‘Putting himself at the head of a mere handful of Sowars, as though he were determined to justify his chief’s expression in its most literal sense, that he was “worth the wing of a regiment,” he flung himself with “terrible courage” on the flying foe, and, seeming to multiply himself many times over as he rode hither and thither, laid low with his own stalwart right arm dozens of men, who, as he admitted afterwards in genuine admiration, fought desperately.’—(Vol. ii. p. 65.)

A few weeks later Nicholson—a regimental Captain—was entirely through Lawrence’s urgency made Brigadier-General, and placed in command of a movable column. One of his first acts was to appeal to the General of the division to give him the British regiment from Rawul Pindi which Lawrence had just refused him! Again, when he got the orders for Delhi, and authority to take with him Bouchier’s troop of artillery, with explicit orders that Dawes’s battery was to be left behind, Nicholson carried off *both*, and ‘this too without saying a word, or asking leave of a soul, General or any one else!’ Nicholson gave such explanation as he could, but the ink of his apology can scarcely have been dry before he capped his previous doings by carrying off a body of gunners from Phillour (‘Nihil non arrogat armis’!). Before his start for Delhi he had crowded into a few days many admirable services, including the disarmament of four or five regiments (without making report apparently to anybody), and, by a march of forty miles in July, the interception and annihilation of the infantry and cavalry, who had escaped after mutiny and massacre, from Sialkot. During this extraordinary march—

‘When the sun was at its fiercest, the column neared a grove of trees which seemed to promise a refreshing shade; and some of the officers, seeing the exhausted state of their men, suggested that a halt of an hour or two might well be called to enable them to throw themselves on the ground and snatch an interval of repose. “No,” sternly replied Nicholson; “we must press on.” But he yielded to more urgent expostulations, and the worn-out men were soon asleep beneath the trees. After an interval, it occurred to one of their number, as he woke from his sleep, to ask where the General was. Not seeing him amongst the sleepers on the ground, he looked back to the road which they had left, and there, in the very middle of it, in the full glare of the sun, sitting bolt upright upon his horse, and perfectly motionless, he saw John Nicholson waiting, as, unknown to them all, he had been waiting from the beginning, with impatient patience till his men should have had their rest out. The silent protest did its work. The exhausted men started up with a strength which

which was not altogether their own, and, in the course of the afternoon, the whole column reached Goordaspore.'—(Vol. ii. p. 130.)

('Impiger, inexorabilis, acer!') He had hardly reached Delhi with his brigade, when he found his opportunity of striking a great and crushing blow at the Neemuch mutineers, who had gone out from Delhi to waylay the coming siege-train. Lawrence then writes to him, 'I wish I could knight you on the spot!' He was loud and almost indiscriminating in his complaints of the General and those about him, often no doubt rashly. In his last letter to Lawrence, he refers to Wilson's having 'more than once' spoken of withdrawing the guns, and says, 'Had he carried out his threat I was quite prepared to have appealed to the army to set him aside and elect a successor.' Three days later this fiery and stormy spirit led the assault of the Cashmere Bastion, and was among the foremost to mount the breach. The right attack had been unsuccessful, and the Lahore Gate was still held in force by the enemy; the only approach was a narrow barricaded street swept by grape and riflemen:—

'Nicholson saw how things stood, and, knowing that if his force hesitated they were lost, sprang to the front, and, waving his sword over his head, as if he were a simple captain, called aloud upon his men to follow him. . . . He fell mortally wounded, and with him, young as he was, and little known to fame as he had been, till the extremity of the peril brought him to the front and revealed him in his Titanic mould of heart and limb, there fell the man who [whom] perhaps, of all the heroes of the mutiny—the Lawrence brothers alone excepted—India could, at that juncture, least afford to lose.'—(Vol. ii. p. 214.)

Most true! and yet it was better to lose him so than that he should have tried to fulfil his threat to set his General aside, and have survived! When the difficulties of maintaining our occupation of the city followed, and when it was rumoured that Wilson even then proposed to withdraw and give up what had been so dearly won, Nicholson, as he lay on his deathbed, exclaimed in a paroxysm of passion: 'Thank God I have strength enough to shoot that man!'

There was no one, as the author testifies, of his former staff in the Punjab, to whom Lord Lawrence was so fond of turning the conversation, no one whose deeds—even those which had given him most trouble at the time—he recounted, sometimes with so much amusement, always with such sympathy and admiration, as those of Nicholson.

We must notice here what is in our judgment a grave injustice to a man of great and distinguished service, who survived a  
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few years but never really recovered from the exposure of the Delhi siege, Colonel Baird Smith of the Engineers. On the night before the assault we read that, in reference to Captain Taylor (already spoken of), Nicholson exclaimed: 'If I survive to-morrow, I will let all the world know that Alec Taylor took Delhi!' And Lawrence, writing to Lord Dalhousie (Jan. 14, 1858) says: 'To Nicholson, Alec Taylor of the Engineers, and Neville Chamberlain, the real merit of our success is due.'

Now, though we have not the slightest doubt that, had Baird Smith been a 'Punjabi,' his name would have taken at least as prominent a place as Neville Chamberlain's in this utterance of Lawrence's, yet more precise comment is called for when Lawrence goes on to say that 'Taylor, though only the second Engineer before Delhi, was really the officer who designed and arranged all the scientific operations which led to the success of the assaults.' These words can only convey to the world the impression that the Chief Engineer was a nonentity or an incapable, and that his whole office and duty practically was exercised by his junior, than which no conclusion could be more unjust. Who then was the Chief Engineer on whom this slur is cast? He was one of the ablest and most distinguished of his corps, whether in peace or war. Does any one who knew him believe that he was the man to abdicate his functions; to allow himself to remain a shadow during such operations? The following sentences are part of an inscription on a cenotaph, erected by public subscription in Calcutta Cathedral:—

'In memory of Colonel Richard Baird Smith of the Bengal Engineers, Master of the Calcutta Mint, Companion of the Bath, and A.D.C. to the Queen, whose career, crowded with brilliant service, was cut short at its brightest. . . . Already distinguished in the two Sikh wars, his conduct on the outbreak of revolt in 1857 showed what a clear apprehension, a brave heart, and a hopeful spirit could effect with scanty means in crushing disorder. Called to Delhi as Chief Engineer, his bold and ready judgment, his weighty and tenacious counsels, played a foremost part in securing the success of the siege and England's supremacy.' . . .

Every word of this is true. All honour—within the bounds of justice to other men—to Taylor! No man braver, brighter, so beloved, or half so indefatigable, was in the gallant band of Engineers at Delhi. His chief was in miserable health, worn by chronic diarrhœa and camp-scurvy, and for a long period confined to his quarters by a painful wound, which would have been a trifle but for his wretched state of body. Everything that could be done under such circumstances was done by him  
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in a very masterly way. The great considerations connected with organization, provision of siege material, advice to the General, &c., were so dealt with by him. Meantime Taylor was undoubtedly the ubiquitous, unresting Director in the trenches, where, with a few exceptions, the works were planned as well as supervised by him; but all and every vital act was done either under the orders or with the intelligent cognizance or approval of Baird Smith, and on his sole responsibility.

It belongs to what we have been urging, that it is not in general fair to attribute to a subordinate, however distinguished, the success of counsels which his chief has adopted. But in Sir Archdale Wilson's case there is something special to be said, bearing otherwise. A remarkable letter of that General's will be found in Kaye (iii. 551), in which he writes, referring to the expected arrival of the siege-train; 'I intend to commence more offensive operations against the city; but I cannot hold out any hope of being able to take the place until supported by the force from below;'—that is from Cawnpore and Allahabad, the way from which was not open till it was cleared *from above* some months later, by the Delhi force itself! Baird Smith on this wrote back, strongly urging attack as soon as possible. Wilson yielded, but in doing so threw the whole responsibility on the Chief Engineer, in these words:—

'It is evident to me that the results of the proposed operations will be thrown on the hazard of a die; but under the circumstances in which I am placed, I am willing to try this hazard—the more so as I cannot suggest any other plan to meet our difficulties. I cannot however help being of opinion that the chances of success, under such a heavy fire as the working parties will be exposed to, are anything but favourable: I yield, however, to the judgment of the Chief Engineer.'

This grudging assent shifts to the uttermost the responsibility. And the man who cheerfully accepted this responsibility, if Lawrence's pæan of the Punjabis were made the basis of history, would be shut out entirely from the record of that famous siege. The matter was noticed at an early date by Baird Smith himself in a letter to Colonel (now Sir Henry) Lefroy, which the latter published in the 'Times' of May 11th, 1858. But it is reopened here by the publication of Lawrence's letter to Lord Dalhousie, in which the implicit disparagement of Baird Smith is put more broadly and palpably than ever before; and many will, as a matter of course, accept the statement on his authority, with all the injustice which, apart from the explanations now given, it is calculated to convey.

We turn to another subject. There was a 'White Terror' in France

France after the Bourbon Restoration; and in 1858 it was no easy matter in India to preach moderation, when the thirst for vengeance was rife; when the ruthless spirit that in many men is kept down only by the barometric pressure of an atmosphere of law, was let loose to kill; when to speak of mercy was to be a 'white Pandy' (so ran the slang). But Lawrence was ever prompt to check this spirit, as he had been the early counsellor of amnesty for those guiltless of blood. On the details of this subject we will not enter; but we extract two anecdotes showing the feeling with which two of the noblest of men regarded it:—

"What am I to do?" said J. H. Batten, the Judge of Cawnpore, who, from the moment of his arrival there in November, had set his face against such deeds, to Sir James Outram, who, like the best and bravest soldiers of the time—Colin Campbell, Mansfield, Hope Grant, and Inglis—shrank from shedding blood otherwise than on the field of battle, or after a legal trial—"what am I to do?" "Do you fear God or man?" replied Sir James. "If you fear God, do as you are doing and bear the insults that are heaped upon you. If you fear man and the mess, let them hang their number every day."—(Vol. ii. p. 295.)

The second anecdote exemplifies the character of that illustrious man, the first Viceroy of India. He had his defects, no doubt: he had not at first that entire grasp of the situation that was wanted at such a time of crisis. But there is a virtue which in these days seems unknown to parliamentary statesmen in England—*Magnanimity*;—Lord Canning was an English statesman, and he was surpassingly magnanimous. There is another virtue which in Holy Writ is taken as the type and sum of all righteousness—*Justice*;—and he was eminently just.

The misuse of special powers, granted early in the Mutiny, called for Lord Canning's interference, and the consequence was a flood of savage abuse; the violence and bitterness of which it is hard now to realize. The epithet of 'Clemency Canning' (due to an article in the 'Times,' Oct. 17th, 1857), which, meaning to pillory him, did in fact crown his honoured head as with eternal bays, exemplifies the spirit though not the usual manner of its expression. The relator of the story is Sir Frederick Halliday:—

'I was talking to Lord Canning one day about this, and he did not conceal from me that he was painfully affected by the sentiments of hatred and contempt which he was aware his measures had excited towards himself. "But read," he said, "these papers," which he took out of his table drawer. They were the result of careful inquiries he had caused to be made into the working of some of these courts since they had been in operation, and they disclosed a series of acts of tyranny,

tyranny, cruelty, and injustice, of the most brutal and horrible nature. In fact, under the influence of mere panic, these courts had disgraced themselves by what could be called by no other name than indiscriminate judicial murders. And of this, the papers he gave me furnished ample proof.

'I expressed, as you may suppose, my horror at these cruelties; but I also said that, having such justification in his hands of his recent proceedings, I hoped he would publish it as his complete defence against his calumniators.

"No!" he replied, as he took the papers from my hand, and locked them up in his drawer; "I had rather submit to any obloquy than publish to the world what would so terribly disgrace my countrymen. It is sufficient that I have prevented it for the future."—(Vol. ii. pp. 264-5.)

We could almost wish that our author had followed this great example, and sealed up the record of like evil doings.

On Afghan affairs we shall say but little. Mr. Bosworth Smith made himself known as a strong partizan on this subject during Lord Beaconsfield's Government; and even those who share his views will regret the unrestrained language with which he constantly recurs to it, and the rashness with which he pronounces on the results of transactions so recent. The subject forces itself in again and again, almost as the head of King Charles did in the memorials of Dickens's 'Mr. Dick.'

It would be foreign to our present purpose to enter into an examination of Lord Lytton's policy. It is possible that his action precipitated a crisis, but it would have come before long, and it was inevitable that it should come when once the Russian officers had crossed the Oxus. War with Afghanistan, with all the probable consequences even of success, could hardly have been a greater misfortune in Lord Lawrence's eyes than it was in ours. But, of the alternative paths, which in the course of Providence are constantly opening before States and individuals, it is a mere truism to say that very frequently neither path is free from serious evils. And it might well be that the decision for war in 1878 was to be preferred to the prospect of dealing with a Russianized Afghanistan beyond our frontier, whilst incurring the loss of all respect from the millions within it.

The practical questions which arose in dealing with the Amír Sher Ali were of extreme delicacy and difficulty. They were a fit subject for the most earnest discussion by persons who had any claim to understand them. But when one course of action, or rather of inaction, had been attended by lamentable want of success, and when in consequence a different course was adopted, there was no possible justification for the factitious

storm of opposition and misrepresentation that we witnessed; the desperate attempt of party-men to render any effective course of foreign policy impossible.

We do not believe that Lord Lawrence was moved a jot by party-feeling in the course he took. He had never lent himself to the misrepresentations and insincerities that swelled so largely the initial agitation regarding Turk and Russian; his own utterances expressed only old convictions. Indeed it needs years of acclimatizing to a party atmosphere, before an Indian statesman can bring himself to view such questions through party spectacles. But we think he entered too deeply into the agitation, and so lent himself to the objects of inferior men.

As to the action taken in regard to the results of the war—an action to which Lord Lawrence had bequeathed the weight of his opinion—more is to be said, though we can only indicate it here. After all the blood and treasure spent on the Afghan campaign, it was decided to retire from Candahar, and to give up everything, except Quetta, that remained as the fruit of the decried policy. It is hardly conceivable that after this we can enter Candahar again, unless under circumstances extremely critical, rendering the task infinitely more difficult than in the past. That such circumstances may arise, that they probably will arise, and may come suddenly, no sane man can dispute. From the great military authority of our day, at least, there is no adhesion to the notion sometimes proffered so glibly, that the place to meet a menace to India is on the Indian side of the passes, or even in the plains of India.\*

Had we remained at Candahar, the completion of the railway to that place would have been an essential. With a railway open, is it conceivable that the country and people could have remained unmodified, uncivilized, unaffected by the softening influence of commerce and communication? It was our only chance of effecting this result, and we threw it away with open eyes. In thus acting we simply decided, not merely that these influences should be withheld from our side, but that they should come from the other side. And they are coming!

It is time to conclude with a brief glance at some of the characteristics of Lord Lawrence, as they are exhibited in this book. There is a story—not in this book, however—that, when Woolner's colossal statue of Lord Lawrence was unpacked at Calcutta, an ancient native servant of the viceregal household reported to one of the staff his having seen it, but that he could

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\* Lord Wolseley's Memorand. in Blue-book, 'Afghanistan,' 1881, No. 2.

not recognize it; it was certainly not Lord Lárens Sahib—he was not eleven feet high!

So there are or have been some among us, who have refused to recognize that Lord Lawrence rose above the ordinary stature in character or intellect. He is to them but a thorough type of the good commonplace Briton, sound in brain and body, but no more; only he had enjoyed singular opportunities.

Far truer in our view, and we believe it will be the view of most readers of this book, is that expressed by Sir Henry Daly: 'He was the *biggest* man I have ever known.'—(Vol. ii. p. 89.)

Nothing is more notable about Lord Lawrence than his growth, moral and intellectual. Doubtless he had, or seemed to have in him at one time a good deal of that stuff, sound indeed, but ordinary, which has just been alluded to, and something of this probably clung to him till the last. But it is a grievous blindness that does not recognize to what height of character he grew; whilst, on the other hand, his biographer hardly recognizes how great his growth was, and *from* what he grew. The sterling gold was always there, but it lay long under a very rough matrix, which was only by degrees removed.

In an admirable passage \* Mr. Bosworth Smith speaks of the way in which men like Munro and Metcalfe have regarded and treated the natives. And in the thousands of John Lawrence's letters that the author has read, he has come, he says, on nothing to wound the pride of the most sensitive native; nor does Lawrence ever use the opprobrious term which is the very first to come to the mouth of too many young officers. In another passage, already alluded to, where Lawrence, so late as 1846, refers with disgust to 'that hole Etáwa,' Mr. Bosworth Smith observes that this is the one occasion on which his hero speaks of his post of duty 'by a name which is the first to rise to the lips of too many public officers, when they happen to be posted to a place which does not quite take their fancy.'

In these instances we think the author forgets for the moment that for what we may call Lawrence's immature period he has no letters at all. We do not believe that in that immature period Lawrence was to be placed in the same category with Metcalfe and Munro. Were his letters up to his furlough and marriage preserved, we should not be surprised to find *both* the objectionable phrases to which his biographer alludes very rife in them. He *was* rough, and his ways were rough with native and Englishman alike; nor was his bluntness of speech always 'accompanied by a kindly twinkle of the eye that took off its

\* Vol. i. p. 176.

edge.' There was often no twinkle at all, even towards his countrymen; it seemed then liker the unrestrained display towards a stranger of the Englishman's feeling—'omnis ignotus pro malefico.' The change in him that came with years was enormous, and, working from within, affected his whole aspect. Something of this may be discerned even in the comparison of the two portraits in these volumes. Who has not seen in the features of a dear one after death how the likeness to some relative, which had never been striking, perhaps never noticed, during life, comes out strongly, so strongly sometimes that the old countenance seems to have vanished and the other to have been substituted? Something like this seemed to take place in Lord Lawrence, even during life, in the increasing resemblance to his brother Henry, not only in character, but in countenance and expression. Archbishop Trench somewhere spiritualizes a belief prevalent among certain islanders of the Pacific, that the great qualities of warriors whom they have slain in battle pass on to themselves as a rightful inheritance; and we are reminded of this by words of acute and delicate apprehension quoted from General Reynell Taylor, in regard to the two brothers: 'They each had their own capabilities and virtues, and when one of them was removed from the scene, the *frater superstes* succeeded to many of the graces of his lost brother.'—(Vol. i. p. 396.)

We have spoken of his love of fun, which in early days probably took rough shapes enough. But neither fine humour nor wit were wanting in the man who at a critical moment sent that telegram already quoted,\* to a General whose fame had been more closely connected with the whist-table than with the field; or in him who thus characterized one who had been his Secretary at the beginning of the Mutiny, Major James; it is Mr. Arthur Brandreth who speaks:—

'When I came to Rawul Pindi in June 1857, to take the post of "acting" Secretary in place of James, he said to me, "Well, Brandreth, you are come to be my Secretary, are you? you must be reticent, remember, all Secretaries must be. But you need not be so reticent as James, for he won't even tell me!"'—(Vol. ii. p. 96.)

The very apostle of culture might envy the felicity of memory and courtesy displayed in our next extract. When he was Viceroy,

'and happened to be talking at Simla to Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan about the exertions and perils of the Mutiny, he remarked that, for a month together, he had been inclined to doubt in his inmost heart whether we could weather the storm. And then, with

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\* See p. 313.

an admirably timed reminiscence, turning to Lady Trevelyan, who, as is well known, was the favourite sister of Lord Macaulay, he told her that when he had, from time to time, felt disposed to be down-hearted, he had often found himself, half unconsciously, repeating to himself her brother's lines:—

“How can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his gods?”

and had always taken therefrom fresh heart of grace.’—(Vol. ii. 164.)

We had marked other anecdotes—and few books that we know are richer in anecdotes of the best kind—illustrating his tender domestic affection; his remarkable good sense; his generosity to opponents; his habitual self-denial and simplicity of character. One anecdote of Lawrence as Viceroy illustrates the last characteristic so well that we must find room for it:—

‘General Richard Strachey had drawn up an elaborate paper on Indian Railways, a subject of which he was an acknowledged master, and had brought it, in due course, to Sir John Lawrence, that it might receive his signature, become his “Minuté,” and be sent to the Secretary of State in England. Sir John glanced through it, made one or two verbal alterations, put “begin” for “commence,” or something equally important, and then, as he affixed the “J. L.” which was to make it his own, turned to its author with a merry twinkle of his eye, and said, “What a clever chap they will think me at home!”’—(Vol. ii. p. 473.)

No character of Lawrence has been more powerfully and truthfully drawn than that by Lord Derby in his speech at the Mansion House meeting, February 13th, 1880; and nothing in that speech was truer or happier than the words: ‘The impression which his character and conversation always left upon my mind was that of what I can only describe as a certain heroic simplicity.’

One word before we close as to the religion which was rooted deep in John Lawrence's spirit, as it was in Henry's. In this fundamental spring of character too there was steady growth; in regard to it we shall quote from one of the closest and most valued friends of his later years, Captain Eastwick:—

‘From the earliest period of my acquaintance with him he was a decided Christian; a simple, God-fearing man, who, to the best of his ability, translated into daily practice the precepts of the Bible, of which sacred volume he was, to my certain knowledge, a daily, assiduous, and meditative reader. I have often seen him when his sight had grown too dim to allow of his reading other books, spelling out slowly, with his finger on the page, a few verses from a New Testament

Testament printed in large type. His majestic countenance wore a mournful yet resigned expression, and when I thought of the deprivation it must be to a man of his strong will and independent nature, my heart was so full that I could hardly refrain from tears.

'Lord Lawrence gave the impression as of one walking in the presence of an Omnipotent, All-merciful, All-just Master, to whom he solemnly believed he was to render hereafter an account of the deeds done in the body. . . . He had a great aversion to that peculiar phraseology which some well-meaning people use in speaking on religious matters. But, when treating such subjects, his tone was simple, unaffected, and eminently religious. It was evident that they were familiar to his mind and thoughts.'

'I never knew' (said a clergyman from the North,\* previously unknown to him, but who, when engaged in advocating the claims of the distressed operatives during the 'Cotton Famine,' was asked by Sir John to make Southgate House his headquarters)—'I never knew any one so simple, so prayerful, so hard-working, so heroic. He is one of the few men whom, when I come to die, I shall thank God that I have known.'

He took to his bed on Wednesday the 25th of June, 1879, and on Friday night he died. That morning it was obvious that the end was drawing near :—

'The once strong man lay helpless on his bed, seldom opening his eyes, and apparently unable to speak or to recognize any one. "Do you know me?" whispered his wife. "To my last gasp, my darling," he replied, quite audibly; and as she bent down to give him her last kiss, she felt the last pressure of his lips and hands. "I am so weary"; such were the words which those who stood around his bed heard the most indefatigable of workers murmuring to himself as he was entering the land where the weary are at rest.'—(Vol. ii. p. 654.)

Lady Lawrence writes, looking back to her visit with her husband to the Lucknow Residency :—

'My heart turns to another scene, and contrasts the last hours of dear Henry, in all the tumult of war and agony, with the peaceful passing away of my beloved husband, surrounded by those who so deeply loved him, and who, while thankful that his entrance into life was so calm, are left to bear the burden of their life without the loving heart and guiding hand which had never failed them.'—(Vol. ii. p. 531.)

Happy life; happy death! The great Abbey holds no dust more worthy of honour than his. And, to end with the Tennysonian lines which our author somewhere quotes :—

'Whatever record leap to light,  
He never shall be shamed.'

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\* The Rev. J. Smith, now of Lyme Regis.

ART. II.—*Mexico To-day ; a Country with a Great Future. And a Glance at the Prehistoric Remains and Antiquities of the Montezumas.* By Thomas Unett Brocklehurst. With Coloured Plates and other Illustrations. London, 1883.

FROM a variety of causes, Mexico is evidently destined once more to occupy a prominent position before the world. A new invasion has begun, and it may prove to involve consequences not less remarkable than those which followed the great and memorable conquest by the Spaniards three centuries and a half ago. The actors in the scene have changed, but the motive which impels them is the same—the hope of gain. There is gold in Mexico ; how much, no one can tell, but more, it is believed, than has ever been taken out of it, incalculable as that quantity must be. The silver mines are practically inexhaustible ; and near Durango there is, or there was formerly, a ruby mine, but of late years all trace of it seems to have been lost. The spoils of Mexico have found their way to all parts of the world, and yet the country teems with wealth. The value of one consignment only of gold and silver, despatched by Cortes to Spain, would scarcely be represented by two million pounds of our present money. Half the silver now in use among mankind has come from Mexico, and yet it is believed that sufficient still remains in the almost unexplored mountain ranges to double or treble the quantity in circulation throughout the world. The Aztecs gathered up the relics which had been accumulated for generations by that mysterious race, the Toltecs ; the Spaniards made themselves masters of the enormous hoards collected by the Aztecs ; the mixed-breed Mexican received what the Spaniards had left ; and now the American—the only man of business among them all—seems likely to step in and take the inheritance. Not that there is any present intention in the United States of annexing Mexico, although ‘manifest destiny’ seems to point to that result at no distant day. When General Grant was in this country a few years ago, Lord Beaconsfield said to him, ‘What a pity you did not keep Mexico when you had it!’ But the General explained that there were several causes which made it undesirable for the United States to undertake the responsibility of governing Mexico. If all the profit likely to be involved in such a connection can be secured without any of the risk, who would not prefer to take the profit and leave the risk ? The Americans have it in their power to make Mexico substantially their own, without going to the trouble or expense of sending a single soldier across the Rio Grande. It will answer their purpose  
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a great deal better to do this, than it would to add the twenty-seven States into which the Republic of Mexico is divided to the existing Union, already quite as large as can be conveniently managed. More than a million of miles of Mexican territory have been swallowed up by the United States since the beginning of this century. Texas—which alone is forty times as large as Massachusetts—California, New Mexico, and Arizona, have all passed from the once glorious empire of the Montezumas under the dominion of the Stars and Stripes. We need not wonder that the American people feel that they have had enough for a time of Mexican land.

But the treasures which lie beneath the land, the gold and silver, the iron, lead, and copper—these will be taken out by somebody, and the American naturally asks himself, Why not by me as well as another? The English are not even competitors for the prize. No doubt we shall be on the spot some day or other, but to follow the American is by no means the sure way to secure the best of a bargain. We have, indeed, had dealings with Mexico before to-day, but they have not been such as to encourage further adventures of the same kind. The Republic has borrowed large sums of money from us, and then invariably declined to pay any portion back, or even to remember that some fraction of the interest might be acceptable to the creditors. On the last day of February of this very year, a telegram was published in the London newspapers, to the effect that the Mexican President 'did not think that the time had yet arrived for a settlement of the English debt.' It is to be feared that it will be some time before it does arrive, for, while President Gonzalez can keep on good terms with the United States, he probably will not give himself any concern about his relations with Great Britain. Since 1861, we have had no diplomatic intercourse with Mexico, although Lord Granville has recently despatched an agent to the capital on a sort of mission of enquiry. Perhaps it was a mistake to have shut the door so firmly upon ourselves in 1861, but at any rate we avoided the terrible blunder which the French made in going to war with Mexico, and in endeavouring to impose a foreign rule upon the country. The complete history of that astonishing and disastrous enterprise has never been written, and yet its chief incidents, and the dire consequences which followed in its train, are scarcely less startling than the long series of events which had previously made the history of Mexico seem more like a wild romance than a sober record of fact. The French invasion may be almost forgotten, in days when the most important occurrences of six months ago are contemptuously swept

swept aside by statesmen and publicists as 'ancient history;' but the world has not yet quite forgotten the spectacle of an unfortunate and heart-broken Princess hurrying from Court to Court to beg for intercession on behalf of her husband; of that husband,—the ill-fated Maximilian,—being dragged out to be shot like a felon, and dying with the words, 'Poor Carlotta,' on his lips; or of the terrible fate which remained to the Empress Carlotta, bereft of reason, and lingering more than a dozen years after her husband's death, incessantly watching, night and day, for his return. Mexican story is full of tragedy, but no part of it is more sorrowful than this. Mr. Brocklehurst tells us that he saw, in various places in the capital, portraits of Maximilian, and that they gave him a 'vacillating expression.' 'No man,' he adds, 'with the mouth and chin of Maximilian could rule a turbulent country.' We can assure Mr. Brocklehurst that, no matter what sort of a mouth and chin the Archduke Maximilian might have had, he never would have been allowed to rule long over Mexico. The United States regarded his appearance there as a violation of the Monroe doctrine, and employed every means to secure his overthrow. Maximilian could have ruled the Mexicans, but he was not quite strong enough to contend with the Mexicans *plus* the United States.

And now, as we have said, Mexico is once more lifting up her head. After all, it is less than sixty years ago that Mexico was still under the paralyzing rule of Spain. Only in 1824 was the Spanish yoke—borne ever since 1519—thrown off, although to this day Spain has not, we believe, acknowledged the independence of Mexico. She may fairly say that if she misgoverned the country, she did not parcel it up among its neighbours; and, moreover, that its condition prior to the 'glorious day' of independence was not worse than it became afterwards. How many revolutions have there been in Mexico since 1824? It would puzzle even the famous, but now somewhat old-fashioned, all-knowing 'schoolboy' to enumerate them. They extended over half a century, and it will be a wonderful thing indeed if President Gonzalez is able to boast that in his day the last of them came to an end. The people—at least until the election of General Diaz in 1877—had lost all recollection of what a settled government really meant; they lived very much as the Indians who overrun some of their States—perpetually waging war against each other. Diaz was to bring in a new era, but he was overturned by a revolution, like most of his predecessors. And although we are hearing a great deal just now of Mexican civilization, it will not quite do to forget that

that the bulk of the people are in a state of dense ignorance, and that their ideas about law and order are by no means of an advanced description. Their capacity for self-government cannot be taken as proved by virtue of the mere fact, that no serious revolution has broken out among them for two or three years. Partial and intermittent revolutions there have been, even during this period, but it is not thought worth while to count them. In a country where earthquakes are common, the people probably pay no attention to a thunderstorm. The Mexicans, we are told, have 'quietly elected' two successive Presidents, and been faithful to them; but how many voted for Gonzalez in 1880? Only 11,528, out of a population of something like nine millions. 'Mexican elections,' remarked a New York Journal at the time, 'are managed with a method and precision which might be the envy of a New York city caucus.' When a man who has a few soldiers at his back offers himself for President, and no rival candidate comes forward with a larger number of soldiers to support him, he is elected, and that is the end of the matter.

Considering, then, the renewed interest which is being manifested in Mexico, in this country as well as in the United States, the appearance of Mr. Brocklehurst's book is peculiarly opportune. It is many years since we have had a really interesting and trustworthy record of the results of actual personal experience and adventure in the ancient empire of the Montezumas. Mr. Ruxton's 'Adventures in Mexico' were more varied and more exciting than those which fell to the lot of Mr. Brocklehurst, and his book is even now the best—simply as a book of travels—with which we are acquainted. In Mr. Ruxton's days, travelling in Mexico was not quite so free from danger as Mr. Brocklehurst appears to fancy it is now. At Leon, for instance, Mr. Ruxton was detected as a stranger by a party of loungers near the door of a wine shop, and was immediately pursued. He had already been taught the necessity of taking care of himself, and therefore he darted into a dark doorway, and waited until his pursuers passed, their knives gleaming in their hands. When he thought they had all gone, he came out of his hiding-place, only to fall almost into the arms of three of the number who were bringing up the rear. The foremost man made a dash at him, but as Mr. Ruxton tells the tale, 'I stepped quickly to one side, and at the same moment thrust at him with my knife. He stumbled forward on his knees, with a cry of "Dios! me ha matado"—he has killed me—and fell on his face.' He was, in fact, killed by the thrust, and seeing this, the other assailants ran away. Mr.

Brocklehurst

Brocklehurst had no such opportunity as this of trying the temper of either his courage or his steel. He leads us to believe, indeed, that travelling in Mexico may be regarded as almost as safe as it is in Kent or Surrey. We are inclined to think that he must have been fortunate in his travelling companions, and that he was happily unconscious of a good many little sources of difficulty which occasionally surrounded him. For a gentleman who formerly held the post of American Minister in France, Mr. John Bigelow—who had almost everything to do with forcing the Emperor Napoleon to withdraw his army from Mexico—has recently published a paper\* in which he tells us that the trains running through the country are ‘constantly exposed to lawless marauders and more or less organized banditti,’ that soldiers travel in the train from Vera Cruz to Mexico to guard it, that a squad of cavalry is drawn up near every station to protect the passing train, that every important stage route has also to be guarded, and that ‘the writer was informed by a gentleman who recently made the journey that the day they arrived at Guadalajara the diligence going out was attacked in the suburbs of the city by from thirty to forty men in broad daylight.’

Mr. Brocklehurst met with no incident of this kind; he tells us that life and property are perfectly safe. He was, we repeat, lucky in his experiences. But he did not go so far into the interior of Mexico as Mr. Ruxton, and perhaps he intentionally avoided places which still retain the evil repute they have gloried in for ages. In fact, he tells us candidly in his modest preface that he has little else to offer than some extracts from a journal which he kept during a seven months’ residence in the city of Mexico, together with notes of excursions to a few neighbouring places of interest. But what he has to tell is extremely interesting, and much of it is new. Moreover, he has brought back with him some very careful sketches of Mexican scenes and antiquities, so that one who has never been in Mexico may gain a fair idea of the general appearance of its attractions. He has also laid before his readers copies of various curious relics, such as the Aztec ‘Calendar Stone,’ and a sacrificial stone of the same remarkable people, besides several drawings of ancient pyramids, palaces, and temples, with pictures of remarkable objects found within them. Upon the whole, then, we may fairly congratulate Mr. Brocklehurst on having made an acceptable, and in some respects even a

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\* *Vide* ‘Harper’s Magazine’ for October 1882.

valuable, addition to our scanty stock of modern books of Mexican travel.

Some day or other, even the 'ordinary tourist' will include Mexico as a matter of course in his rapid excursion to America and back. Projects have long been entertained for the completion of a 'through route' by way of Texas, which would reduce the distance between New York and Mexico to little more than 2700 miles; and after a man has travelled a few months on the American continent, a thousand miles or so, one way or the other, ceases to be an impediment to his desire to see any particular place. Nobody thinks anything of going from New York to Chicago without stopping, and yet the two cities are a thousand miles apart. The one fatal objection to a long journey is what is known in America as a 'break in the connection'—when the traveller has to turn out at a wayside station, and wait several hours for the train which is to take him forward, with probably nothing better to regale himself withal than a mysterious mass composed apparently of grease and butter, but certified to be fried oysters, followed by a still more alarming compound called pumpkin pie. The beaten track offers no serious difficulties, but it is a different matter when this track has to be left far behind. Even in the South, and at such a city as Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, Mr. Brocklehurst had to make his dinner off a dish of squirrel, and to sleep in a room with three strangers, one of whom had been imbibing much too freely of the whisky of the country, commonly known in the North as 'chain lightning.' But this was owing to the town being unusually full, an accident which, we fear, does not often happen nowadays in any Southern city.

After the comparatively easy part of the journey is over, it takes from four to six days to go by steamer to Vera Cruz, whereas, when the direct communication by rail with the United States is available, it will only require five days or so to go from New York to the city of Mexico. But how long a period must yet elapse before the work is completed? On this point Mr. Brocklehurst has very little information to give us. In this country, no less than in the United States, a strong tendency has grown up to speculate in Mexican railroads; and when we see General Grant at the head of one of the new companies, we may safely conclude that the business has been taken up in earnest, for the ex-President is eminently a practical man, and has a way of succeeding in whatever he undertakes. It must be remembered, however, that men equally practical have long contended that railways in Mexico can  
never

never be remunerative to the original constructors, in spite of the fact that the Government offers subsidies of about 2000*l.* a mile. To be sure, these subsidies are paid in revenue bonds, and that has to be taken into consideration, for it does not cost Mexico any great effort to repudiate an inconvenient debt. She owes at the present moment—so far as can be ascertained—about sixty-four millions, on not one shilling of which does she pay any interest. The amount lent by English capitalists is about twenty millions, or, by England and France together, thirty-three millions, and it is evident from the recent news we have cited that the bonds which represent these sums are not likely to be paid under the administration of Gonzalez. Undoubtedly, therefore, it would be rash for any one to regard Mexican railways as affording a safe channel for permanent investment. Speculators may make fortunes out of them, but the general public have not the same facilities for buying and selling at exceptionally favourable moments. Mr. Bigelow has pointed out a circumstance not wholly without significance, namely that, notwithstanding the supposed excellence of the securities offered by Mexican companies, the Mexicans themselves obstinately refuse to risk any of their own money in them. And even when the railroads are made, it will be costly to work them, for fuel must always be scarce. Gold and silver may be found in abundance in Mexico, but the discovery of coal, which is far more useful than either, has only recently been reported. Even the existing railroad from Vera Cruz to Mexico is worked chiefly with coal brought from England. How General Grant proposes to meet this difficulty we have never heard; perhaps he is waiting for Mr. Edison to make electricity do the work of steam, or for the final success of the experiments of that ingenious gentleman in Philadelphia, who proposed to send a Cunard steamer across the Atlantic with no greater motive power than would be afforded by a pail of water.

We will suppose, however, that all these obstacles to a 'through route' are surmounted, and that the English traveller, having driven through the Central Park in New York, and seen the wonderful new houses of the railroad kings, and made the circuit of the elevated railroad—a simple contrivance for hopelessly ruining great thoroughfares—has started for the ancient capital of the Aztecs. It will not take him so long by two days to get over the distance, as it would to journey to San Francisco, and, when he arrives, there will be something before him well worth seeing. To begin with, the city itself is very curious—a city whose site is upwards of seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, having snow-clad mountains for its environs,

and

and a magnificent valley stretching away from it far as the eye can reach. Its domes and towers reminded Mr. Brocklehurst of Florence; in olden times, it must have recalled Venice to the mind of the European visitor, for canals ran through its principal streets, flowing from the great lake of Tezcucó. The waters have gradually shrunk, and thus, as Prescott has told us—in somewhat more poetical language than seems to come natural to Mr. Brocklehurst—‘the bright towns and hamlets once washed by them have been removed some miles into the interior, while a barren strip of land, ghastly from the incrustation of salts formed on the surface, has taken the place of the glowing vegetation which once enamelled the borders of the lake, and of the dark groves of oak, cedar, and sycamore, which threw their broad shadows over its bosom.’ But no changes have robbed the city of the beauty conferred by its almost incomparable position. Mr. Ruxton—not an emotional traveller—was evidently affected by it. ‘He must be insensible, indeed,’ he cries, ‘a clod of clay, who does not feel the blood thrill in his veins at the first sight of this beautiful scene.’ Mr. Brocklehurst declares that, from whatever direction the city is approached, it presents a ‘magnificent and striking appearance.’ But one feature of Mexico struck Mr. Brocklehurst which no other traveller had noticed, perhaps because it was not there to see, and that is the number and excellence of its charitable institutions. He tells us:—

‘If a government or country may gain credit for the excellence of its philanthropic institutions, I would rank Mexico, under its new *régime*, as high as any country I visited; education is compulsory between the ages of five and fourteen; waifs, strays, and neglected children, are swept into reformatories; and the establishment for teaching the deaf and dumb enables its inmates to talk a language of their own.’

This is certainly a fact well worthy of observation in a city where, of old, thirty or forty thousand human beings were annually sacrificed to appease the wrath or conciliate the goodwill of the various Mexican divinities. But we must come to the conclusion that, if education is compulsory in Mexico, it is rather slow in ‘permeation.’ We must set a statement of Mr. John Bigelow’s against that of Mr. Brocklehurst, and leave it to the ingenuity of the reader to reconcile them:—

‘Of the ten millions of people in Mexico, fully three-quarters are Indians, two-thirds of whom cannot read, nor ever had an ancestor that could, who never slept in a bed or wore a stocking, and who are accustomed to live at a less expense per day than a farm horse would cost in any New England State. These are none of them controlling considerations,

considerations, perhaps, but in studying the natural attractions of Mexico for railway enterprise, they must not be lost sight of. . . . Four-fifths of her population do not read, and are therefore not only without any political education, but equally inaccessible to those public considerations, by which through the press and the tribune the measures of an administration may be commended to the popular judgment, or peacefully resisted.'

Perhaps some readers may be inclined to perceive in a little anecdote told by Mr. Brocklehurst, a few pages further on in his volume, another reason for questioning the great progress of education in Mexico. Here is the passage:—

'I was very fortunate in making the acquaintance of Señor Vigil, the chief librarian, and through his instrumentality and assistance the Government allowed me to take away eight large volumes of old Catholic chant-books and services, on replacing them by standard English works of equal value for the use of the library. The chant-books were all of vellum, and dated 1600; they had formerly belonged to this church, but had been thrown into an outhouse, and allowed to become so decayed that out of fifty I could only select eight ponderous tomes which I considered worth sending home. The books are similar to those still used in the choir of the cathedral, and some of the other churches in Mexico. The illuminated borders, headings, and capital letters in several of the volumes are very good.'

Since the excellent bargain effected by Aladdin's friend, who went about crying old lamps for new, we have not heard of a more desirable transaction than this.

Mr. Brocklehurst expresses a regret that Prescott did not visit Mexico 'before his eye-sight failed him'—he was never there at all—because 'one has the greatest possible difficulty in realizing his most telling incidents from the want of matter whereby to localize them.' The meaning of this passage is not very clear. The Mexico of to-day is built, as Mr. Brocklehurst is aware, on the site of the ancient city, and therefore it would be difficult to identify any particular spot, except by the ample knowledge which we have of the locality of the principal buildings of Montezuma's time. For instance, the present cathedral was built on the very ground where once stood the temple of the Aztec war god, the dreaded Huitzilopotchli, on whose altars thousands of the youngest and fairest of the Mexican population were annually slain, and afterwards eaten by the devoted worshippers. Torquemada states that at the dedication of this temple, in 1486, upwards of seventy thousand captives were killed before the shrine, and Prescott tells us that the companions of Cortes counted 136,000 skulls in one of the  
sacrificial

sacrificial buildings. Women were offered up on these reeking altars as well as men, and even the very young did not escape. When it was deemed necessary to propitiate Tlaloc, the god of rain, young children were brought out to perish at the hands of the priests. 'As they were borne along in open litters,' says Prescott, 'dressed in their festal robes, and decked with the fresh blossoms of spring, they moved the hardest heart to pity, though their cries were drowned in the wild chant of the priests, who read in their tears a favourable augury for their petitions.' There is nothing more incomprehensible in the history of the Aztec race, than the fact that these loathsome customs should have existed side by side with a degree of enlightenment which astonished their Spanish conquerors. The Aztec buildings were erected on a grand scale, and the system of government was not that of a barbarous people. The king was elected, though always from a member of the same family; and there was a privy council, with which the monarch took counsel whenever serious business of State had to be transacted. There was an order of nobility, the members of which held large landed estates. Some of these estates 'were entailed on the eldest male issue.' The judicial tribunals were well organized, the superior judges being kept entirely independent of the Crown. We very much doubt whether Mexican justice has always been as sure and prompt, even in our own day, as it was under the last of the Aztec sovereigns. Property was respected, and the 'rites of marriage were celebrated with as much formality as in any Christian country.' There were slaves, but the child of a slave was born free. The system of police was efficient, and good roads were kept up, over which despatches could be sent by means of well-trained couriers at the rate of two hundred miles a day. There does not appear to have been any great poverty among the Aztecs, and in the chief cities there were buildings open for the relief and cure of the sick. All these evidences of a certain degree of civilization could co-exist with the most cruel and degrading superstitions, and with the daily practice of the most inhuman rites. The Aztec would not take his enemy's scalp, but he had no scruples about eating him.

Still more irreconcilable with the darker aspect of the Aztec character was what may be described as the general tendency of their religious faith. In some respects, indeed, the beliefs which they held were such as to make it almost absurd to call them savages. From what source they obtained these beliefs must always remain a matter of mere conjecture, but it is certain that they recognized the existence of a Supreme Being, whom they

they addressed in their prayers as a god of 'perfect perfection and purity,' under whose wings they found 'repose and a sure defence.' They baptized their children with great solemnity, and even sprinkled the lips and bosom of the child with holy water, while uttering a prayer that the child 'sent into this world, this place of sorrow, suffering, and penitence,' might be born anew. They held that the world had once been drowned, and that two persons alone escaped. In their hieroglyphics representing this event, a figure of a dove is introduced. They believed that by a woman sin came into the world, and she was depicted with a serpent near her. They had a tradition that a white man named Quetzalcoatl visited the country long ago, and after doing much good went away with a promise to return. Each generation looked for him, and this it was which prepared the way for the conquest of Mexico by Cortes. Many of the people, and the king himself, believed that Quetzalcoatl had at last kept his promise, and that once more the golden age was about to dawn.

Whence came these traditions? It seems impossible to doubt that they had an Asiatic origin, and yet there is no record of any migration from the East. If such a migration took place at all, it must have been in an age so remote that all trace of it, except in the groundwork of popular legends, is blotted out. No one has ever ascertained from what quarter came the Toltecs, who preceded the Aztecs in Mexico, and from whom Aztec civilization, in its purest form, probably descended; for the Toltecs were not cannibals, and human sacrifices were unknown among them. It is certain that the Toltecs were acquainted with several of the mechanical arts, and that they invented the method of dividing time into cycles, which the Spanish conquerors found among the Aztecs. Vast remains of Toltec building still existed when Cortes and his followers made their appearance upon the soil. So far as can be computed, the Toltecs held possession of Mexico about four hundred years, having arrived about 200 A.D., though we are bound to say that this date is purely conjectural. What became of them is as deep a mystery as that which surrounds their original appearance. It has been supposed that they made their way to Guatemala, and to the 'coasts and neighbouring isles on both sides of the Isthmus,' but all is wrapped in darkness. Jeremy Taylor quaintly says that 'all the wild Americans are supposed to be the sons of Dodonaim;' and we might almost as well accept that explanation as any of the conclusions which science or philosophy has produced for our acceptance in more recent days.

Everything that has ever happened in Mexico is invested with  
Vol. 155.—No. 310. z a touch

a touch of romance. What could be more incredible, if the facts were not well attested, than the conquest of a country, teeming with brave and warlike tribes, by a European with a mere handful of followers—a set of adventurers, broken down cavaliers, and vagabonds flying from justice, as the historian has described them? Cortes had the wit to make allies of the disaffected tribes as he passed onwards towards the capital, but so enormous were the difficulties he had to meet that his success would, in an earlier age, have been ascribed directly to supernatural influences. Some incidents of his marvellous career will never be forgotten. Mr. Brocklehurst recals one of them in an interesting passage, and he has also given a sketch of the tree which is so closely associated with the greatest tragedy of the Spanish conquest:—

‘One of our favourite rides was across some open country which eventually landed us near Tacuba, and so on to Popotla, for the sake of looking at the celebrated tree of the “Noche Triste,” under which Cortes rested some time at the end of the memorable night in 1520, when he had to evacuate his position in the capital, and save himself and his few followers, by a retreat effected under circumstances, for deaths, distress, and dangers, unparalleled in the annals of his Conquest. . . . The tree under which Cortes halted to watch the remnant of his followers pass by is a fine old cypress, similar to those at Chapultepec. It is preserved from depredation by an iron railing, as the tree was once set on fire by the natives, as a mark of detestation of their Spanish rulers. . . . From this tree Cortes went on a mile farther to Tacuba, or Tlacopam, as it was then called, where he endeavoured to reform his disorganized battalion, and bring them to something like order. Here is still to be seen a portion of a large pyramid, on the top of which stood probably the *teocalli*, or temple, which he used as a refuge for his exhausted troops. The pyramid is being rapidly destroyed by brickmakers, who are working up the old material into new bricks.’

The tree appears to be a mere wreck, but it will never cease to be an object of interest, while a fragment of it lasts, to the white man or to the Indian. It marks the locality of a memorable scene. The conquest had apparently been completed; the vast hordes of Aztecs had been subdued, and their monarch had died a prisoner in the hands of the apparently irresistible invader. But the people, incensed by the hardships and cruelties to which they were exposed, and maddened by the insults which were cast upon their religion, at last rose in one final effort to shake off the accursed yoke. They were so successful, for a time, that the Spaniards were forced to retreat from the capital. The exact road for the march was chosen, and then the astrologers were consulted as to the time most propitious for the enterprise.

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They decided upon the night. The soldiers laden with spoil set forth, but before they could get across the canals which then intersected the city, they were set upon by the Aztecs, and a slaughter ensued almost without parallel in the annals of the war. The Christians fell thickly beneath the fierce blows of the Aztec warriors, or were drowned in the waters of the canal. The scattered remnants of the force which escaped found themselves without arms or ammunition, and most of their best officers were gone. It was perhaps the only occasion when the spirit of Cortes was fairly quelled; the Spanish historians declare that tears rolled down his cheeks, and that he moaned aloud. But he speedily rallied his forces together, and lived to subjugate a fiercer enemy than he had found in Montezuma.

The canals which were the cause of the disasters of the *Noche Triste* are all gone, and modern Mexico presents a very different appearance from that which the old city wore when Cortes and his band first came within sight of it. The avenues had then a highly picturesque aspect, for there were beautiful gardens between the buildings, and the flat roofs of the houses were covered with flowers. One street was several miles in length, and a 'spectator standing at one end of it, as his eye ranged along the deep vista of temples, terraces, and gardens, might clearly discern the other, with the blue mountains in the distance, which in the transparent atmosphere of the table-land seemed almost in contact with the buildings.' Though all else is changed, the wonderful clearness and transparency of the air continues to delight every traveller. It is a mountain atmosphere which the Mexicans breathe, and new-comers do not always find it an easy matter to accustom themselves to it. 'Young ladies,' says Mr. Brocklehurst, 'discover that waltzing is out of the question, and gentlemen lodged *au quatri me* do not go up and down stairs oftener than they can avoid.' It is strange that the 'elevator,' which generally follows in the wake of the American wherever he may go, has not yet found its way into Mexico. He has taken it with him all over Europe, but in some parts of his own continent it is still a thing unknown. American influence in any form is not yet predominant in Mexico. The city is still thoroughly Spanish in its appearance; three hundred years of occupation have left marks which are not to be effaced in a day. We must go to the New World to be reminded of the power and glory which were once associated with the very name of Spain. The story of the rise and decay of nations, whenever it is written, will contain no more wondrous or instructive chapter, than that which records the vicissitudes of the Spanish empire.

When the city of Mexico was rebuilt, the old lines were followed as far as was possible, and the canals were all filled in. The waters of the lakes, as we have said, have greatly diminished; but the effects of the damp and spongy nature of the soil are clearly to be seen on every side. Mr. Brocklehurst says:—

‘Most of the church towers have settled out of the perpendicular; so have also many of the public buildings, notably the “Mineria,” or school of mines, whose magnificent façade is, owing to this, more of a wavy than of a straight line. In some streets the handsome doorways of the houses have sunk a foot or two below the pathway, and the head must be lowered on entering. I noticed that the foundations of all new buildings are left level with the ground for a year or two, to enable them to settle before the superstructure is added. Earthquakes do occasional damage, and the last one, some forty years back, destroyed several churches. It is for this reason that the palace and most of the houses are only built two stories high, and all the principal buildings appear sufficiently massive and solidly built to withstand ordinary shocks of earthquake. All the houses in the streets are very quaint and picturesque, many of them enriched with stone carvings, stucco ornaments, bright colouring, and large striped sunshades or blinds to the windows and balconies, from behind which the young ladies of all degrees puff cigarettes, and make eyes at their beaux in the street.’

The Mexican women have always been remarkable for their good looks—at least, until they approach the fatal borders of middle age. Mr. Brocklehurst, however, tells us that in many of the houses he visited he was introduced to the ‘elderly ladies,’ but that the young ones were not presented. This was interesting, though he might perhaps have sometimes wished the arrangement to have been reversed. Peculiarities of climate and race are alike adverse to the preservation of female charms after youth is passed. The Aztec type, which probably could never have been beautiful, has long since disappeared, and the Spanish features, dashed with a suggestion of the Indian, may now be recognized everywhere in the Mexican cities, as may likewise be observed in the streets of New Orleans, in Peru, and in Cuba. The power of Spain may be a thing of the past, but the impress of her children’s features is still to be seen in every part of the world which her restless and fiery spirit enabled her to reach. But Mr. Brocklehurst is right in declaring, that the only sentiment she left behind her was that of hatred. The Cubans detest the country to which they owe allegiance, and would gladly transfer themselves to the United States; and Cuba would be a tempting morsel for the Americans but for one ingredient, which they dare no longer touch—the slaves. To  
abolish

abolish slavery in the great Republic cost too much to admit of the thought of bringing slaves once more under the national flag, even if the Constitution would permit of it. There are between two and three hundred thousand slaves in Cuba, and the planters would not be willing to part with them, unless upon one or two conditions—compensation or compulsion. The first could not be obtained from the American Congress, and the people have shown no disposition to go to war for the sake of annexing Cuba. They will wait. But the future of Cuba, as of Mexico, can scarcely fail to be associated much more closely with the United States than with any other country.

It is remarkable, indeed, that Mexico, like the ripe pear of the old saying, has not yet fallen into the lap which is ready to receive it. The close proximity of an independent nation, which is confessedly unable to maintain law or order in any of its outlying places, has been a constant source of trouble and annoyance to the American Government for years past. Bands of outlaws have ravaged the country on each side of the Rio Grande, and sometimes it would have been very difficult to decide which nation supplied the most desperate ruffians for the work of 'cattle lifting,' horse-stealing, and highway robbery. All the offscourings of Texas have gone to the Mexican border, under the pretence of recovering stolen property, or of keeping back the raiders from the other side. The blame fell upon the Mexican Government, although there can be no doubt that in nine cases out of ten the real aggressors were the border ruffians, who seem to be beyond the control of either Government, or the Apache Indians, the worst and most irreclaimable of all the 'sons of Dodonaim.' The Mexican 'greaser' is a being with whom one would rather avoid a meeting of any kind, but the chances of passing unharmed through his hands would be less discouraging than those of escaping from the treacherous toils of the Apache. The Mexican territory is bounded by that of the United States for nearly two thousand miles—an awkward line for any power to guard. Complaints on both sides have been poured out for years past like water upon the ground, and have produced as little result. If the Mexican Government has sometimes been in fault, the United States have had still more to answer for. Filibustering was, and for aught we learn to the contrary, still is, a recognized source of legitimate profit in Texas. Five years or so ago, the Governor of that State organized an attacking force of his own, and announced that he was ready to march ten thousand armed men across the Rio Grande, with the consent of the Secretary of State—which, however, he failed to obtain. The only curious circumstance about the  
affair

affair was, that the new army of conquest did not dispense with the formality of the Secretary's consent, cross the Rio Grande, advance into Mexico until they met the first great herd of cattle, retire across the border with all the honours, and then send in a claim for 'compensation' to the Mexican Government. Many a 'claim,' which has been submitted to the Secretary of State for presentation to Mexico, has had no better foundation than such incidents would have afforded.

Between the Indian of the frontier and the Indian of the city there is, of course, a difference not to be expressed by words. Many of the friends who became known to Mr. Brocklehurst, during his seven months' residence in Mexico, were of Indian descent, but not Apache-Indian. The Aztecs, as we have seen, in spite of the abominable practices connected with their religion, were not savages. Most of their descendants have Spanish blood in their veins; but Mr. Brocklehurst tells us that 'many gentlemen in official positions, and some deputies in the House of Congress,' were pointed out to him 'as being of pure Indian descent.' He adds that the President, General Gonzalez, is of pure Indian descent, 'and not darker in complexion than many Spaniards.' Benito Juarez, who succeeded—with the aid of Mr. Seward—in frustrating the attempt of Napoleon III. to establish a Latin empire in the New World, was an unmistakable Indian, and, although he had considerable abilities, the Indian nature was by no means subdued in him. He, too, passed through a career not devoid of that element of romance which we have pointed out as a feature of Mexican history. His parents were Indians, who had lived in obscurity and poverty all their days, and who had it in their power to do little or nothing for their son. They died before he was three years old, and Juarez was twelve before he had been taught the rudiments of any language; but at that age a Franciscan father happened to meet with him, and undertook the charge of his education. He soon made himself familiar with Spanish and Latin, and in due course was admitted to the practice of the law. He was afterwards called to several important offices, and at length was elected President. He occupied that position while Maximilian's short-lived empire was propped up on French bayonets; and when Bazaine withdrew, and the Emperor was shot, Juarez returned in triumph to the capital. His fate might have been very different, but for the powerful aid of the gentleman who then occupied the office of Secretary of State at Washington, and who made up his mind, in the midst of the war with the South, that as soon as it was over he would accomplish two grand objects—force France to 'get out' of Mexico,

Mexico, and England to pay compensation for the losses supposed to have been inflicted by the 'Alabama.' We need not remind any reader who takes an intelligent interest in the events of his time, how completely Mr. Seward succeeded in both purposes.

Juarez died in 1872, and he was succeeded by the Vice-President, Lerdo, who soon managed to increase the distrust which the rest of the world entertains for a Mexican government. The President was at the head of the army, and, all power being in his hands, he had no difficulty in carrying out a merciless despotism, under the forms of a Constitution modelled on that of the United States. Corruption was general among all the Government officials, and money was borrowed under various pretexts, only to be confiscated. An American writer, who takes a sanguine view of the future of Mexico, has testified that the dictatorship of Lerdo was one of the most grievous ever known, even in that country. 'Whatever money,' he says, 'could be obtained by grants of monopolies, the sale of public property and franchises, and the pledge of public revenues, was eagerly seized, and the plighted faith wantonly and shamelessly broken. If no better pretext offered, outbreaks and bloodshed were purposely contrived to create alarm, and to sanction tyrannical acts. The liberty of the Press was subverted by bribery, or overthrown by force, or, as a last resort, editors and proprietors were seized in their beds, and cast into prison with highwaymen and murderers. The sacredness of domicile was violated, no house being secure against search, nor its occupants from seizure.' All this was submitted to with abject docility for four years, and the President was confident of securing his re-election. But intrigues among the soldiers had been fostered, and General Diaz, a military man who happened to be popular, led a strong force against him. Lerdo found that his power was gone; still more, that his life was in danger. Then he fled, but not until he had emptied the treasury of its 'last dollar.' The booty was not so rich as that which Cortes carried off, for the modern rulers of Mexico have never had sufficient confidence in their tenure of power, or in their people, to allow treasure of any kind to accumulate. But President Lerdo had no cause for complaint. He took all the money out of the Treasury, all the gold and silver plate out of the National Palace, robbed the *Monte de Piedad*, 'loaded down twenty mule-waggons with his booty, and under the escort of four hundred mounted armed men, heavily bribed, took his flight by night from the capital.' The idea that government exists for the purpose of plunder has not been confined to the Spanish rulers of Mexico.

Thus,

Thus, towards the close of 1876, General Diaz declared himself 'Provisional Executive Chief,' and in the following year he was elected President. His first desire was to pay off the army, but there was no money to pay them with. The pillage of the *Monte de Piedad* must have occasioned great distress to thousands of the people, for it may almost be regarded as the national banking establishment of Mexico. Pawnbroking, as we have lately shown our readers, is a great and useful business even in England; but in Mexico it is conducted on a still greater scale. Mr. Brocklehurst gives an interesting account of the central institution. The building devoted to it is one of the oldest and most interesting now remaining in the city, having been occupied by Cortes as his private residence. Money is lent at varying rates, never below three per cent. nor higher than twelve and a half, and when the interest remains unpaid for seven months, the goods are offered for sale; at first at a fixed price, and ultimately by auction. From Mr. Brocklehurst's account, it would appear that the reserves of the national pawnshop have either increased very rapidly since 1876, or that the patriotic Lerdo did not find his way to the vaults:—

'I visited the great vault, and stood in a veritable Aladdin's cave; around me in bags, made of the fibre of the maguey plant, were upwards of \$7,000,000, the funds of the bank, in solid silver and solid gold, a mine of wealth. From this vault I was led to the picture, silver plate, candelabra, timepiece, and bric-à-brac rooms, and I will close the sketch with the jewelry department, one of the richest and rarest collections, perhaps, in the entire world. Such pearls, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds; heirlooms descended from the times when loot was an institution in the country; some handed down from the date of the Conquest, and at various periods deposited here, partly for safety and partly for the consideration of hard cash. The machine seems to work with marvellous precision, and the order is simply admirable. The sale-room is generally crowded, and it is no humiliation to have a little transaction at the *Monte de Piedad*! It is a banking affair, and everybody hies thither as to a bank, the dealings being as confidential as in Coutts's or any other London bank. It is needless to say that the *Monte de Piedad* is probably "fire-proof," and strongly guarded by night and by day.'

The prosperity of the 'bank' is doubtless in a great degree owing to the commercial progress made by the country during the last seven years, under Diaz and Gonzalez. The Mexicans have once more been led to hope that their country is not destined to be plunged in anarchy for ever. Hence the great efforts which have been made to encourage the influx of foreign capital, without which there can be no prospect of opening new railroads, or of developing the mineral wealth of the remoter districts.

But

But the English public will at least look for some preliminary sign of a desire to deal honestly with creditors, before advancing fresh supplies of money to a bankrupt State. President Gonzalez could scarcely be expected to pay off the debt already incurred in this country, but we are unable to understand why he should have felt it to be his duty to make the statement already referred to, that the 'time had not come' even for officially recognizing the English creditor. The only proper response to make to him is, 'that the time has not come' for the Mexican Government or people to show themselves again in England as borrowers. Suppose they try, in the first instance, to raise their new loans in the United States. If they succeed there, we may feel moderately sure that the security has greatly improved in quality of late, for Americans are somewhat more particular on that point than Englishmen. They do not reserve all their own good investments for home consumption, but nearly all that are hopelessly bad they generously send over here, and as a rule these are taken up with the ready credulity for which the 'British capitalist' is famous. How much English money has been sunk in worthless American railroads no one could calculate, for in some cases there is scarcely any record of the sums demanded by way of 'assessments' after the original subscriptions. Then there has been the cost of liquidations, of trusteeships, of 'investigating committees,' and the innumerable contrivances for disposing of money, which the projectors and lawyers know so well how to set in motion. In leaving all such enterprises to be absorbed by the English market, the Americans have exhibited their proverbial shrewdness, and there are not wanting signs that they propose to make over Mexican railroads to us in the same spirit. Mr. Brocklehurst expresses a desire that his countrymen may 'secure to themselves a share of the prosperity that is undoubtedly coming upon this latterly much distracted and suffering country,' and of course we sympathize with that desire. But what better share could we have for the present than an honest treatment of the existing debt? The English are not hard creditors of Mexico—they have waited patiently for what is due to them. The principle adopted in Mexico is simple—money lent to the Government is not to be regarded as a debt by its successor. If, then, creditors become inconvenient, turn out the Government and repudiate the debt. There could not be a rule of easier application, especially in a country where a revolution could, 'for a consideration,' be got up without the slightest difficulty once in every forty-eight hours.

Under these circumstances, it is easy to appreciate the force of a statement made—apparently with perfect gravity—by Mr. Brocklehurst:

Brocklehurst: 'there is still room for banks in Mexico.' No doubt there is ample room, and it is not likely to be all filled up for some time to come. We believe, with the author, that Mexico has a 'great future,' but it is perhaps somewhat more distant than he seems to imagine. He tells us, however, that in every direction he saw signs of activity among the people; new trades were being attempted, and the manufacture of cotton, woollen goods, and paper, appears likely to flourish, at least to a limited extent. The Americans have opened branches of their insurance offices, in accordance with the system which they have adopted of late years of competing with foreign offices for foreign business. Their expenses are enormous, and yet they are able to hold out greater temptations to insurers than the English companies. How this is done we must leave the 'experts' to explain. In Mexico the opportunities for the companies are extensive, for not many Mexicans have ever yet dreamt of insuring their lives. The manager of a New York insurance office pointed out to Mr. Brocklehurst a Mexican woman who had reached the age of 134, the date of her birth being certified by the church register. He also saw several other persons who were known to be more than a hundred years old. But the general conclusion arrived at by the chief of one large insurance office was that it would not be worth while to open a branch in Mexico, because it would be some time before the people understood the advantages of the insurance system. A man who believed he was going to reach his hundredth year might never appreciate them. Moreover, the people have always been accustomed to hoard their money, long experience having taught them that in no hands is it so safe as their own. Such is their confidence in the stability of their social and political system, that no bank is so good in their eyes as a well-locked trunk hidden away in the cellar or under the bed. Then, should the President be suddenly changed in the middle of the night, and a brave soldiery be let loose to pick up their arrears of pay out of the most promising houses in the city, the owner of a little money may at least have a slight chance of carrying it off to a place of safety. Thus, Mr. Brocklehurst tells us of a gentleman who recently died leaving five millions of dollars, of which 'two millions were found in specie in old trunks and boxes in the bedchamber of the deceased.' This fact is not likely to be forgotten by the enterprising gentlemen who make it a sort of profession to organize revolutions in Mexico.

Undoubtedly, however, the wealth of the natives is being invested more freely in their own industries than used to be the case. Mexican industry was formerly confined pretty much to the

the production of pulque and tortillas; the first a description of beer, the second a cake made of maize, or Indian corn, usually eaten hot. Mr. Brocklehurst says that he 'never could be induced to eat the *tortillas*,' though why, we know not, for they are said to be very good—resembling the hot cakes which the negroes make in many parts of the Southern States. They form the bread of the Mexican poor, and a labouring man's wife is obliged to work very hard to make *tortillas* enough to keep the family supplied. The author found them 'tough eating,' but other travellers speak of them with a moderate degree of respect. As for *pulque*, it is made out of the Mexican aloe, the first stages of the process being not altogether calculated to induce a stranger to take kindly to the national drink. Mr. Brocklehurst seems to have been unusually hard to please, for as he would not accept tortillas for bread, so he would not adopt pulque for a beverage. 'I made several attempts to drink it,' he says, 'but it was impossible. A mixture of sour buttermilk and Harrogate water would be preferable.' On the other hand, Mr. Ruxton tells us that he found it, when fresh, 'the most cooling, refreshing, and delicious drink, that ever was invented for thirsty mortal.' Thus radically does the testimony of travellers differ on points apparently so easily settled as this. In any case, the Mexican Government profits largely by the manufacture of pulque, the receipts from the duty levied upon it in the city of Mexico alone amounting to about 200*l.* a day. Pulque is cheap, and the working-man seems well contented to live upon that and abundance of tortillas, although it is not very difficult to obtain a fair variety of provisions, in a country where beef is only sixpence a pound and a large turkey may be bought for three or four shillings. The hotel-tables are always kept fairly supplied for the benefit of travellers, but the best *restaurant* is kept by an Englishman, who originally went to Mexico to assist in a cotton factory. Eventually he opened the eating-house in the Calle Refugio, and undertook to supply nothing but veritable old English fare—beef, potatoes, apple-tart, and plum-pudding. It is a singular fact that the two best restaurants in the city of New York are kept by foreigners, one a Swiss, the other an Englishman, and nowhere in the world is a better dinner to be obtained than at either of these establishments.

Mr. Brocklehurst could scarcely have given a satisfactory account of the time which he spent in Mexico, if he had failed to make himself familiar with some of the remains of the ancient cities of the valley. No traveller of intelligence could find himself on the site of the Aztec capital, without wishing to see the ruins of the old 'habitation of the gods,' Teotihuacan, where

where two pyramids were erected and dedicated to the sun and moon. Tropical vegetation has forced its way among the stones, but Prescott was mistaken in supposing that the pyramidal form of these structures was no longer to be detected. The main outlines are as clear as they ever were. In one of these pyramids, there is an apartment supposed to have been intended as a receptacle for the ashes of some renowned chief. On the summit of the larger pyramid there was once a temple, containing a statue of the sun, its breast covered with 'a plate of burnished gold and silver, on which the first rays of the rising luminary rested.' This statue, or a part of it, was still existing at the beginning of last century, but, as Prescott says, it was 'demolished by the indefatigable Bishop Zumarraga, whose hand fell more heavily than that of Time itself on the Aztec monuments.' Near these pyramids were many smaller ones, and around them all there stretched a city, believed to have been not less than twenty miles in circumference. Very slight vestiges of all this are now to be seen. Mr. Brocklehurst, indeed, states that it would be easy for any one to ride over the ground without suspecting that a ruined city lay beneath his feet. He noticed, however, that a plough in a neighbouring field was turning up broken pottery and small heads of idols, made of clay, and of these he obtained several specimens, sketches of which are given at the end of his volume. But who built these pyramids, or who resided in the city adjoining them, Mr. Brocklehurst knows no more than other enquirers who have preceded him. When we are told that the probability is that the Toltecs did it all, we still require to be told who the Toltecs were, and whence they came; and concerning these material points we know next to nothing.

The author also paid a visit to another spot of great historic interest—the site of the once proud city of Cholula. When the Spaniards first entered the country, there are said to have been twenty thousand houses within the city walls, and even then it was of great antiquity. It was in this place that the fair-haired god Quetzalcoatl spent twenty years of his life instructing the people, and here, doubtless, his return was anxiously looked for. In his honour a great pyramid was raised, 177 feet in height and 1423 feet in length, (nearly) 'twice as long as the great pyramid of Cheops.' On the summit was placed an effigy of the mysterious god, and pilgrims came from afar to pay homage to it. The city was filled with priests, and, as superstition strengthened its hold upon the Aztecs, even the temple of the fair god was stained with the outpouring of human blood. Some of the early writers have stated that six thousand victims were annually offered

offered up in this city alone. It was here that Cortes committed one of the darkest deeds of his life, in ordering the massacre of nearly six thousand of the chief personages of the city, whom he had first invited to meet him, and whom he cut to pieces at the very moment of their greeting him as friends. There was no real justification for the crime. Cortes had been hospitably received, and no one suspected any harm. But the Spanish conqueror chose to believe, or to represent afterwards that he believed, that treachery was intended, and hence he determined upon the slaughter. The ablest apologist he has ever had—Prescott—is obliged to admit that the ‘punishment thus inflicted was excessive.’ But he goes on to declare that the ‘atrocities at Cholula’ were ‘not so bad as those inflicted on the descendants of these very Spaniards . . . by the British at Badajoz.’ So easy is it for a man who means to be fair and impartial to lose all power of weighing facts, when once his feelings or inclinations have led him to undertake the defence of some favourite character in history. All the accounts of Cortes’ proceedings in Mexico were written by his own personal friends, and yet they afford no shadow of excuse for the massacre at Cholula. The principal reason assigned for it by Cortes—and it appears to have fully satisfied Prescott—was that the Indian mistress of the conqueror, Marina, told the story of the wife of a cacique having confessed to her that a plot was prepared to kill Cortes and his followers. This sort of excuse for a massacre has been assigned many a time before and since the time of Cortes; but it is surprising that Prescott adopted it without a question.

And what remains of Cholula now? Mr. Brocklehurst speaks of the view which is to be had from the top of the pyramids, and tells us that he counted thirty-four churches, ‘two or three of them large enough to remind one of our St. Paul’s.’ But there seems to have been nothing else to strike his attention. Like a thousand other cities of ancient times, there is scarcely one stone of Cholula left upon another. The reign of the Spanish monks was more fatal to Mexican antiquities than any other destructive agency. The old cities of British India often suffered injury from the hands of natives, but under English rule such relics as were left have been carefully preserved from destruction. The Spaniards took a different spirit with them into every country which they conquered. They were fired with a holy zeal to obliterate every mark of the heathen. Thus it happens that in their old paths we always find ample evidences of their own occupation, but seldom any important relics of the people

people who preceded them. The 'besom of destruction' invariably swept remarkably clean in their hands.

Among the Aztec remains which escaped utter destruction is the celebrated 'Calendar Stone,' now fixed in the outer wall of the cathedral tower. An inscription which it bears describes it as the 'sun stone,' and the Mexican method of numbering the years is depicted upon it in hieroglyphics. Nothing surprised the Spanish conquerors more than the accuracy with which the Aztecs computed time. Prescott states that the 'European reckoning was nearly eleven days in advance of the exact time, or in other words, of the reckoning of the barbarous Aztecs,' and this he justly regards as 'a remarkable fact.' Their year was divided into eighteen months of twenty days each, with five days added, as in Egypt, to make up the full number of 365. As there were six hours still to be accounted for, they added twelve days and a half at the expiration of every fifty-two years, 'which brought them, within an almost inappreciable fraction, to the exact length of the tropical year, as established by the most accurate observations.'\* The probability seems to be that the Aztecs derived this system from the Toltecs, who must have obtained some of their knowledge from Asia. The Aztecs reckoned all the events in their epoch from the year 1091 of our era, the period at which they reformed their calendar. The priests, however, had another calendar for their own use, based upon astrology, of which most of them were professors. Even the Chaldeans were not greater astrologists than the Aztecs, and we need no further proof that the heavenly bodies were closely and accurately observed, than we find in the fact that the true length of the tropical year had been ascertained long before scientific instruments were even thought of. Their religious festivals were regulated by the movements of these bodies, but with their knowledge was mingled so vast a mass of superstition, that it is difficult to discern a gleam of light through the thick darkness. The cycle of fifty-two years came to an end amid scenes of horrible barbarity, for the people thought that the sun would disappear for ever, and that it was necessary to propitiate the sun god with human blood. The noblest victim they could find was dragged to the top of a mountain, his heart torn from his breast, and his body thrown upon a burning pile, from which the 'new fire' was carried all over the country. The sacrificial stone on which most of the living sacrifices were stretched is preserved in the

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\* Prescott, i. 101.

garden of the Museum at Mexico, for by a lucky chance it was saved from being broken to pieces when it was disinterred in 1791. Some workmen were repairing the pavement in the Plaza when this stone was unearthed, and a canon of the Cathedral happening to be passing the spot at the time, he directed it to be carried to the cemetery, where it remained until the Spanish rule was finally overthrown. These stones, and the figure of Coatl, or Coatlicue, are the most curious of the Aztec relics. The name of this goddess is supposed, according to Mr. Brocklehurst, to denote 'the earth at night, or death,' but there was a distinct goddess of death, Teogamiqui; a figure of the idol being given at the end of the volume before us. Coatl was the remarkable deity who was believed to have been the first woman, the woman, as we have already said, who 'brought death into the world and all our woe.' Mr. Brocklehurst gives some particulars concerning her worship, which we do not remember to have met with before:—

'The goddess was considered the progenitrix of mankind; she was worshipped in the grand temple of the City of Mexico, in a part of the building called Atlaulico, which is derived from Atlauhtli, signifying a large figure in the earth; a woman was sacrificed to her every year in the Tzacualli, which means "the place of snakes;" she appears to have had several different names, in accordance with her various attributes; and parts of the ornamentation of the statue were always introduced in the statues of Huitzilopochtli, Quetzalcoatl, and other deities descended from her. The number of hands on the statue are symbols of the creative power of the earth; the skull ornament on the waistbelt represents Mictlancihuatl, the deity of death, as she was supposed to receive the bodies of all who died, and to keep them in her bosom till the day of general resurrection. The teeth of Tloloc, the god of the waters, are introduced as signifying that the greater deities of earth, life, creator, and fire, were thought to repose on water, and the feet of these deities are generally ornamented with shells of the sea.'

Whether the numerous railroads which are now proposed are destined to be constructed is a very doubtful point, but the traveller in Mexico, even under present circumstances, is very much better off than were the travellers of the last generation. We may be pardoned for receiving with some scepticism Mr. Brocklehurst's assertion that life and property are safe, but it is possible to get to such a place as Puebla, for instance—about seventy-six miles from the city of Mexico—without incurring any serious risk, for the railroad between the two points is already open. When Mr. Ruxton visited Puebla, the driver of the

the coach repeatedly warned the passengers *tener mucho cuidado*, to keep a sharp look out, and occasionally he would inform them that they were in a particularly dangerous place, and that it was necessary to have their arms in readiness. Crosses by the roadside, at frequent intervals, marked the spots where unfortunate travellers had fallen. Even in the inn-yard at Puebla, a robber coolly came up to the coach, counted the passengers, took note of the arms they carried, and rode off unmolesed. In those days, according to Mr. Ruxton, men of good social position did not scruple to resort to the road to replenish their empty purses, and it will be remembered that traditions of the same kind linger about the great York road and Hounslow Heath. The Mexicans have managed to lessen this evil, if they have not reformed it altogether. The trains run regularly, and the hotel is no longer the head-quarters of robber chieftains. In fact, Mr. Brocklehurst assures us that better accommodation exists there than he found anywhere else in Mexico; the pleasant surroundings of the house may have predisposed him in its favour—clean tables in the verandahs, shrubs, flowers, singing birds, an obliging landlord, ‘a very pretty wife,’ and moderate charges. Everybody is willing to praise an inn of that kind, when he is fortunate enough to meet with it. Puebla is a flourishing city, though we should doubt whether it has much increased in population or wealth since Mr. Ruxton visited it. There is no better place for the purchase of little mementoes of a Mexican journey, the various productions of the country being well represented in the shops. Scenes of local life—marketing, groups of peasants, bull-fights, and so forth—are modelled with great skill in wax, and the clever colouring renders them highly effective; which is more, by the way, than can be said for the colouring of some of Mr. Brocklehurst’s drawings. At Puebla, too, there are many curious churches to be seen, the walls of one of them being panelled with paintings of the Virgin, ‘representing her in more than four hundred different characters, as mediator, reliever in cases of so many sicknesses or distresses.’ Many of the churches seen by Mr. Ruxton have been destroyed, or turned to secular uses. Considering the proximity of Puebla to Cholula, there is scarcely any town in Mexico which is so well worthy the notice of the European.

It is quite probable that Mr. Brocklehurst’s volume may induce many other English travellers to undertake a tour in Mexico, especially at a time like this, when the Mexicans are endeavouring to retrieve their character before the world for honesty  
and

and a due regard for law. We hope they will fulfil their desire, but it is evident that they have still much to learn concerning the manners and customs in use among civilized nations. In a New York paper of the 24th of February last, an account appeared of an incident, which is not calculated to promote the much-desired influx of 'foreign capital.' An outbreak occurred in one of the mines at Pinos Altos, and one of the managers was shot. The owner, either an Englishman or an American, then went forward and addressed the throng, 'with hat in hand, and in a courteous manner.' Finding that he was likely to receive nothing better for his pains than hard words and a volley of stones, he turned to go back into his house, and was instantly shot in the head. It is true that the 'authorities' bestirred themselves vigorously upon hearing of this murder; so vigorously, indeed, that five men were executed before night, though whether they had anything to do with the outrage does not clearly appear. The object of making these 'examples' was to exercise a 'corrective influence' on the 'malicious impressions sought to be created abroad.' This was a very natural wish, and the corrective influence, we must admit, was strong in itself, and seems not unlikely to make a temporary impression in Chihuahua. But capital never goes by preference to a place where the owner of it is liable to be shot any day on his own doorstep, even though five men should be lynched for the crime. The inducements to settle down in a locality of that description are not strong enough; and if a capitalist specially desires to carry his life in his hands whenever he stirs out of doors, there is no necessity for him to go so far as Mexico. He has only to become an Irish landlord.

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- ART. III.—1. *A New History of the English Stage.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. London, 1882.
2. *Notes upon some of Shakspeare's Plays.* By Frances Anne Kemble. London, 1882.
3. *English Dramatists of To-day.* By William Archer. London, 1882.
4. *Letters on some of Shakspeare's Female Characters.* By One who has personated them (Helen Faucit). 'Blackwood's Magazine,' 1881-3.

IN James Wright's 'Historia Histrionica' published in 1699—a very rare pamphlet, included by Mr. Arber in the second volume of his valuable series of reprints, called 'The English Garner'—are to be found some of the most instructive facts connected with the history of the English stage. The writer had not seen the theatres and actors of the Shakspearean era; but he was old enough to have talked with those who had. 'Shakspeare,' says one of the speakers in the Dialogue, into which the pamphlet is cast, 'Shakspeare (who, as I have heard, was a much better poet than player), Burbage, Hemmings, and others of the older sort, were dead before I knew the town.' So too was their 'fellow,' Edward Alleyn, who, he tells us, 'having no issue, built and largely endowed Dulwich College in 1619 for a master, a warden, four fellows, twelve aged poor people, and twelve poor boys,' &c. 'A noble charity,' adds the speaker, little thinking to what truly noble proportions it has since developed. Of the successors of the actors of Shakspeare's day, Lowin, Taylor, and others, who had inherited their traditions, he tells us that in his time, 'before the Civil Wars, Lowin used to act with applause Falstaff, Morose, Volpone, and Mammon in "The Alchemist," Melantius in "The Maid's Tragedy." Taylor acted Hamlet incomparably well; Iago, Truewit in "The Silent Woman," and Fan in "The Alchemist." And at the same time Amyntor was played by Stephen Hammerton, who was at first a most noted and beautiful woman-actor; but afterwards he acted with equal grace and applause a young lover's part.'

The chief among the next race of actors were Hart, Mohun, Burt, Lucy, Clun, and Shotterell. Those who had seen their predecessors thought them as far inferior to the earlier men as they were themselves superior to those who followed them. 'I dare assure you,' says one of the speakers in Wright's Dialogue, 'if my fancy and memory are not partial—for men of my age are

are apt to be over-indulgent to the thoughts of their youthful days—I say, the actors I have seen before the wars, Lowin, Taylor, Pollard, and some others, were almost as far beyond Hart and his company as those were beyond these now in being!’

It is curious to observe how early the complaint begins, that the actors of the present generation are never equal to those of the past. What does Pope tell us about Betterton, the great actor of the Restoration period? ‘I was,’ he says, ‘acquainted with Betterton from a boy. . . . Yes, I really think Betterton the best actor I ever saw; but I ought to tell you at the same time, that in Betterton’s days the older sort of people talked of Hart’s being his superior, just as we do of Betterton’s being superior to those now.’ Pope himself did not fall, however, into the cant of the ‘*laudator temporis acti*’; for, though admiring Betterton as he did, and familiar with the excellence of Barton Booth, on whom Betterton’s mantle was supposed to have fallen, he told Lord Orrery, after seeing Garrick in ‘Richard III.,’ ‘that young man never had his equal as an actor, and he will never have a rival.’ Contrast with this the remark of Lady Louisa Meyrick, when, having been taken to see Mrs. Siddons, who was then drawing all London in homage to her feet, she protested that, compared with Mrs. Porter, the favourite of her youth, Mrs. Siddons’s grief was ‘the grief of a cheesemonger’s wife.’ Lady Louisa Meyrick may have been a very clever person, but one may safely back the instinctive admiration of the public on a question of this sort against her predilections for her youthful favourite’s powers of pathetic expression. It was not chiefly in pathos, however, but in passion, that Mrs. Porter was thought to excel. Of Mrs. Porter, Dr. Johnson, speaking to Mrs. Siddons, said, that he had never seen her equalled ‘in the vehemence of rage.’ This view is confirmed by Victor in his ‘History of the Theatres,’ who speaks of ‘the elevated dignity of her mien,’ and her ‘spirited propriety in all characters of rage;’ but, he adds, ‘when grief and tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting softness.’\* One sees, therefore, that Lady Meyrick’s prepossession was not wholly without warrant. Still, against her verdict may be set that of Mrs. Kitty Clive, as good a judge as any woman of her time, and one who spoke with the ripe experience of a retired

\* This was what Colley Cibber had said, and in almost the same words, of Betterton’s contemporary, Mrs. Barry. ‘In characters of greatness, she had an elevated dignity, her mien and motion superb, and gracefully majestic; her voice full, clear, and strong, so that no violence of passion could be too much for her; and when distress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody and softness.’

actress, who said in 1782 of Mrs. Siddons's acting, that it was 'all truth and beauty from beginning to end.'

But to return to Wright's pamphlet. At the time the Civil Wars broke out, he tells us, there were in London no fewer than five theatres, the companies at which 'all got money, and lived in reputation, especially those of the "Blackfriars," who were men of grave and sober behaviour;' whereas in 1699 there 'were only two, and these could hardly subsist.' The reason assigned for this is that, although London was not in the early days half so populous, the prices of admission were small, and the behaviour of the audience decorous, 'which made very good people think a play an innocent diversion for an hour or two, the plays being then, for the most part, more instructive and moral.' After the Restoration, however, the female part of the audience was largely composed of very equivocal elements, plying their trade 'with vizard-masks, occasioning continual quarrels and abuses; so that many of the more civilized part of the town are uneasy in the company, and shun the theatre as they would a house of scandal.'

On the stage, too, as well as in front of it, the state of things was such as to drive quiet citizens away from the theatres. Swords were occasionally drawn in the brawls which arose on the stage itself (from which, it will be remembered, the public were not in those days excluded), between rival gallants for the favours of the Bona Robas of the scene. And Langbaine, writing in 1691, records that he 'once saw a real tragedy in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, where Mr. Scrope received a mortal wound from Sir T. Armstrong, and died presently after being removed to a house opposite the theatre.'

Such being the state of the audiences, the plays became, as a matter of course, fitted to the taste and character of the idle and profligate fops and debauchees, of whom they were largely composed. The stage always has reflected, and always will reflect in a great measure, the tone and quality of the public that supports it. 'The drama's laws the drama's patrons give;' and that we had fine plays in the days of Elizabeth and James was simply due to the masculine tastes of the public for whom they were provided. And what that public must have been—what strong heads and sound hearts used to be found within the area of the 'Globe' or the 'Fortune' theatres, no one that is conversant with the dramatic literature of the period can have much difficulty in divining. Of one thing we may be sure—the men who wrote for these theatres were careful not to write over the heads of their public. To have done so would have been ruin. So when they put into their work all that vigour of  
conception

conception in plot and character, all that wealth of thought, that richness of imagery, that splendour and variety of rhythmical cadence, which we find in them, it must have been because they knew they were speaking to ears that were sensitive to the charms of well-graced speech, and that their work would find a sympathetic response in the intellect and the imagination of their hearers. Who will say that in our own days of boasted culture and widely-spread education the qualities that distinguish the writers of what is called the Elizabethan Drama would find the same amount of appreciation in any of our theatres,—that their thoughts would be understood, their delicate fancies be followed, their subtle suggestions of motive or character be caught and relished, their fearless grappling with the great problems of life here and hereafter be welcomed, as they must have been when the great plays of Marlowe, Shakspeare, Middleton, Jonson, Chapman, Massinger, or Webster, were first put upon the stage? It was, let us always remember, to the brains and hearts of their hearers, and to them alone, that these writers had to trust in order to piece out and give reality to the inventions of their Muse. 'What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend,' says the speaker of the Prologue to 'Romeo and Juliet.' That is, we shall try by our acting to make you forget our shortcomings in scenery and stage appointments; but the condition to accomplishing this result was, that their hearers should 'with patient ears attend.' Audience had to unite with actor in making a play's success. 'Work, work, your thoughts,' says the Chorus ('Henry V.,' Act III.),

'And therein see a siege :  
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
With fated mouths gaping on girded Harfleur !'

The meagre appointments of the stage could do nothing towards carrying the spectator either to the field of Agincourt, the streets of Verona, or the ducal palace of Venice. The actor by fine acting might enthrall 'the very faculty of eye and ear;' but the roused imagination of the listening crowds had to do the rest. Only then could they hear in fancy the nightingale singing her nightly song on the pomegranate tree in Capulet's garden; or picture to themselves the brooks, and thickets, and woodland life, of the Forest of Arden; or the rising tumult of the Forum under the stimulus of Mark Antony's eloquence, as he pointed to 'the wound the envious Casca made' on the body of the mighty Julius. As is well remarked in Wright's pamphlet—

'It is an argument of the worth of the play and actors of the last age,

age, and easily inferred that they were much beyond ours in this, to consider that they could support themselves merely from their own merit, the weight of the matter, and the goodness of the action, without scenes and machines; whereas the present plays, with all their show, can hardly draw an audience, unless there be the additional invitation of a Signor Fideli, a Monsieur l'Abbé, or some such foreign *régale* expressed in the bottom of the bill.'

The argument will apply to our own day. Contrast the amount of eager intelligence in the audience that went to the appreciation of 'The Jew of Malta,' or 'Othello,' or 'The Alchemist,' when they were first produced, or the histrionic power that then sent home, as we know it did, to their hearts and feelings what Marlowe, Shakspeare, or Ben Jonson had given in these plays for the actors to interpret, with the listless languor of a modern audience, the triviality of most of the dramas, and the want of nervous force or ideal elevation in the actors of the new school, and what must be the verdict? Not flattering, certainly, to our self-esteem, whether we regard authors, actors, or audience.

The reason, it seems to us, is not far to seek. The theatre of the Elizabethan age, poor and shabby as it was in its appointments, was not resorted to merely as a place of amusement. Life itself to the men of those days was as 'full of seriousness' as it was to Dr. John Brown's dog. It was an arena of noble effort to raise the individual and the nation to a higher level of comfort, security, and influence, by strenuous action and high and patriotic thoughts. Englishmen were proud of their heritage, and animated by a stedfast resolve, not only to maintain it, but to transmit it enriched and strengthened to their successors. Life, hard though it might be in many respects, was never doubted by them to be worth living. It was God's best gift, and, as such, to be worthily and reverently used. For them, as for us, it was full of terrible enigmas; and bound in with impenetrable darkness. Still, through all its clouds the blue sky shone here and there; and men's hearts were sustained by the hope, that all its inequalities and seeming unfairnesses would be redressed in a hereafter, as to which they had no misgivings. Books were few, and there were no journals from which men could take their opinions ready-made. They had to think for themselves, with such help as they could get from the pulpit and the stage. Their minds were not emasculated by frivolity, nor their manhood sapped by selfish indulgence. Woman still preserved for them her ideal charm, and they delighted to contemplate, in such characters as their dramatic poets placed before them, the beauty and purity of soul, the patient heroism, the  
spirit

spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, which in homelier forms they cherished and revered by their own firesides. To such men, a theatre, which placed 'high actions and high passions' before them, which spoke to them 'thoughts that breathed in words that burned,'—which condensed in beautiful language that clung to the memory the thoughts that had been struggling within themselves for utterance,—which showed them human beings under every variety of trial, suffering, and temptation,—which, above all, widened their sympathies by calling into play the great universal emotions that are shared alike by Kaiser and by peasant, such a theatre was no mere place of 'innocent diversion for an hour or two.' It was a place to which men went with their faculties braced up to listen intently and to profit by what they listened to,—a place from which they took away food for after-rumination, impulses which might influence their lives, and memories of ideal men and women that would be thenceforth as real for them as any of their own kinsfolk, if not indeed more real, better comprehended, and better worth comprehending.

Well might the best brains in England devote themselves to the work of writing plays for audiences such as these.\* In what other way was a poet's best reward to be won? for in what other way was influence over the hearts and souls of Englishmen so sure to be obtained? It is not every one who can read to profit, or, as Touchstone says, 'Second a man's good wit with the forward child understanding.' But the dullest could appreciate the fine expression of a pregnant or noble thought, or understand the play of passion, or conflict of emotion, in Hamlet or Macbeth, when these were enforced by the action, and irradiated by the eloquent utterance, of a fine actor. And that the actors of that time were of no ordinary stamp cannot be doubted. The plays they had to act would otherwise have been intolerable; for just in proportion as a drama is worthy in itself, strong in its plot, powerful in its diction, and true to nature in its delineation of character, so surely will it the more readily fall to the ground, if its interpretation be committed to

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\* The stage, as elevated by their writings, was far in advance of every other stage in Europe. Edward Gayton, in his strange farrago of thoughts, facts, and fancies, called 'Festivous Notes upon Don Quixot,' published in 1644, says of the English stage—'It was so well reform'd in England, and growne to that height of language, and gravity of stile, dependency of parts, possibility of plot, compassse of time, and fulnesse of wit, that it was not anywhere to be equall'd; nor are the contrivers ashamed to permit their playes (as they were acted) to the publick censure, where they stand firme, and are read with as much satisfaction, as when presented on the stage they were with applause and honour.'—P. 272.

incapable

incapable hands. We may, therefore, implicitly believe the records of the excellence of such an actor, for example, as Burbage,\* and feel sure that it was in no mere spirit of empty compliment that Ben Jonson, in one of his epigrams, says of Edward Alleyn—

‘Wear this renown! ’Tis just, that who did give  
So many poets life, by one should live.’

What makes good acting Shakspeare has told us in Hamlet’s advice to the players, condensing in a few sentences all that is really to be said upon the subject, both as to what the actor should aim at, and how he is to achieve his aim. No one was ever in a better position than he to give such a definition, for in his days much more had to be done by the actor than he has now to do. Scenery and costume, as already indicated, which play so large a part in producing effect on the modern stage, lent him no assistance. He had to engage and keep the interest and attention of his audience by throwing himself thoroughly into the character he was called upon to personify, by compelling the spectators, in fact, by sheer fascination of speech and truthfulness of impersonation, to follow him through every stage of its development. Even those who played secondary parts were bound to give them individuality, and to speak what they had to speak with suitable emphasis and discretion. In no other way could the attention of spectators, by no means comfortably accommodated in the matter of places or seats, have been kept alive through five long acts,—acts so long indeed that, even abridged as they are for our modern requirements, they are found to be too long for a luxurious and impatient public. In order to realize to ourselves how heavy the strain must have been upon the players of those days, and what gifts were needed to meet it, let those who have gone into raptures over ‘Hamlet’ or ‘Romeo and Juliet,’ as presented by Mr. Irving’s company at the Lyceum, picture to themselves, if they can, what impression the performance of these plays would have left upon them, stripped of all their magnificent scenic adjuncts. Having done this, let them then ask themselves, whether there is so much saving grace in the

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\* For these, see his *Life* in Mr. J. P. Collier’s ‘*Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakspeare*, 1846.’ Burbage, like Edmund Kean and Garrick, was a small man—

‘Thy stature small, but every thought and mood,  
Might thoroughly from thy face be understood,’

says a contemporary Elegy. Burbage was the first Hamlet; and Romeo, Richard III., Brutus, Coriolanus, Shylock, Lear, Pericles, Othello, are all enumerated in the same Elegy among his triumphs.

Lyceum acting, that, if such acting were all that was to be had in Shakspeare's time, these plays could possibly have taken the hold upon his contemporaries that they did?

Of course, there were bad actors then as now. The 'periwig-pated fellow, tearing a passion to tatters, to very rags,' was no stranger to the stage, any more than was the bombast 'in King Cambyzes' vein,' from which even Marlowe of the 'mighty line' was not free, and which Shakspeare delighted to ridicule. He had his admirers, too, just as the gentleman of strong lungs can still 'bring down the house,' charming a certain class of hearers by that 'gait of neither Christian, Pagan, nor man,' which has apparently at all times passed current for fine acting, just in the degree that it is far away from nature. All we contend for is that, as the plays of that period depended for their attraction solely upon good acting, good acting must have been the rule, and actors must have reached a general level of educated intelligence and genuine histrionic power.

The breaking up of the regular companies at the time of the Civil Wars could not fail to be injurious to histrionic art. It caused the loss of many of the most valuable traditions, in which were embodied the conclusions of the genius and experience of the best actors, as to the methods of expression and of treatment proper to the performance of the plays which had kept their hold upon the stage. Not all of these were lost, however, for it is known that Betterton used often to acknowledge his obligations to Taylor of the Blackfriars, and to Lowin, senior,\* the former of whom had been instructed in the character of Hamlet, and the latter in that of Henry VIII., by Shakspeare himself. But when the companies were dispersed, nearly all the leading actors, Robinson, Mohun, Hart, Allen, and others, took service with the King, and such few as survived their unsuccessful struggles in the field were scarcely able to make up one company after the fall of their Royal master. Thenceforth, up to the time of the Restoration, they could earn no more than a precarious subsistence by acting in noblemen's houses, and elsewhere, by stealth and on sufferance.

With the Restoration the stage came again into favour. But the theatre was no longer what it had been. The general tone of society was lower. On the Court, and those who affected the manners of the Court, the theatres were mainly dependent; and the morals of both actors and audience shared in the taint,

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\* This was no doubt the Lowin who in his later days kept the 'Three Pigeons' inn at Brentford, and who died at a great age, 83, or 93, according as we accept one or other of two Parish Registers, where the name supposed to be his occurs. Taylor also lived to a good age, and died at Richmond in Surrey.

which

which the example of a Sovereign of the loosest habits, and of a Court shameless in its vices, infused into the life of the metropolis. A crop of comedies then flooded the stage, which were calculated to foster and to propagate this evil in a perilous degree. There is, indeed, no lack of wit, of well-drawn characters, or of striking situations, in the works of the comic writers of the Restoration. But, despite the extenuating pleas set up for them by Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb, it is impossible for grown men now-a-days to read them without a blush. Many of them are, in truth, so vile in plot, and so shameless in dialogue, that it is hard to imagine how players could at any time have been got to perform, or audiences to endure them.

For a time the profession of one of the King's players seems to have been a profitable one. 'I have been informed,' says Wright, 'by one of them, that for several years after the Restoration every whole sharer in Mr. Hart's company got 1000*l.* per annum,' an income for those days almost equal to the magnificent revenues of some of the popular favourites of the present day. The same authority tells us that this was owing mainly to the fact that the expenses in the theatres were small, there being no costly scenery and other accessories to eat into the receipts. But the meagre simplicity of the old stage was in no way suited to the taste of the time—to people who cared only to be amused through the eye or tickled through the ear, with as little demand as might be upon the intellect or the imagination. Sir William Davenant set the example of costly scenic accessories at the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Betterton followed suit at his theatre in Dorset Garden, and, striving to eclipse Davenant by costlier scenery and decorations and by 'the addition of curious machines,' made serious havoc upon the incomes of the actors. Then began the tampering with Shakspeare, from which the stage interpretation of his plays was doomed to suffer for more than a century. Then it was that Lock's music was introduced into 'Macbeth,' which had been manipulated by Davenant for the purpose; the play, as described by Downes in his '*Roscus Anglicanus*,' 'being drest in all its finery, as new cloaths, new scenes, machines, as flying for the witches, with all the singing and dancing in it. . . . Being all excellently performed,' he adds, and 'being in the nature of an Opera, it recompensed double the expense.' 'The Tempest' was also found to afford a good vehicle for similar treatment. Even 'King Henry VIII.' was made attractive by pageantry of the most imposing kind. In short, no play had a chance of success without the added allurements of music and dances, and flying fairies or angels, as the case might be. Ludicrous  
enough

enough these last seem to have been, if we may judge by an allusion in 'The Rehearsal,' which was produced in 1671, where Bayes says to some of his company, 'You dance worse than the angels in "Harry the Eight," or the fat spirits in "The Tempest," i'gad.'

With the rival theatres running a race against each other in the way of mere pageantry and spectacle, the result of the competition could not be doubtful. The taste for 'inexplicable dumb show,' for glare and glitter and unreal imitation of reality, required stimulants ever new. Shows, processions, and dances, took the place of careful and well-studied acting; the 'men of grave and sober behaviour' who graced the stage in its earlier days became fewer and fewer, and the bulk of those who trod the boards, both men and women, as they did little to maintain either the dignity of their art or the blamelessness of their private life, gave encouragement to the censure of those, of whom there will always be not a few, who regarded the theatre with distrust and aversion, and the actor's calling with supercilious contempt.

At this no one can be surprised, who is familiar with the theatrical annals of the period. Decent people could scarcely go to theatres when, as Evelyn writes (Oct. 16th, 1666), 'they were abused to an atheistical liberty. Foul and indecent women now, and never till now, were permitted to act.' It was only six years previously that women had begun for the first time to appear on the English stage. Evelyn's censure was undoubtedly too sweeping; but the charge was in the main true, and, at any rate, the actresses who made a market of their charms of person or of wit were most in the public eye. Pepys has shown us three of the most famous of them behind the scenes—Mrs. Knipp, Nell Gwynne, and Beck Marshall. 'Lord, to see what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk!' he writes, Oct. 5th, 1667; and again, on the 7th of May, 1668:—

'To the King's house; where going in for Knipp, the play being done, I did see Beck Marshall come dressed off of the stage, and look mighty fine, and pretty and noble; and also Nell in her boy's clothes mighty pretty. But, lord! their confidence, and how many men do hover about them as soon as they come off the stage, and how confident they are in their talk!'

All the fops and gallants of the town had free access behind the scenes, and used it; and, like their successors in our own days, the young brainless fools who haunt certain stage-doors, to carry off in their broughams the Lotties, and Minnies, and Nellies

Nellies of Burlesque and Opera Bouffe, they became the ready prey of the unscrupulous Sirens, who captivated them by the glamour which the stage seems to throw around women of very ordinary attractions, either of person or of mind. Evelyn laments that many of them became either the wives or mistresses of various nobles and gallants. 'Witness,' he says, 'the Earl of Oxford, Sir H. Howard, Prince Rupert, the Earl of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them, who fell into their snares to the reproach of their noble families, and to the ruin of both body and soul.'\*

There were not wanting some, however, to whom acting was an art, and who kept steadily before them 'the purpose of playing,' as Shakspeare had defined it. Of these, Hart, who died in 1681, was pre-eminent in characters that demanded passion and dignity and power. In 'Alexander' (Nat Lee's) it is recorded of him by Downes that he acted 'with such grandeur and agreeable majesty, that one of the Court was pleased to honour him with this commendation, that Hart might teach any king on earth how to comport himself.' 'He prepossessed and charmed people's eyes by his action,' says Rymer, 'before aught of the poet's could approach their ears'—a quality of the first moment in an actor, and unhappily in these our days a rare one. We get a further hint of what he must have been from one of his remarks, preserved for us by Sir Richard Steele:—

'It is impossible,' he said, 'to act with grace except the actor has forgot that he is before an audience. Till he has arrived at that, his motion, his air, his every step and gesture, has something in them which discovers he is under a restraint for fear of being ill-received; or, if he considers himself as in the presence of those who approve his behaviour, you see an affectation of that pleasure run through his whole carriage.'

This faculty of losing himself in the part is, in truth, what makes the true actor. In one of his letters Garrick says, '*l'art d'un grand acteur est de faire oublier jusqu'à son nom, quand il paraît sur la scène.*'

Betterton, who, like Burbage, handled the portrait-painter's brush with considerable skill, worthily handed on the tradition

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\* The Earl of Oxford, having secured possession of Rebecca Marshall (Peppys's Beck Marshall) by a false marriage, threw her off after a time. She appealed to the King, who compelled the Earl to allow her an annuity of 500*l.*, and would not let him marry while her son by the Earl lived. The King's own relations with Nell Gwynne, Mary Davies (who ravished the town by her singing of the lovely ballad, 'My Lodging is on the Cold Ground'), and others of their stamp, are glanced at by Evelyn in the other 'greater person' of this passage.

of the dignified and noble style, to which the weight of Hart's own character contributed so largely. Even at the age of twenty-two we learn from Downes that he ran the veteran Hart close, 'his voice being then as audibly strong, full, and articulate, as in the prime of his acting.' And what that voice could do, even when it had to speak the vapid fustian of contemporary tragedies, Colley Cibber tells us. 'There cannot,' he says, 'be a stronger proof of his harmonious elocution, than the many *even unnatural scenes and flights of the false sublime it has lifted into applause.*'\* Cibber had known Betterton in his prime. Sir Richard Steele could only have seen him when well on in years. But he gives a picture of him in Othello,† almost as vivid as Cibber's well-known description of his Hamlet. In the same paper he speaks of him in glowing terms, as—

'a man whom I had always very much admired, and from whose action I had received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers or the descriptions of the most charming poets I had read.'

And this, though Betterton laboured, like Le Kain and Talma, under the disadvantage of a bad, almost clumsy figure, with a large head and short thick neck. But 'the mind he swayed by' triumphed over these disadvantages. His aspect, as Antony Aston tells us, 'was serious, venerable, and majestic;' and although 'his voice was low and grumbling, yet he could tune it by an artful climax, which enforced universal attention, even from the fops and orange-girls.‡

Betterton's wife, like himself, was welcomed on the stage long after the attractions of youth had gone by. She had been one of the first women actors on the stage, and, like her husband, had made herself respected in her private life. Even when far

\* George III., who learned elocution from Quin, knew the value of this power. 'Did I deliver the Speech well?' he said to Lord Eldon, as he was coming away from the House of Lords. 'Very well, sir.' 'I am glad of it,' replied the King, 'for there was nothing in it.'

† 'Tatler,' No. 167, May 4, 1710.

‡ Mr. Fitzgerald, in his loosely put together and ill-digested work, cited at the head of this article, quotes this with strange inaccuracy as having been said by Aston of Cibber (vol. i. p. 325). This is the less excusable, as Aston's pamphlet opens with this description of Betterton. The pamphlet is entitled, 'A Brief Supplement to Colley Cibber, Esq. his Lives of the late famous Actors and Actresses, by Anthony (vulgo Tony) Aston. Printed for the author' (no date). It is of extreme rarity. Our copy belonged to Isaac Reed, and afterwards to Mr. Genest. Mr. Reed has written upon it—'Easter Monday, 1795. Though I have now possessed this pamphlet 26 years, it is remarkable that I have never seen another copy of it.' In another note he writes: 'this pamphlet contains several circumstances concerning the Performers of the last century which are nowhere else to be found. It seems never to have been published.'

advanced in years, says Colley Cibber, she 'was so great a mistress of nature, that even Mrs. Barry, who acted the Lady Macbeth after her, could not in that part, with all her superior strength and melody of voice, *throw out those quick and careless strokes of terror* from the disorder of a guilty mind, which the other gave us, with a facility in her manner, that rendered them at once tremendous and delightful.'

This description recalls what Lord Harcourt, in describing his impressions of Mrs. Siddons, records of Mrs. Pritchard in the same character. Mrs. Siddons's 'countenance,' he says, 'aided by a studious and judicious choice of head-dress'—that head-dress which the fine picture of Sir Thomas Lawrence in the Garrick Club has made familiar—'was a true picture of a mind diseased in the sleeping scene, and made one shudder; and the effect as a picture was better in that than it had ever been with the taper, because it allows of variety in the actress of washing her hands; *but the sigh was not so horrid, nor was the voice so sleepy*, nor yet quite so articulate as Mrs. Pritchard's.'\* Which of the two actresses best interpreted Shakspeare in this scene, the words we have marked in italics place beyond a doubt.

In Mrs. Barry, Betterton found an actress with whom he delighted to work, because she came up to that high level of excellence which produced the harmony and ensemble in which a true artist delights. She excelled both in comedy and tragedy. 'In the art of exciting pity,' says Cibber, 'she had a power beyond all actresses I have yet seen.' Her face was the index of her mind. Emotion or passion, humour or sarcasm, spoke in it, before she spoke.† 'Her face,' writes Tony Aston, 'somewhat preceded her action, as the latter did her words; her face ever expressing the passions. Her elocution was exquisite. . . . To hear her speak the following speech in "The Orphan" was a charm:

"I'm ne'er so well pleased, as when I hear thee speak,  
And listen to the music of thy voice."

'In tragedy,' he adds, 'she was solemn and august; in free comedy, alert, easy, and genteel; pleasant in her face and action; *filling the stage with variety of gesture*.' To all this excellence she had attained by patient labour; for her first essays in her art were unsuccessful. 'For some time,' says Aston, 'they could make nothing of her.' Colley Cibber confirms this state-

\* Cited in note to the 'Walpole Correspondence,' vol. viii. p. 315.

† So with Garrick, says Murphy, 'every sentiment rose in his mind and showed itself in his countenance before he uttered a word.'

ment, prefacing his remarks upon her by the observation, that 'the short life of beauty is not long enough to form a complete actress.' She is one of the figures that stand out honourably in the stage history of her time.

How charming, too, upon the stage, as well as exemplary off it, was Anne Bracegirdle, Colley Cibber has told us. But not less vivid, though less known, is Aston's description of her:—

'She was of a lovely height, with dark brown hair and eyebrows, black sparkling eyes, and a fresh blusky complexion; and, whenever she exerted herself, had an involuntary flushing in her breast, neck, and face; having continually a cheerful aspect, and a fine set of even white teeth, never making an exit but that she left the audience in an imitation of her pleasant countenance. Genteel comedy was her chief essay, and that, too, when in men's clothes, in which she far surmounted all the actresses of that or this age. Yet she had a defect scarce perceptible, viz. her right shoulder a little protruded, which, when in men's clothes, was covered by a long or campaign peruke. She was finely shaped, and had very handsome legs and feet; and her gait and walk was free, manlike, and modest, when in breeches.'

A delightful picture! And it is pleasant to know that, as she was admired on the stage, so she was respected off it. She retired in the heyday of her powers, and enjoyed an honourable ease for many years. Long after she had ceased to turn the heads of playgoers, twenty years after her persistent adorer Congreve was in his grave, Aston tells us he met her in the Strand, he gives the date (July 30th, 1747) as if it were an epoch in his life—'with the remains of the charming Bracegirdle.'

But we must not linger among the figures of the theatrical gallery of that epoch. Many, beside those we have named, might well claim our attention. It was no light labour the players of that time had to encounter, for dramatic authors were prolific. Much unthankful work was given them to illustrate, into which their art could alone infuse any sparks of life, but which not even their best skill could keep from early death. At the same time, much work was given them, that afforded ample play for their highest powers. Otway, Dryden, Southern, Rowe, Wycherley, Cibber, Farquhar, and Vanbrugh, were writers to put actors upon their mettle; and for their works strong powers of expression, tragic as well as comic, were demanded. If such plays as 'Venice Preserved,' or 'Isabella or the Fatal Marriage,' or 'Jane Shore,' for example, have now been lost to the stage, this is due not to their want of merit, but to the disappearance of the high order of tragic power which is demanded for the impersonation of their heroines. Even when mutilated and greatly toned down, to suit the modern taste, some of the work of Wycherley, Vanbrugh,

Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, leaves upon an audience of to-day an impression of a richness of humour, a brilliancy of dialogue, a variety of genuine character, and a breadth of dramatic effect, beyond what is to be found in the writers of our own time.

We have now reached a period, when we are enabled by contemporary portraits to judge of the personal appearance of the leading players. Unhappily, of Anne Bracegirdle\* a vile mezzotint, by Smith after Vincent, palpably worthless as a portrait, representing her as 'The Indian Queen' in one of Sir Robert Howard's plays, is all that exists. But Betterton, Barton Booth, Wilks, Anthony Leigh, and Mrs. Oldfield, are familiar to the connoisseur, either in pictures, or in admirable mezzotints. The line is continued well through the century. Excellent portraits, by the best engravers, exist of Macklin, Quin, Spranger Barry, of Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Woffington, Mrs. Susannah Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard, all of whom are interesting, as having helped to maintain the glories of the English stage from the time of Booth up to and through the Garrick period. With these before us, we are quite prepared to accept as true the recorded praises of their excellence—for they are all faces full of intelligence, with features well-marked, and strongly individualized, that are visibly capable of the most varied play of expression.

Thus, in the rare print of Betterton, by Williams after Kneller, he seems all that Aston described him,—'serious, venerable, majestic.' Booth, again, as we know him from his portraits, or from the fine bust on his monument in Poets' Corner, has the well-bred air of the scholarly gentleman he was. Looking at these, we can understand that masterly reserve, which gave dignity to his most heart-searching pathos, and can believe it to be as was said of him, that

'He had the deportment of a nobleman, and so well became a Star and Garter, he seemed born to it; and would have made as good a figure in the drawing-room as on the stage. His countenance had a manly sweetness, so happily formed for expression, that he could mark every passion with a strength to reach the eye of the most distant spectator, without losing that comeliness which charmed those who sat near him.'

So, when we look at Mrs. Oldfield's well-balanced, comely face, with its fine full languorous eyes, we understand the effect with which she used them, when 'in some particular comic situations she kept them half-shut, especially when she intended

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\* In the Garrick Club there is a portrait, said to be of Mrs. Bracegirdle; but it in no degree answers to the descriptions of her, and its pedigree is most doubtful.

to give effect to some brilliant or gay thought.' Though picked out from the bar-parlour of 'The Mitre' tavern kept by her aunt in St. James's Market, she, like Mrs. Abington, in Garrick's time, who sprang from a still lower sphere, acquired with singular rapidity all the grace of deportment and the self-possessed air of one trained to move from childhood in the best circles. She was a favourite with, and set the fashions to, ladies of the highest rank. Such characters as Lady Betty Modish, or Lady Townly, sat upon her so easily, that it was said of them that 'they appeared to be her own genuine conception. She slid so gracefully into the foibles, and displayed so humorously the excesses of a fine woman, too sensible of her charms, too confident of her power, and led away by her passion for pleasure, that no succeeding Lady Townly arrived at her many distinguished excellences in that character.' How she was so unlucky as to incur the wrath of Pope is unknown. Let us hope it was not out of any small spite that he took such pains to fix an unpleasant immortality upon the frail and fascinating heroine of Cibber's best works, as he did in the merciless lines upon Narcissa, ending .

'One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead ;  
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red.'

In Peg Woffington a worthy successor was found for Mrs. Oldfield in many of her best parts. Like her, Woffington shone in serious as well as comic characters. In the former, she had to struggle with the disadvantage of an unmelodious voice ; but she threw herself into whatever she undertook with so much earnestness, that she triumphed over this natural defect ; while in comedy her sparkle and vivacity and general sense of enjoyment carried all before them. A person singularly handsome, and a face alive with expression, made her always a welcome feature in a play. She had abundance of natural wit. 'Dallying and dangerous' on and off the stage, many an admirer paid dearly for having been caught in her 'strong toil of grace.' Hogarth delighted to paint her, and her presence has been made familiar not only by his graphic skill, but by that of many other able artists, all of whom caught something of her charm. The little water-cress girl, reclaimed out of the Dublin streets, who made her way to the top of the tree in her profession, and who held her own among the most brilliant wits of her time, must have been a notable personage. Seized, when only about forty-four years old, with something like paralysis, as she was speaking the Epilogue in 'As You Like It' (May 17th, 1757),

she disappeared from public view into her quiet villa at Teddington, where she died about two years afterwards.\*

Of a very different stamp, as to private character, was worthy Mrs. Pritchard, great also in comedy as well as tragedy, but so great in the latter that, on hearing of her death, Garrick said that 'tragedy was now dead on one side.' She had, it is obvious from her portraits, no charm of beauty, in figure or in face, to ingratiate her with her audience. But she had genius, she had intuitions that brought her up to the level of the best writers, and she always kept nature in view; from 'whose various lights,' to borrow a happy phrase of Cibber's, 'she only took her true instruction.' This made her cast aside 'the good old manner,' as Victor calls it, which had crept in among players, 'of singing and quavering out their tragic notes,'—a kind of musical plain-song, from which her contemporary, Mrs. Susannah Cibber, fine actress as she was, was not wholly free. This must have been one of the bonds of sympathy between her and Garrick, who preferred playing with her to all other actresses, and who, like her, had broken away from the measured and sonorous mouthing to which the public had been familiarized by Quin and others. To see these two upon the scene together must have been no ordinary treat. But one must have noted well the hard unattractive lines of Mrs. Pritchard's face and person, and the diminutive proportions of Garrick's figure, to appreciate fully the eulogium of Churchill,

'That when the light of genius fires the eye,  
Pritchard's genteel and Garrick six feet high.'

In the Garrick Club there is a little picture by Hayman of the two, as Ranger and Mrs. Strickland in 'The Suspicious Husband,' which furnishes an excellent illustration of these lines.

With Garrick, who flashed like a meteor upon the London public in 1741, a new era began. In all arts, and in none more than in the actor's art, there is a tendency to run into conventional methods. Some man or woman of genius strikes out a new style, which is in some inexplicable way congenial to the taste of the public. It lays a strong hold upon audiences, partly because of this, but chiefly because there are behind it a

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\* Tate Wilkinson, who has described with great effect the circumstances of her seizure, which he witnessed, says that she afterwards 'existed as a mere skeleton, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything;' but this could not have been the case, as we see from the picture of her by Pond, recently given to the National Portrait Gallery by Sir Theodore Martin, where she lies in bed, blooming and bonny in feature and complexion, and with the old fascination in the eyes; a very charming ruin.

vigorous grasp of character, and the force and fire of strong natural sensibility. The mode of expressing these qualities is certain to be marked by strong characteristics, possibly even by mannerisms, which, it may be, go towards making up his or her peculiar charm. To copy these peculiarities, Colley Cibber said—and modern experience confirms the truth of the remark—‘commonly is the highest merit of the middle rank of actors,’ and they are not only copied by them, but exaggerated. Thus the stately deportment and elocution of the early school of actors had through these imitators degenerated into the solemn stride, the pompous cadence, ‘the singing and quavering out of’ blank verse lines, to which allusion has just been made, and which, when Garrick appeared, was the prevailing vice of the men who held the foremost places on the stage. Such of us as remember how ‘the middle rank of actors’ imitated in their blundering way the large stately manner of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, without any of their fire or natural dignity and grace, can form some notion of what this species of declamation was like. Garrick had to bring back the public to nature and simplicity. At once they recognized his power. Here was a true interpreter of human character, as various as the people he represented; a man who gave poetry all the emphasis it needed, and who moved with the ease and freedom of actual life. London acknowledged him from the first as a master in his art; and the judgment which London had pronounced, the public of Dublin—then and down to a very recent period a public with a fine appreciation of excellence both in music and acting—fully confirmed.

Garrick’s success was fraught with the happiest results for the English stage. Actors and their art had fallen somewhat into discredit. He determined to make both respected by his example. The good-fortune which enabled him to become the manager of Drury Lane Theatre put him in a position to carry out his purpose. He brought round him all the ablest professors of his art, and he spared no pains to inspire them with something of his own determination to raise the character of his theatre to the highest point. All through his career he delighted to have his own efforts on the stage seconded by the emulation of the best actors and actresses he could attract into his company. Off the stage, his accomplishments, his brilliant social qualities, the example of a home presided over by a charming wife, to whom he was devoted and who was universally admired, made his society courted by the foremost men of his time. Thus the tone and status of his profession were sensibly raised in the thirty years during which he practised it. He was not only ambitious of praise and fame for himself; nothing

pleased him better than that his actors should win them too, and he worked hard to put them in the way to do so. Not by example merely, but by hard drilling at rehearsals, he tried to cure them of the conventional vices of the old school, and to make them look to nature as their guide. The rant and fustian of the tragedies of Dryden, Lee, and others, in which some of them delighted, were naturally odious to a man so deeply imbued with the spirit of Shakspeare. When Powell, a young actor of promise, performed Lee's 'Alexander,' at Drury Lane, while Garrick was absent on the Continent in 1764, he was very angry, and wrote to Colman: 'Every genius must despise such fustian. If a man can act it well—I mean, to please the people—he has something in him that a good actor should not have. . . . I hate your roarers—damn the part.'

Like all managers who wish to keep out of the Bankruptcy Court, Garrick had upon occasion to humour the vulgar taste for pomp and spectacular show. Those who see and hear with mindless eyes and ears at a theatre are many; those who think, and feel, and judge, are few. But he never yielded to the hard necessity of captivating the crowd without reluctance; his aim and purpose both as manager and actor being to educate and keep his public up to a high intellectual level. As an actor, nothing would induce him to stoop to the vicious taste of an audience in order to catch a momentary applause. 'A true genius,' he wrote to Powell, 'will convert an audience to his manner, rather than be converted by them to what is false and unnatural'; and in the same letter he advised his young friend to keep Shakspeare constantly about him, as his charm against the temptation to sacrifice true feeling and taste to the caprices of the public.

Although Garrick leapt into fame at a bound, his conscience as an artist would not allow him to relax in study down to the end of his career. Gifted as he was with a Protean power of transforming himself into characters of the most diverse kind, his Abel Druggier being as admirable in its way as his Hamlet, his Scrub or Sir John Brute as his King Lear, he would not—it might more truly be said he could not—allow his impersonations to become stereotyped into something merely mechanical. Life, he held, was not long enough to work up any great display of human character into perfection, to enliven it with the thousand little touches, to stamp it with the semblance of spontaneous ease, by which the actor counterfeits nature. To others the traces of this study were imperceptible; all looked so apt to the situation, so begotten of the impulse of the moment, so inseparable as it were from the main idea of the character.

But

But what Michael Angelo said of Raphael was no less true of him, 'Che non hebbe quest' arte di natura, ma per lungo studio.' He kept on to the last night he acted bringing observation, thought, and experience, to the perfecting of his impersonations ; and, on the days he performed, he shut himself away from all interruption, in order to devote himself without distraction to fresh study and meditation. He might be ill, suffering, quivering with pain, but the audience saw nothing of this. When he stepped on the stage, the man was lost in the character he had to present ; bodily weakness was forgotten for the time, and his impersonation was bright, full of fresh life and new and vivid touches, so that, however often he had played a part, custom could not 'stale his infinite variety,' and his public came away with their old impressions of delight heightened and intensified.

The influence of Garrick upon the actor's art and the popular estimation of it was felt long after his death. That event, if it did not 'eclipse the gaiety of nations,' which, *pace* Dr. Johnson, not even Garrick's death could do, left the stage with no one to fill the void. Still, there were upon it many able performers of both sexes, all of whom had seen him, and had profited by the example of his healthy, natural, vivid style. Henderson, King, Gentleman Smith, Dodd, Lewis, Quick, Edwin, among the men,—Mrs. Abington, Miss Farren, and Miss Younge, among the women,—honourably maintained the repute of the English stage in comedy. In tragedy Mrs. Siddons, who had failed when in Garrick's company, took the town by storm when she returned a few years afterwards, in 1782, to London. Her genius revived the taste for the tragic drama, which had been for some time on the wane. Old and forgotten tragedies were dragged once more to light, and galvanized into ephemeral popularity. The feeling she had inspired was sustained by her gifted and accomplished brother, John Kemble ; and a new school of actors, modelled more or less upon their style, gradually gathered around them. Shakspeare was brought back to the stage, and the new light shed upon his characters by the Kembles and their followers was welcomed as a revelation by many, who had their eyes opened by fine acting to beauties which their own reading had never discovered. The fiery and less self-controlled genius of Edmund Kean came to put a new life into the domain of tragedy, when it was beginning to fall back into the grandiose and over-elaborated style, to the reign of which Garrick more than half a century before had put an end. The town and the critics might be divided into parties, each giving the palm of supremacy to one or other of the schools, but there could be no question that there was genius  
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in the leaders of both, and that the principal characters, at all events, of all our best plays were very adequately represented by Mrs. Siddons, by the Kembles, Kean, Young, Macready, Miss O'Neill, and other players of note, who were associated with them in the tragic drama.

But during this period, however admirable individual actors might be, there was obviously too little care taken to have plays well acted throughout. In the metropolitan theatres of the Continent the same mistake was not made. Garrick, we know, had tried to establish a better system. But, in the absence of a true artistic spirit, theatrical people are sure to get into the habit of giving undue prominence to leading actors or actresses, a habit as vicious, and as contrary to sound taste, as our modern practice of concentrating the glare of a lime-light upon the hero or heroine of a drama, and, while bringing them into unnatural prominence, throwing all the other actors of the scene into shade. The vice takes various forms. Now the subordinate characters are put into incapable hands; now their parts are cut down, and their chance destroyed of making them effective; now they are placed at great disadvantage in the arrangement of the scene, or compelled to act their characters in whatever way the controlling spirit of the hour thinks will enable him or herself to produce the most telling effect, no matter whether true to the situation or not; or, in these later days, the bad system takes the shape of having plays written—'one-part pieces,' we believe they are called—where everything is made to give way to keeping the particular actor or actress full in the eye of the audience all through the play. But at the period of which we now speak, the fault lay in leaving the minor characters in incapable hands, and in neglecting to arrange the business of every scene so as to give the fullest effect to the intention of the author. Thus the great people of the play were well attended to, but they seem to have given themselves little care about the minor folk, or the scenes in which they had themselves no share. When Tieck came over to London in 1817, he was amazed at a state of things which at Berlin, or Dresden, or Vienna, would have been impossible, because there the play, as a whole—especially if it were Shakspeare's—was the first thing thought of, however eminent the performers in it might be. A sentence in a letter of Lord Campbell's from Paris (September 3rd, 1815), puts the state of the case in a few words. He had been for many years the theatrical critic of a London paper, and spoke from knowledge. Nothing struck him more about the French stage, than the finish which prevailed from the highest character to the lowest. 'In England,' he

he says,\* 'we never have above one or two good actors on the scene, and the details are very much neglected. Here all is perfection.' The rank and file of the Parisian, it is well known, were then no better than the rank and file of the London stage. The best French actors stood quite as high above them as did ours. But the system was better. Leading actors or actresses were content to play secondary parts, and greater care and finish were the rule in regard to what is technically known as stage management; all those details being skilfully studied which help to give the air of *vraisemblance* to the scene.

As years advance, and we come to a time still within living memory, there was much less to complain of as to the general ability of the leading companies in London. When, for example, Mr Webster managed the Haymarket Theatre, comedies both old and new had full justice done to them. But it was not till Mr. Macready became a manager, in 1837, that tragedy and the poetical drama had a chance of being adequately interpreted. When he threw up Drury Lane Theatre in 1843, and the fine and well-trained body of performers he had gathered round him was dispersed, the higher drama in London fared ill indeed. It was not till many years afterwards that Mr. Charles Kean contrived to create a spasmodic and transitory interest in it by producing a few pieces with an element in them of literary charm, but mainly by a series of Shakspearean revivals, in which unhappily the actor's art was made wholly subservient to that of the scene-painter and the costumier. Just in proportion as the scenery and the pageant became more and more splendid, the acting grew worse, the interpretation got further and further away from the poet's meaning and intention. An unhealthy appetite for mere scenic display having once been created, it could only be satisfied by having recourse to expenditure more and more profuse. But even despite this stimulant the public taste grew jaded, and Mr. Kean had to abandon his enterprise to save himself from ruinous loss.†

Charles Kean had none of his father's genius. He was an actor made, not born, and artificial to the core. He did nothing in his own person worthy to be remembered in any of the great characters of the poetical drama, or to guide the younger race of actors into the right path. Curiously enough,

\* 'Lord Campbell's Life,' vol. i. p. 319.

† Mr. Booth, the sound and highly cultivated American actor, whom we have lately had with us for a time, was misled by Mr. Kean's first successes into producing in New York a similar series of Shakspearean Revivals. As his houses filled, however, his exchequer emptied. The cost incurred was enormous, and in the end he lost a fine fortune in a mistaken effort to give a scenic completeness to Shakspeare which his plays do not really require.

it was from a Frenchman that our stage now received a strong impulse in the right direction, both as to acting and stage management. When Charles Fechter came to England he brought from Paris an established reputation as an actor of the picturesque drama. He was young, intelligent, handsome, master of the *technique* of his art, in which his model had been his friend Frédéric Lemaître, a man of unquestionable genius. His freshness and originality, backed by his grace and distinction of bearing, to which our stage had long been a stranger, and also by great fervour in scenes of strong emotion, soon won him popularity, despite the drawback of a marked foreign accent. Even in 'Hamlet' this was forgotten, so captivated were his audience by the novelty of his conception, and by his sustained excellence in all its details. Every one blessed him for having broken away from the stale conventions which made ordinary Hamlets a terror to playgoers, and for showing us a human creature swayed by emotion in a way that all could recognize as true to nature, and working up scene by scene into a picture such as educated men were glad to associate with the old familiar text. Fechter's gifts were not of the kind, however, to keep him up to the level of Shakspeare. His Othello, as was truly said at the time, had in him more of the modern Zouave than of the noble Moor. Nor were his stage arrangements of this play happy. They reached a climax of triviality in the last terrible scene, where Desdemona was shown with a hand-mirror lying on her bed, in order to give Othello an opportunity of taking it up, then, as he looked at his own face in it, exclaiming 'It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!' and throwing it out of the window. This was indeed to reduce tragedy to the level of melodrama; and although Fechter by his excellence in Iago somewhat retrieved the ground he had lost in Othello, he had the good sense to try no further experiments with Shakspeare. In melodrama he was in his true element. He had a painter's eye for grouping and effect, and the French love of completeness in all stage arrangements. The example set by him, during his few years of management at the Lyceum Theatre, helped materially to force other managers to pay more attention to this part of their business, for the public would no longer consent to be put off with the paltry framework in which plays of all kinds, from the lowest to the highest, were too commonly set.

Unhappily, however, the good he did in this way brought evil with it. Plays, mounted as plays were mounted both by Charles Kean and by Fechter, cost large sums of money, and could only yield a return by holding the stage for months. Thus the greater

greater their success, the more mischievous was its effect upon the actors. Not the genius of a Garrick or a Pritchard could have resisted the deadening influence of performing the same character continuously night after night for half a year or more. Being what they were, creatures of quick sensibility and themselves shaken by the emotions they portrayed, to have attempted to perform through long runs the parts which they sustained in either tragedy or comedy would have been simply impossible. Their bodies and minds must have broken down beneath the strain. Under such conditions, moreover, fine acting of great parts obviously becomes impossible. They lose their freshness and zest for the actor, and he drops into a merely mechanical reiteration of certain pre-arranged effects, at the back of which there is no genuine feeling, and in the end scarcely even active intelligence.

The effect of the pernicious system of long runs and over-elaborate scenic adjuncts was felt in the gradual dying out of actors capable of grappling with characters that demanded dignity of conception and of treatment. The art of speaking blank verse, so that it falls naturally on the ear, without losing the subtle charm of a strong emotional cadence, also became wellnigh lost. Individual performers of merit were here and there to be found; but no combination of them sufficient to do justice to the poetical drama. Plays that appealed to the higher qualities of the mind ceased to be written, simply because they could not be acted. There was no dearth of ability, however, for work of a lighter sort, work more congenial to the tastes of a public who go to the theatre only to be amused, who affect a cynical contempt for heroism of motive, and regard all display of strong emotion as 'bad form.' The pleasant but flimsy dramas of the school of Robertson, Byron, Albery, and others, in a sense reflect 'the age and body of the time, its form, and pressure,' the *blasé* listlessness of its young men, the silly or weakly sentimental side of girls of the period, the small ambitions, the meanness, the social stratagems, the Mammon-worship, the no-beliefs, the shallow morality of the age, with here and there the zest thrown in of that 'playing with fire,' which is the outcome of marriages without love, and the pastime of lovers without honour or conscience. The puppets are disposed with considerable skill, and the changes rung with no small dexterity upon themes in which there was little charm of novelty. But neither in plays of this order, nor in our best melodramas, in which there were generally to be found both stronger situations and some genuine human interest, was there any demand for histrionic power of the highest class, and apparently that

that power could not have been found, had the call for it existed.

All plays depend in a great degree upon good acting for their success. Without it a fine play may miss its mark; while even bad ones, if they fall into capable hands, escape what would else have been disastrous failure. But plays of such slight texture, as those which have for the most part occupied our stage for the last fifteen years, could alone have been made palatable by the pains bestowed upon the stage arrangements, and by actors strong enough to put life and character and colour into the feeble outlines sketched for them by the authors. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre, under the management of the Bancrofts, excellent illustrations were given of what might be done by turning to account such resources as were available in this direction. The plays they produced were slight to a fault. But all the characters were fairly, some admirably sustained, and the setting in the way of scenery and stage arrangement was finished up to a point to satisfy even a fastidious taste. What could and what could not be done by a company quite equal to the tasks set them in Mr. Robertson's dramas, became very apparent when the same people grappled in the same theatre with the 'School for Scandal' and the 'Merchant of Venice.' A different and far higher order of power was required to bring out with effect the strong character and brilliant dialogue of Sheridan, and the passion and poetry of Shakspeare, and of that power little or no trace was visible. But in the narrower orbit the performers showed excellent qualities. The example set in this theatre was followed in several others; and at the Haymarket, St. James's, and the Court Theatres, although the pieces may be far indeed below the level at which the literature of the English Drama should stand, they are always put handsomely upon the stage, and acted with a spirit and effect which go far to conceal inherent weakness of plot and dialogue, and want of individuality in the characters. So much ability, indeed, is shown at these and other theatres, as to inspire a reasonable hope that, if the dramatist's work were of a higher kind, the actors would be there to carry it out with effect, and at the same time to advance themselves in their art by having to call into play a greater variety of resource, and a higher and more intense power of expression. There are on the stages we have named performers equal to, and in many cases above, the average of the general run of French actors. Give a larger scope for bringing out what is in them, and who can doubt that they would be able as well as anxious to profit by it?

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The public, we venture to think, has itself greatly to blame, that the literary merit of our current drama is so low. In the poor stuff set before them, the mass of those who frequent the theatres seem to get what they want. A play is not to them what it was to their forefathers,—a thing to beguile a few hours pleasantly, no doubt, but also something more, a display of human character and emotion, by which their sympathies were to be strongly moved, and in which sentence after sentence, pregnant for reflection or illustration, was to be carried away and stored up in memory. They liked some important social or moral problem to be involved in the plot, to the solution of which they might somehow be helped by what passed on the scene. The drama of other countries still retains this character in no slight degree, and although we are far from adopting to the full the views of Mr. Archer, whose very able work is placed among those at the head of this article, we are disposed to agree with him that, until audiences regain something of the old spirit, 'our drama will remain unliterary, frivolous, non-moral, unworthy of its past and of our present stage of advancement in other branches of literature and art.'

At the same time there is undoubtedly in a large section of the public a yearning after something better. But it is not in that section of it which rushes to the theatre, not to see a fine play, or fine acting, being as ignorant as they are indifferent to what constitutes either, but simply to get a new sensation, or to find a topic for the gossip of the five-o'clock tea, or the tedious dinner-party. In what European country but our own would a theatre have been filled for weeks, as theatres were both in London and in the country, merely to see a 'professional beauty' who had neither natural gifts nor acquired knowledge to justify her in putting her foot on a metropolitan stage? In what country but our own would the actor's art be so lightly thought of, that such a proceeding would not have been resented as an outrage on propriety? If that art were generally understood to be, what it is, the most difficult of all the arts, as Voltaire called it,—an art for which, even with decided natural endowments of face and voice and person, there are also indispensable a sensitive nature, an intuitive perception of character, and the ease and certainty which can alone come with study both on and off the stage, we should not have adventitious popularity from other causes used so often as it is used to turn the stage into a mere vehicle for earning money. How can the public expect a high tone to be cultivated and maintained by those, who have adopted the stage as a profession, with resolves to practise their vocation in a  
serious

serious artistic spirit, when an adventurous interloper, about whom there happens to be the spurious interest of a vulgar curiosity, may at any time draw larger audiences, and carry off more substantial rewards in money, than they can ever hope to win? No wonder that a critic like Mr. Archer, feeling intensely what a power in moral and intellectual culture the theatre might become, should write with bitterness:—

‘Modern Englishmen cannot be got to take the drama seriously. The theatre is supported by the most Philistine section of the middle class, and by the worse than Philistine, the utterly frivolous section of the upper class. People of intellect and culture go at long intervals to one or two theatres, and are perfectly in the dark as to what is really good and bad. . . . Pleasure, and that of the least elevating sort, is all that the public expects or will accept at even our best theatres. People talk of the theatre as an instrument of culture; but they take very good care that it shall be nothing of the sort. A drama which opens the slightest intellectual, moral, or political question, is certain to fail. . . . The public likes to go to the theatre to-night, and to forget the name, plot, and characters of the piece to-morrow. It will laugh always, cry sometimes, shudder now and then, but think—never.’

Mr. Herman Merivale, a writer who puts more thought and literary skill into his plays than almost any other of the dramatists of the day, speaks to much the same effect in the Preface to his drama of ‘*The White Pilgrim*,’ which was a striking instance of what we have said, that a fine play, if placed in incapable hands, is foredoomed to failure. Under more fortunate circumstances than attended its production at the Court Theatre some years ago, it would have found hosts of admirers:—

‘Authors,’ he says, ‘might put their best literary qualities, in all their differing degrees, into a “School for Scandal,” “She Stoops to Conquer,” “Money,” or “London Assurance,” which can always be revived, for old favourites are sacred in England. But nowadays they had better keep them out of plays, and use them elsewhere. There will always be room for one man, with the intellect and tact of Irving, to keep alive the immortal Shakspearean legend by adapting it to the peculiarities of the day, but—I fear the rest is silence. Lord Ellenborough is reported once to have said, as a warning to barristers, “There are callings in which to be suspected of literature is dangerous.” I am afraid that the calling of the dramatist is one of them.’

Who is to blame for this? The public, says Mr. Archer. The public in a great degree, thinks Mr. Merivale, as we read between the lines of this passage. But managers and actors too, he would no doubt tell us, must bear their share of the blame—  
managers,

managers, who, looking as men of business to what will bring in most money, will not risk the production of pieces that might possibly prove *caviar* to the bulk of their public, while such pieces are to be had as 'Our Boys' or 'The Colonel,' which cost little to put on the stage, and run for years;—actors, who, if they have attained any position, will look with favour on no piece in which a part for themselves is not written up to in such a way as to concentrate all the interest upon them, and to put all the other characters more or less into the background. Sheridan, Goldsmith, Bulwer, were hampered by no such conditions. Their plays, therefore, are good all round, every character working towards the general effect. It is certainly not because 'The Rivals,' the 'School for Scandal,' 'She Stoops to Conquer,' or 'Richelieu,' are finely acted, that they are even now very popular; but because, even in weak hands, the strong dramatic and literary interest of these plays is felt, and a very large section of the public find a genuine pleasure in them for the play's sake. Could we bring back such acting as made the successes of these plays, and others of a like kind, all London would flock to see them.

It is to the existence of a yearning for something more worthy of the traditional glories of the English stage, something more abreast of the true culture of the time, that Mr. Irving largely owes the immense success which has attended his management at the Lyceum. There is a flavour of sarcasm in Mr. Merivale's allusion to the 'tact,' which has enabled Mr. Irving to 'keep alive the immortal Shakspearean legend by adapting it to the peculiarities of the day.' This seems to point, among other things, to the lowering of the general level of the acting to the slipshod unemotional speaking and the free and easy deportment, which people call a natural style, because it reflects that absence of courtesy, refinement, and distinction of manner, which is an ugly characteristic of much of our modern social life. It also points, we presume, to the enormous pains to captivate the eye, and to hide the weakness of the actors in the splendour of the scenery, the beauty and the archæological fitness of the dresses, and the exceptional skill of the stage grouping and general arrangements. Great as Mr. Irving's success has been, we do not think it would have been less, had more pains been bestowed in bringing up his actors to the same point of excellence as his scenery and general stage arrangements. What might be done in this direction was seen when he associated himself with Mr. Edwin Booth in the reproduction of 'Othello.' We are not of those who think the acting of Mr. Irving himself, and his popular

lar coadjutor Miss Ellen Terry, so far above the level of what should be attainable in any leading metropolitan theatre, that for their sakes we can be blind to the shortcomings of the performers on whom the other characters of his Shakspearean revivals are devolved. It may be, that no better actors are to be had; but surely something better could be got out of them. What is the use of putting them into the clothes of the men of rank and culture of the time of the Italian Renaissance, if they show nothing of the refinement or dignity of bearing characteristic of that age? Those who represent, for example, the young high-bred gentlemen who figure in the 'Merchant of Venice,' or the nobles and princes of 'Much Ado About Nothing,' might surely be instructed to subdue the jaunty swagger and commonplace delivery of pointed prose or vigorous blank verse, and to remember that the men they are impersonating are gentlemen of high breeding and men of princely blood. It is by things of this kind, and by the frequent sacrifice of truth and fitness to mere scenic effect,\* that the taste of the best class of Mr. Irving's audience is revolted. He hears, unluckily, little of this from the critics of the journals; but it is spoken of freely enough in society by those who wish him well, and are sorry that such blots should exist upon his otherwise meritorious representations.

If, as we hear on all sides, men of good birth and education are now thronging into the actor's profession, fired with the ambition to bring back the higher drama to the stage, let us hope that they will prove their feeling to be that of true artists, by strenuous cultivation of the habits of life and of thought, out of which alone can come those qualities which distinguished the great professors of their art in days not yet forgotten,—namely, grace and distinction of bearing, manly

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\* A flagrant instance of this was the blaze of light with which Juliet's bed-chamber was filled, when even the moon's light was waning, in order that the fierce ghastly livor of the lime-light might fall upon the parting caresses of Romeo and Juliet. A violation of propriety even graver is made in introducing the grand altar of a church in the scene of the interrupted marriage of Claudio and Hero. It is surely an outrage to reverential feeling to have the subsequent animated scene between Benedick and Beatrice carried on close to the altar-rails. Mr. Irving, in a pleasantly written essay, lately published in 'Good Words,' on 'Shakspeare on the Stage and in the Study,' says: 'On the stage, accessories which are perfectly attuned to the story must greatly enhance its fascination.' Yes, under certain reserves; but then the accessories in these cases, and indeed in many others that might be mentioned, are not 'perfectly attuned to the story.' A worse breach of sound æsthetic rules is committed by the utterly colourless performance of Dogberry and Verges, and the omission of the scene (Act III. Sc. 5), in which they fail in trying to get Leonato to take the examination of Conrade and Borachio, as upon this failure the whole of the serious action of what follows turns.

courtesy of demeanour to women, and the skill which infuses something of an ideal charm into impersonation without loss of the simplicity of nature. 'It would surprise the misbeliever in the potency of Shakspeare on the stage,' Mr. Irving writes, 'to know how many University students, not content with reading the poet, are ambitious to embody his creations. It is one of the most encouraging signs of the future of dramatic art, that every year finds an increasing number of educated men and women willing to brave all the drudgery of an arduous calling, in the hope of rising some day to its highest walk.' This ambition unfortunately often exists without the natural gifts or the resolute enthusiasm to carry it to success. But to start on the path with the culture and the tastes and habits and associations of people of good education, and accustomed to good society, is much. The educated men and women, of whom Mr. Irving speaks, labour, however, under the heavy disadvantage that, while a theatre is the only real dramatic school, the theatres are few indeed in which they can pass a novitiate in their art. London is, of course, open to but few of them; and as there is not, we have been told, a single theatre out of London with a permanent company, they have not the opportunities of practice, by which actors in former days trained themselves to rise to ease and eminence in their art. Nothing is left for them but a place in nomadic companies, who go from town to town, performing month after month one or two pieces, which have made a hit in London. How this impediment to the formation of a higher school of actors is to be overcome, it is not easy to say. But if what Mr. Irving says be true, and there be at the back of the ambition of which he speaks the patience and perseverance of genuine histrionic ability, some remedy will no doubt be found. It certainly will not come in the *matinées*, as they are called, in which Juliets and Rosalinds and Paulines, Hamlets, Macbeths, and Richelieus, without number, have of late made Icarian flights, and sunk hopelessly in a sea of ridicule and scorn. We should have more assurance of seeing Mr. Irving's hopes realized, if the aspirations of our novices were of a more modest nature; if such Rosalinds as have lately been seen were content to play Phœbe, or the Hamlets to measure their powers by essaying to do justice to Marcellus or the King.

But if there be so great a rush of educated men and women to the stage, it is important that they should not go there with any idea that the actor's vocation is one to be entered upon lightly, or that his art does not demand qualities of a high order. It seems to us unlucky that Mrs. Fanny Kemble should have

have thought it worth while to reprint at this time, along with her 'Notes on some of Shakspeare's Plays,' the essay 'On the Stage,' which appeared about eighteen years ago in the 'Cornhill Magazine.' That a Kemble should disparage the actor's art, is indeed strange; and yet she says of it, 'that it requires no study worthy of the name; it creates nothing, it perpetuates nothing.' And again, actors 'are fitly recompensed with money and applause, to whom may not justly belong the rapture of creation, the glory of patient and protracted toil, and the love and honour of grateful posterity.' No study worthy of the name! What says Garrick in his letter to Powell from which we have already quoted? 'The famous *Baron* of France used to say that an "actor should be nursed on the lap of queens," by which he means that the best accomplishments were necessary to form a great actor. Study hard, my friend, for seven years, and you may play the rest of your life.' As for himself, he always studied; acting was never 'play' to him. Such study of itself will not make a great actor. His inspirations come from his heart and his imagination. But no great actor ever intermits his study; for his art, like all arts, is infinite in its possibilities of development.

But Mrs. Kemble supplies a complete refutation of her own propositions by what she tells us in the same essay are the qualities that go to the making-up of a great actor. His art, she says,

'Requires in its professors the imagination of the poet, the ear of the musician, the eye of the painter and sculptor, and, over and above all these, a faculty peculiar to itself, inasmuch as the actor fulfils and embodies his conception; his own voice is his cunningly-modulated instrument; his own face the canvas whereon he portrays the various expressions of his passion; his own frame the mould in which he casts the images of beauty and majesty that fill his brain; and whereas the painter and sculptor may select of all possible attitudes, occupations, and expressions the most favourable to the beautiful effect they desire to produce, and fix, and bid it so remain for ever, the actor must live and move through a temporary existence of poetry and passion, and preserve throughout its duration that ideal grace and dignity, of which the canvas and the marble give but a silent and motionless image.'

And yet this art 'demands no study worthy of the name'! What does Mrs. Kemble mean? Do such qualities as those she so well describes come, as Dogberry says, 'reading and writing come—by nature'? If it be, as Mrs. Kemble truly says, through the expression of their face, the movements of their form, the tones of their voice, that actors have to express the poet's

poet's ideals, can great results be expected, unless the mind has been cultivated, and the moral nature elevated, by great and ennobling thoughts, by wide and pure sympathies fed by a knowledge of the human heart; by habits, moreover, of study and of living, which raise and ennoble the soul, and make the transition into the ideal life they have to portray easy and congenial to their whole nature? Are these things acquired without study, and what study more noble than that by which they are acquired?

But, says Mrs. Kemble, the actor's art 'creates nothing, perpetuates nothing.' Books, if lucky in their fortunes, live long; so, too, do some pictures, and many statues. But if the genius of painter, sculptor, or poet, is to be measured by the fact of the survival of their work, then we must strike off the roll of fame all those men of genius whose works have perished, or may perish in a period far short of perpetuity. The life of the best work of art is necessarily short. But, however brief, if it be indeed true art, it cannot be produced without genius. A great impersonation by Garrick, by John Kemble, by Mrs. Barry, or Mrs. Siddons, was the outcome of as genuine artistic creative power as the very best contemporary painting and sculpture; and these performers did as much to instruct and raise the minds of those who saw them, as Sir Joshua Reynolds or Flaxman.

But again, says Mrs. Kemble, the actor's art 'creates nothing.' Does the landscape-painter's art create? In a sense it does not. He has the forms, the outlines, and colours of nature, to depict—he does not create them. But the painter of genius, a Turner, for example, out of the elements open to the eyes of all, produces pictures so stamped with that something in his own mind which marks him as superior to all other painters of landscape, that it is no abuse of language to call his works 'creations.' So with the great sculptor, with the great architect. They work upon materials common to all. When they handle and combine them in the way no one else has done, and impress them with their own individuality, something new is added to the world, and we say they have 'created' it. The actor's process is the same. The difference is, that his results are produced in his own person, and therefore are evanescent. But those results are for the moment as well entitled to be called 'creation,' as the product of the painter's brush or the sculptor's chisel. It is begotten of the brain and soul by a new combination of existing elements, as much in the one case as in the other.

Mrs. Kemble proceeds upon the mistaken idea, that it is by quick perception and a kind of intuition, rather than by processes of analysis and reflection, that eminence in acting is

reached. The finest emanations of genius, no doubt, come in acting, as in literature and in other arts, in a way for which neither painter, poet, nor actor, can account. We have heard from the lips of distinguished performers of other countries, as well as our own, a confirmation of Garrick's dictum, 'that the greatest strokes of genius have been unknown to the actor himself, till circumstances, the warmth of the scene has sprung the mine, as it were, as much to his own surprise as to that of his audience.' But this is in no way inconsistent with his having submitted the character he was personating to the strictest and most subtle analysis, so as to realize the springs of action likely to govern such a character, and the antecedent circumstances by which that character shall have been developed or modified. Without some such process he cannot bring himself to *live into* the character, and unless he succeeds in doing this, he will never act it well. Mrs. Kemble reasons from a very narrow basis in citing the case of Mrs. Siddons, whose performances, she says, 'were in the strict sense of the word excellent, while the two treatises she has left upon the characters of Queen Constance and Lady Macbeth—two of her finest parts—are feeble and superficial.' The answer to this is obvious. With Mrs. Siddons's fine person and voice and great experience of the stage, her Constance and Lady Macbeth might well be very impressive performances, and yet be far wide of Shakspeare's conception of both personages, as indeed many good critics have thought they were. The fact that the treatises are feeble and superficial goes far to justify this conclusion. But, further, it is not every one who is able to throw his ideas into form upon paper. Great powers of critical analysis may well exist, wholly independent of the skill to find apt words to express their processes or conclusions. This may or may not have been Mrs. Siddons's case. But to go no further than Mr. Macready, many passages might be quoted from his 'Autobiography' to show that he possessed very remarkable powers of critical analysis, which those who knew him are well aware he constantly brought to bear with effect upon his art.

But, if any proof were wanted that Mrs. Kemble's position is untenable, it is given with unanswerable effect in the remarkable series of Letters, by Lady Martin, on some of Shakspeare's female characters, which have recently appeared from time to time in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' That lady, who is remembered with gratitude and delight by students of Shakspeare when she trod the stage as Helen Faucit, shows in these papers that she possesses in a very high degree the faculty of psychological and critical analysis, which Mrs. Kemble denies to professors

fessors of the art which she adorned. Yet who that remembers her acting of Portia, Desdemona, Juliet, or Imogen, will say that this subtle power, as manifested in her Essays on these characters, in any way impaired the freedom and ease and unaffected grace and intense emotional glow of her impersonations? We see now what an amount of reverential study, not of those characters only, but of the whole plays to which they belong, went to the production of those impersonations—a study which, Lady Martin tells us, never relaxed from the hours of her girlhood up to the end of her professional career—a study, moreover, which seems now in the quietude of her retirement to continue to open up to her new lights, and new methods of expression. We see, too, how, to an artist of her fine quality, the life of the poet's creations absorbs and becomes mingled with her own; and how, by seeking from all quarters illumination, she has striven to elevate her own nature, so that it transfused itself insensibly into the ideal types of womanhood to which she was called upon to give life upon the stage. 'No study worthy of the name?' What an answer to such an imputation is the example of an artist of the type of Helen Faucit! Lady Martin mentions that she never saw any of the characters of Shakspeare acted, until she had herself acted them. *He* was her teacher. Was not the study 'worthy of the name,' which enabled her to search out and find in his 'unvalued book' all the beauty and grace, the playfulness, the passion, the tenderness, the devotion, the moral elevation, which she put into her impersonations? Is it becoming in a niece of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble to say of artists of the type illustrated in the person of Lady Martin, that 'they are fitly recompensed with money and applause, to whom may not belong the rapture of creation, the glory of patient and protracted toil'?

It was not thus that a friend of Mrs. Kemble, the late Mrs. Jameson, conceived of the actress's vocation. In her Essay on Miss Adelaide Kemble, published in her graceful volume of 'Memoirs and Essays,' she thus draws a picture of a true artist, which we commend to the consideration of the educated women who, Mr. Irving informs us, are looking to the stage as a profession. The educated men who have the same end in view will not be the worse for taking it to heart:—

'An artist, properly so called, is a woman who is not ashamed to gain a livelihood by the public exercise of her talent—rather feels a just pride in possessing and asserting the means of independence—but who does not consider her talent merely as so much merchandize to be carried to the best market; but as a gift from on high, for the use or abuse of which she will be held responsible before the God

who bestowed it. Being an artist, she takes her place as such in society, stands on her own ground, content to be known and honoured for what she is; and conscious that to her position as a gifted artist there belongs a dignity equal to, though it be different from, rank or birth. Not shunning the circles of refined and aristocratic life, nor those of middle life, nor of any life, since life in all its forms is within the reach of her sympathies, and that it is one of the privileges of her artist life to belong to none, and to be the delight of all, she wears the conventional trammels of society just as she wears her *costumes de théâtre*: it is a dress in which she is to play a part. *The beautiful, the noble, the heroic, the affecting sentiments, she is to utter before the public, are not turned into a vile parody by her private deportment and personal qualities,—rather borrow from both an incalculable moral effect; while her womanly character, the perpetual association of her form, her features, her voice, with the loveliest and loftiest creations of human genius, enshrine her in the ideal, and play like a glory round her head. . . .* She moves through the vulgar and prosaic accompaniments of her “behind the scenes” existence, without allowing it to trench upon the poetry of her conceptions; and throws herself upon the sympathy of an excited and admiring public, without being the slave of its caprices. She has a feeling that on the distinguished woman of her own class is laid the deep responsibility of elevating or degrading the whole profession; of rendering more accessible to the gifted and high-minded a really elegant and exalted vocation, or leaving it yet more and more a stumbling-block in the way of the conscientious and pure-hearted.’

We have heard that in writing these eloquent words—and no less true than eloquent—Mrs. Jameson had before her Madame Viardot Garcia as well as Adelaide Kemble. As we have shown above, the great actors and actresses of the past—Betterton and his wife, Mrs. Barry, Anne Bracegirdle, Mrs. Pritchard, and others—were all more or less animated by the same spirit. We speak not of more recent names. Would that, on looking at the condition of the stage at this moment, we could feel that the majority of those who tread it were distinguished by either the personal character or the artistic aims here indicated! Until these do prevail, however, it will not rise to a level worthy of the best culture and the healthiest taste of our modern time. Let ‘the educated men and women,’ of whom Mr. Irving speaks so hopefully, look to this. If they can educate themselves upon the lines of the great masters of their art, if they have the true histrionic gift, without which they had far better keep off the stage altogether, if they will make their lives good and pure and high-minded, they may accomplish much. Dramatists of true poetic power will again write for the stage, and the theatre may again become, what it ought to be, not only the best recreation, but a moral teacher of the age, only less potent than the sacred influences of religion.

ART. IV.—1. *James Nasmyth, Engineer: an Autobiography.*

Edited by Samuel Smiles, LL.D. London, 1883.

2. *The Moon: considered as a Planet, a World, and a Satellite.*

By James Nasmyth, C.E., and James Carpenter, F.R.A.S.  
Second edition. London, 1874.

**D**R. SMILES, in his Preface to the first of these interesting volumes, tells us that twenty years ago, when he asked Mr. Nasmyth for information respecting his mechanical inventions, he received a very modest reply. 'My life,' said Mr. Nasmyth, 'presents no striking or remarkable incidents, and would, I fear, prove but a tame narrative. The sphere to which my endeavours have been confined has been of a comparatively quiet order; but, vanity apart, I hope I have been able to leave a few marks of my existence behind me in the shape of useful contrivances, which are in many ways helping on great works of industry.' It would be difficult to say on which of the two aspects of his life thus suggested Mr. Nasmyth's modesty in this observation is the more remarkable. The 'few marks of his existence' which he hopes he has been able to leave behind him comprise among them the most powerful of all modern mechanical inventions—the steam-hammer. By the creation of that machine our power of dealing with iron has been so vastly enhanced in degree, as to be practically different in kind from that which we previously commanded; and it is intimately associated with many other applications of steam-power, which have transformed important branches of the art of engineering. The invention of the steam-hammer practically endowed mankind with a new mechanical instrument, as important as the lever, the wedge, or the screw. Without it, there were limits, and comparatively narrow ones, to the size of the masses of iron which we could forge, and to the force we could bring to bear on them. With it, it is hardly too much to say that, for practical purposes, our power in this respect is unlimited. No forgings which are requisite in practice are too large for the steam-hammer to operate upon, and any force we need for such purposes is capable of being exerted by it. While it can crack an egg in a wine-glass without hurting the glass, it can shower down rapid blows on a mass of heated iron with force enough to shake the parish in which it stands. It would be interesting enough to learn from the author of this invention how it arose in his mind, and how it was connected with the numerous other contrivances of his brilliant professional career. Such an invention marks an epoch in the development of man's power  
over

over nature ; and even if it were the product of mere intellectual or professional skill, its history would be extremely instructive and interesting.

But Mr. Nasmyth underrated the general interest of his life even more than he understated the importance of his great invention. His work as an engineer is indissolubly associated with his whole personal character and training, and a background of deep human interest lies behind his mechanical triumphs. There are, no doubt, many instances in which great professional or intellectual achievements are practically dissociated from a man's personal character. In some men the brain seems to work as a kind of calculating machine, or intellectual tool, and to have little relation to the moral qualities which make up personal character. This is, moreover, peculiarly possible in the case of work which is subject to purely scientific laws. In such pursuits, the brain may become like an engine which is set on a pair of rails, and must needs reach the terminus at the other end, if the steam only lasts long enough. But there are other instances, and these belong to the highest order of mental activity, in which the whole man—his whole moral character and the influences which have formed it—is involved in his scientific work, and determines its results. In such cases the man himself is of far greater interest than his productions, and the narrative of his life can never be tame. Some men's achievements seem almost accidental, due to no deliberate exercise of thought or will, and scarcely to be traced even to antecedent influences. But when it is clear that a man was born with a capacity for the special work he has fulfilled, when he has been trained to it by every influence of his childhood and youth, and when he has fought his way consciously to his end by a continuous struggle with difficulties, his life becomes a drama, and his professional achievements become secondary to his personal and family history. This is eminently the case with Mr. Nasmyth. It is the most curious part of his story, that the foundations of his career are laid deep in Scottish history, and that the accumulated influences and inheritances of four generations conspire to mould his character, his hand, and his eye. Nor is it only the influences of his own family to which he is indebted for his capacities and his success. As he tells the simple facts of his story, all the most characteristic elements of Scottish life are brought before us, and the Edinburgh society of this century and the last is vividly depicted in all its best features. It is seldom that so complete a picture is offered us of a phase of life which is at once of the deepest interest in itself, and has played a momentous part in our national

national history. A hundred years ago, few persons would have supposed that Scottish life, in all its wildness and sternness, had been gradually nursing a breed of men who were to take the lead in some of the most important spheres of our national being, and to give a new impulse and new method to English capacities. But this is what Scottish history had been doing for several centuries, and especially since the Reformation. In modern scientific language, Scotland had been rendered a great accumulator of intellectual, moral, and muscular force; which, after the suppression of the last Stuart rebellion, was turned to practical purposes in this country and in the British Empire. 'How can it be possible,' said Wilkes to Boswell, 'to spend two thousand a year in Scotland?' 'Why,' said Johnson, 'the money may be spent in England.' It might have been asked to more purpose, what the Scotch were to do with the wonderful store of moral intensity, intellectual acuteness, and sound health, which their hardy, struggling, and religious life of centuries had accumulated. But Johnson's answer would have been equally true. They could spend it in England; and to men like Mr. Nasmyth this country, with its ever increasing demands for mechanical, commercial, and administrative ability, offered the very career for which they had been under so long a preparation.

The Nasmyths begin, as they have ended, with the story of a hammer. The family legend tells that, in the reign of James III. of Scotland, an ancestor of the family, who was fighting on the side of the King against the Douglasses, had to take refuge, on the occasion of the temporary defeat of his party, in a smithy, where the smith disguised him as a hammerman. A party of the Douglasses entered the smithy, and suspected the disguise. In his agitation the fugitive struck a false blow with his hammer, which broke the shaft in two; on which the story goes that the pursuer rushed at him, calling out, 'Ye're *nae smyth!*' On this the hammerman turned on his assailant, wrenched a dagger from his hands and overpowered him, and with the aid of the smith drove back the Douglas men, rallied his own party, and converted a defeat into a victory. For this exploit he was rewarded with a grant of lands; and he took for his armorial bearings 'a hand dexter with a dagger, between two broken hammer-shafts.' The motto was 'Non arte sed marte,'— 'Not by art but by war.' Mr. Nasmyth has curiously reversed the motto and the whole legend. He has become the greatest smith of his generation. The hammer has become his great weapon; and the motto he has adopted, which embodies  
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the spirit of all his engineering achievements, is 'Non marte sed arte.'

Starting from this incident,—be it a fact, or an 'eponymous legend,'—the Nasmyths became a family of considerable distinction in Scottish history. They held high positions in the service of the Scottish kings, and intermarried with many of the leading houses in Scotland. A branch of them settled at Netherton, near Hamilton. Here they remained until Charles II.'s measures against the Covenanters. The Nasmyths were divided between the two parties, but the Netherton family took part with the Covenanters, and was deprived of its lands. The estate at Netherton was handed over to the Duke of Hamilton; its former owner took refuge in Edinburgh; and here he and his children had to begin the world again. Mr. Nasmyth is able to trace back the new fortunes of his family to his great-great-grandfather, Michael Nasmyth, who was born in 1652. He was a builder and architect, distinguished for the substantial character of his work, alike in wood and stone; and he found his opportunity in the demand which arose among the nobility and gentry for new mansions in place of their gloomy old castellated houses or towers. He was succeeded in his business by Mr. Nasmyth's great-grandfather, who was a man of much ability and large experience. But the following account of one of his great advantages exhibits a contrast with our own time, of which we are frequently reminded in the course of these pages:—

'One of his great advantages in carrying on his business was the support of a staff of able and trustworthy foremen and workmen. The times were very different then from what they are now. Masters and men lived together in mutual harmony. There was a kind of loyal family attachment among them, which extended through many generations. Workmen had neither the desire nor the means for shifting about from place to place. On the contrary, they settled down with their wives and families in houses of their own, close to the workshops of their employers. Work was found for them in the dull seasons when trade was slack, and in summer they sometimes removed to jobs at a distance from headquarters. Much of this feeling of attachment and loyalty between workmen and their employers has now expired. Men rapidly remove from place to place. Character is of little consequence. The mutual feeling of goodwill and zealous attention to work seems to have passed away. Sudden change, scamping, and shoddy, have taken their place.'—(P. 12.)

In 1751 Mr. Nasmyth's grandfather succeeded to the family business, and carried still higher its reputation for thoroughness  
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of workmanship. About this time Edinburgh began to be extended to the ground on the north of the Old City, beyond what used to be called the North Loch, through which the railway now runs; and Michael Nasmyth set the example of building the fine style of houses with which the modern part of Edinburgh is adorned. From his boyhood Mr. Nasmyth was taught by his father to admire the excellence of his grandfather's workmanship, and he believes that these early lessons had a great influence upon his after career. Not a little he thinks may be due to his grandmother, who, as is shown by a sampler she made in 1743, possessed exquisite skill in needlework. He is fain to think that her delicate manipulation in some respects descended to her grandchildren, who have all been distinguished for the delicate use of their fingers, either in artistic or in mechanical work. 'The power of transmitting to paper or canvas the artistic conceptions of the brain through the fingers, and out at the end of the needle, the pencil, the pen, or brush, or even the modelling tool or chisel, is that which, in practical fact, constitutes the true artist.'

This Michael Nasmyth left two sons, the second of whom, Alexander Nasmyth, the father of our engineer, became a distinguished painter, and it is in connection with him that we are introduced into the society of Edinburgh at the end of the last century. He was born in the Grassmarket on the 9th of September, 1758. Opposite the house in which he was born was the inn from which the first coach started from Edinburgh to Newcastle. The public notice stated that 'The Coach would set out from the Grass Market ilka Tuesday at Twa o'clock in the day, GOD WULLIN', but *whether or no* on Wednesday.' Mr. Nasmyth presumes that the 'whether or no,' was only meant as a warning to passengers that the coach would start, even though all the places were not taken, as though the Divine interposition were to be limited to the ensuring of due custom to the enterprise. It is strange to think that two lives, one of which happily still subsists, span the period of the immense revolution represented by the starting of the Edinburgh coach to Newcastle, on the one hand, and the commencement of electric locomotion on the other. Few things, it might well seem, are more surprising than the lack of surprise generally observable in men who are old enough to have witnessed the great mechanical transformation of life which has been effected within this century. To younger people it often seems as if the days of coaches must have belonged to a different world from the present, while their elders appear to be sensible of no vital change. It is but an illustration of the truth, that the human elements of life pre-  
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dominate in all ages over the material, and that the ordinary passions and struggles of human nature render the world substantially the same, whatever its external circumstances.

Alexander Nasmyth, at his own earnest request, was bound apprentice as painter to the chief coach-builder in Edinburgh. But his artistic skill was so marked that one day Allan Ramsay, then Court Painter to George III., happening to notice him at work at the coach-builder's, paid a considerable sum of money for the transfer of his indentures to himself. He took the lad to London, to assist him in the accessories of his work as a portrait-painter, and gave him the run of his studio. These advantages were turned to good account; and when Alexander Nasmyth was twenty years old, in 1778, he returned to Edinburgh to practise the profession of portrait-painter on his own behalf.

He soon obtained ample employment, and gained many friends. Among them was a man who deserves commendation as the pioneer of no less an invention than the steamboat, and this in the very form to which a recurrence was made a few years ago in the twin vessel 'Castalia,' constructed to run between Dover and Calais. The idea arose from the introduction into the Navy of the manœuvre known as 'breaking the line.' Mr. Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, a retired banker of Edinburgh, had already invented the famous Carronade gun, so called from the Carron Ironworks near Stirling, in which he was one of the largest shareholders; and it occurred to him that this naval manœuvre might be facilitated, if ships of war could be set in motion independently of wind, tide, or calms. Alexander Nasmyth, though the artistic faculty was predominant with him, inherited the family skill in mechanical contrivances, and was able to reduce Mr. Miller's ideas to a definite form in a series of drawings. The original design was to divide the vessel into twin or triple hulls, with paddles between them, to be worked by the crew. A double-hulled vessel of this kind was built, and was tried in the Firth of Forth on June 2, 1787. But the manual labour was evidently too exhausting; and a student of divinity who was on board, named Taylor, suggested the employment of steam-power. The same suggestion was made by a young engineer named Symington, who was at that time exhibiting a road locomotive in Edinburgh, and Mr. Miller gave him orders to construct a pair of engines for the purpose of his boat. The result was that on the 14th of October, 1788, the first steam vessel was tried on Dalswinton Lake. Like the former vessel, it was double-hulled, with the paddles between; and it 'steamed delightfully, at the rate of from four to five miles an hour, though this was not her

her extreme rate of speed.' Alexander Nasmyth drew a sketch of this remarkable vessel, which is reproduced in his son's pages ; and the occasion, memorable enough in itself, was made still more remarkable by the company who were present. On the vessel, besides Mr. Miller, Mr. Symington, the engineer, Alexander Nasmyth, Sir William Monteith, and William Taylor, was Robert Burns, the poet, who was then a tenant of Mr. Miller's ; and on the edge of the lake was a young gentleman then on a visit to Dalswinton, who was Henry Brougham. There was another remarkable feature about this experiment. The hull of the vessel was of iron ; it was constructed of tinned iron plate. Thus this very first attempt in steam navigation embodied the main ideas which have marked all the subsequent developments of the art. Mr. Miller is said to have spent 30,000*l.* on naval improvements, and, notwithstanding, to have been wholly overlooked by the Government. It illustrates the terrible cost at which wars are fought, that an invention of this importance was comparatively neglected amidst the great struggle of the next quarter of a century.

Alexander Nasmyth's services in working out Mr. Miller's schemes were rewarded with the generosity which characterizes all the chief persons who come before us in this book. Mr. Miller offered to lend him 500*l.* to prosecute his studies in Italy, and he was thus enabled to spend two years in Florence, Bologna, Padua, and other great schools of art. On his return he married, in 1786, Barbara Foulis, and of her gracious influence over her children's characters her son speaks in terms of the deepest affection and gratitude.

These were the happy days of Edinburgh life, of which we have already spoken. Among Alexander Nasmyth's companions, besides Robert Burns, were Sir Walter Scott, of whom there are several interesting reminiscences, Lockhart, Dr. Brewster, David Wilkie, Henry Cockburn, Francis Jeffrey, John A. Murray, Professor Wilson, the two Ballantynes, James Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd), and Henry Raeburn. There was then a great deal of club life in Edinburgh, of the best and most genial kind. The members met, not, as in the great clubs of modern London, for the sake of luxury or convenience, but to enjoy each other's society. The Dilettanti Club, for instance, to which the names just mentioned belonged, met every fortnight, on Thursday evenings, in a commodious tavern in the High Street ; and the drinks were restricted to Edinburgh ale and whisky toddy. Numerous touches reveal the geniality which prevailed among those choice spirits. Burns was a frequent companion of Mr. Nasmyth's father, and they  
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had many walks together in the romantic neighbourhood of the city. Mr. Nasmyth quotes Lockhart's saying, in his 'Life of Burns,' that 'the magnificent scenery of the Scottish capital filled the poet with extraordinary delight. In the spring mornings, he walked very often to the top of Arthur's Seat, and, lying prostrate on the turf, surveyed the rising of the sun out of the sea in silent admiration; his chosen companion on such occasions being that learned artist and ardent lover of nature, Alexander Nasmyth.'

Another of Alexander Nasmyth's favourite companions was the famous portrait-painter Raeburn, and Mr. Nasmyth as a boy often joined them in 'their afternoon walks round Edinburgh, particularly about Arthur's Seat. He says that he thus picked up many an idea that served him well in after-life, and he pays a just tribute to the charm of artists' society. 'Their innate and highly-cultivated power of observation, not only as regards the ever-varying aspects of nature, but also as regards the quaint, droll, and humorous varieties of character, concur in rendering their conversation most delightful.' He himself, as several sketches in this volume testify, is an artist of high capacity, and these artistic associations play a large part in his life.

But the club life of Edinburgh does not seem to have been any rival to the genialities of domestic hospitality. When the day's work was over, friends were wont to look in to his father's house to have a 'fire-side crack : ' sometimes scientific men, sometimes artists—often both. There was no formality about their visits. 'The visitor came in with his "Good e'en," and seated himself; the family went on with their work as before. The girls were usually busy with the needles, and others with pen and pencil. My father would go on with the artistic work he had in hand, for his industry was incessant.' The happy simplicity of habits, and the cheapness of many simple luxuries, facilitated this free hospitality. Mr. Nasmyth's father would never allow his visitors to go away without supper; but the meal did not cost much. 'Rizzard or Finnan haddies, or a dish of oysters, with a glass of Edinburgh ale and a rummer of toddy, concluded these friendly evenings,' and 'the freshest oysters, of the most glorious quality, were to be had at 2s. 6d. the hundred.' The reader will share in Mr. Nasmyth's feeling that these unostentatious and inexpensive gatherings of friends were a most delightful social institution. He fears that even in Edinburgh they have disappeared in the more showy and costly tastes of modern society, and it is one of the most unfortunate features of the life of the present day in London, that  
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there are no opportunities for such simple friendly intercourse. Doubtless in a vast city like London it would be out of the question for people to open their houses as freely as was practicable in the cozy society of Edinburgh a hundred years ago. The evening visits of friends must needs be restricted to occasions when they are expressly invited. But no reasonable excuse can be offered for the extravagant scale of entertainment which has now become usual, if not universal, among the middle and professional classes. Nobody is the happier for the expensive wines, the numerous dishes, and all the elaborate preparations, which are now thought necessary to a dinner-party. Among many bad results, one of the worst is to make the gatherings of friends rare, and proportionately uncomfortable. The host and hostess are on the strain in more ways than one; the effort is visibly too great; an undue number of guests are asked, in order to get rid of as many troublesome obligations as possible at one stroke; the dinner is so prolonged that the company have no sufficient opportunities of mixing together after it is over, and real interchange of thought and feeling is prevented rather than assisted. If a few serious professional people would have the courage to disregard these ridiculous, and even dishonest fashions, and would set the example of asking a few choice friends to simple dinners, a little better, but only a little better, than those they are daily content with themselves, they would do not a little to improve alike the moral, the mental, and even the physical health of society. In particular, it is a pity that the clergy do not set a better example in this respect. It is strictly within their office to foster habits of simplicity in the society around them, and if they would lead the way in this reform, they would command, not only respect for their example, but the strongest sympathy and support. Mr. Nasmyth says that the memory of those happy evenings at his father's table makes him think that, in spite of all the engineering and mechanical achievements of the present day, 'we are not a bit more happy than when all the vaunted triumphs of science and so-called education were in embryo.' But there is every reason why we should be happier. Increased facilities of travelling should help to bring friends together, and increased education should enhance the pleasures of conversation. All that is necessary is, that people should have the sense and the honesty to use their increased opportunities with moderation and economy, and with a determination not to sacrifice the real advantages of social intercourse to the vanities of social display.

Politics had an interesting share in determining the course of  
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Alexander Nasmyth's artistic career. He attached himself to the party of reform, attended Fox dinners, and expressed frank opinions respecting the necessity of remedying the glaring abuses of the day. But Edinburgh was then a much smaller place than it is now; 'there was more gossip, and perhaps espionage, among the better classes,' and Mr. Nasmyth received many hints from aristocratic and wealthy personages, that 'if this went on any longer they would withdraw from him their employment.' He did not alter his course, and his income from portrait-painting fell off rapidly. But instead of being discouraged, he turned his attention to landscape-painting, and achieved such success in it that he has been called 'The Father of Landscape-painting in Scotland.' Indeed it would seem there was nothing he could not have turned his hand to. His son describes him as an 'all-round man,' and says he had 'something of the Universal about him.' He was a painter, an architect, and a mechanic, and at the service of all his capacities he had 'a powerful store of common sense.' He was professionally consulted by the authorities of Edinburgh about the laying out of the streets of the New Town, and was the architect of the Dean Bridge which spans the new valley of the water of Leith. He was the inventor of the important method of constructing bridges known as the 'bow and string bridge;' and in mechanics he devised the method of riveting by compression, instead of by blows of the hammer, which is now universally used in all wrought-iron structures in which thoroughly sound riveting is essential. Mechanical work was, in fact, one of his greatest pleasures. Besides his painting-room, he had a work-room fitted up with all kinds of mechanical tools, and it was in this work-room that his son first learned to handle them. 'It was,' says Mr. Nasmyth, 'my primary technical school, the very foreground of my life.'

There was another faculty conspicuous in Mr. Nasmyth, and characteristic alike of his son and of his family. Mr. Nasmyth calls it 'the resourcefulness of the family,' and he gives several amusing instances of it. The most amusing of all, perhaps, is a story of his father's youthful days in London:—

'He had made arrangements with a sweetheart to take her to Ranelagh, one of the most fashionable places of public amusement in London. Everybody went in full dress, and the bucks and swells wore long striped silk stockings. My father, on searching, found that he had only one pair of silk stockings left. He washed them himself in his lodging-room, and hung them up before the fire to dry. When he went to look at them, they were so singed and burned that he could not put them on. They were totally useless. In this sad dilemma

dilemma his resourcefulness came to his aid. The happy idea occurred to him of painting his legs so as to resemble stockings. He went to his water-colour box, and dexterously painted them with black and white stripes. When the paint dried, which it soon did, he completed his toilet, met his sweetheart, and went to Ranelagh. No one observed the difference, except, indeed, that he was complimented on the perfection of the fit, and was asked "where he bought his stockings?" Of course he evaded all such questions, and left the gardens without any one discovering his artistic trick.'—(P. 25.)

Another instance is his device for planting with trees a rocky crag in the Duke of Athol's grounds, which it was impossible to climb. He had observed in front of the castle a pair of small cannon used for firing salutes on great days. He procured a number of tin canisters, filled them with suitable tree-seeds, and then fired them from the cannon against the face of the rock. The seeds were scattered in all directions; and this scheme of planting by artillery proved completely successful. His invention of the process of riveting by compression was an application of the same faculty. It arose from his having occasion to repair a stove on a Sunday morning, when he was reluctant to disturb his neighbours by the noise of a hammer. It occurred to him to use the jaws of his bench-vice to squeeze the hot rivets in when put into their places. The stove was thus repaired in perfect silence, and in remembrance of the special circumstances under which this silent and most effective method of riveting was contrived, he called it 'the Sunday Rivet.'

We must reluctantly leave Mr. Nasmyth's stories of his father's life, and turn to his own; but in doing so we must remark that one of the pleasantest features of this *Autobiography* is furnished by his happy and affectionate reminiscences of all his relations. A rare combination of mutual trust, respect, affection, and at the same time generous independence, is conspicuous in all his references to them. A happier model of family relations it would not be easy to find. One of the most touching episodes of the books is his account of his brother Patrick, the well-known landscape-painter—an enthusiastic student of nature, careless of money, and becoming the easy prey of the dealers, and dying at the age of forty-four of a cold caught in painting some picturesque old pollard willows up the Thames. Dr. Smiles, in his introduction, says that one of Mr. Nasmyth's principal objects in preparing the notes of his *Autobiography* was to introduce a memorial to his father, to whom he owed so much, and to whom he was so greatly attached through life; and he has succeeded in giving a picture, not only of his father, but of his whole family, which will be cherished by all who have

have read it as one of the most pleasant and wholesome examples of family affection which they have ever read. It is in homes like these that the men who make the strength of a country are formed.

Mr. Nasmyth himself appears to have displayed his characteristic virtue very early. His mother told him that he must have been 'a very noticin' bairn,' since she observed him, when only a few days old, following with his little eyes any one who happened to be in the room, as if he had been thinking to his little self 'who are you?' 'A noticin' bairn' he has remained all through life, and not content with observing things in this planet, he has spent a good part of his leisure in 'noticin' the sun and moon, with such effect as to throw new and important light on their structure. His education was a strange combination of haphazard, stupidity, and skill. He used to go with the servants of the household, who lived in the confidential relations with the family which were among the best features of the old times, to the Calton Hill, to wait while the clothes bleached in the sun. It happened that on the northern side of this hill there were many workshops, where interesting trades were carried on—such as those of copper-smiths, tin-smiths, brass-founders, gold-beaters, and blacksmiths. Little boys looked in and saw the men at work amidst the blaze of fires and the beatings of hammers; and Mr. Nasmyth thinks he may almost say that this row of busy workshops was his first school of practical education. But he went to one of the chief private schools of Edinburgh, where his 'primitive method of spelling by ear, in accordance with the simple sound of the letters of the alphabet,' brought him into collision with his teacher. He got many a 'cuff' on the side of his head, and many a 'palmy' on his hands with a thick strap of hard leather. He observes that 'it is a very cowardly act to deal with a little boy in so cruel a manner, and to send him home with his back and fingers tingling, and sometimes bleeding, because he cannot learn so quickly as his fellows.' It is, indeed, amazing that this cruelty should have been practised in the teaching and training of boys until within the experience of many living men of middle age. This particular master was vicious and vindictive. On one occasion he got out of temper with Mr. Nasmyth's dulness 'in not comprehending something about a "preter-pluperfect tense," or some mystery of that sort.' He seized him by the ears, and beat his head against the wall behind him with such savage violence, that when he was let go, stunned and unable to stand, he fell forward on the floor bleeding violently at the nose, and with a terrific headache. 'The wretch,' as Mr. Nasmyth says, 'might have

have ruined my brain for life.' His father threatened the man with a summons for assault, but on making a humble apology he was let off. The incident, we fear, was no unusual one in those days; and it is difficult not to think that incalculable injury must have been inflicted on little boys by such usage.

In 1817, when only nine years old, he went to the Edinburgh High School; and there too, though he was of course better treated, his time was still very much wasted for the purposes of real education. He thinks that, had the master explained to his pupils the close relation between Latin and Greek roots and the familiar words of their own language, they might have been interested in the subject. But their memories were strained by 'being made to say off by heart, as it was absurdly called, whole batches of grammatical rules, with all the botheration of irregular verbs and suchlike.' The real difficulty, however, is revealed by the fact, that his master had to teach a class of nearly two hundred boys. The first condition of thoughtful teaching and of considerate handling of boys is that the masters should not have too many under their charge to render individual attention practicable. When one man has to teach two hundred boys, none but rough and ready processes are possible. The only real lesson young Nasmyth learned during his three years at the High School was, he thinks, the duty of doing his tasks punctually and cheerfully, however disagreeable they might be. This, as he says, is an exercise that is very useful in later years; but there is no reason why it should not be taught with more profitable accompaniments. He left the High School in 1820, carrying with him a small amount of Latin, and no Greek. We think it was the present President of the French Ministry, M. Ferry, who, when Minister of Public Instruction a few years ago, asked whether it was necessary for boys to spend half-a-dozen years of their lives 'in not learning Latin,' and the question is a difficult one to answer. But Mr. Nasmyth makes an observation on the subject which curiously illustrates the different points of view which different minds take of the subjects of instruction. He wanted, he says, 'something more living and quickening' than the dead languages; and he found it in arithmetic and geometry. There are plenty of boys and young men to whom, under the care of a judicious master, the dead languages and the classical authors are full of life, but to whom Euclid and arithmetic are utterly dead and barren. The sympathy Mr. Nasmyth displays with human life assures us that, if properly taught, he might in time have taken plenty of interest in the dead languages; and he might then have avoided in his old age translating a motto, or rather a part of

a motto, on his ancestors' tomb, '*Ars mihi vim contra fortunæ*,' to mean 'art is my strength in contending against fortune.' If this is a fair specimen of his construing as a boy, it is not surprising if his teachers were sometimes irritated. However, there can be no question of the melancholy blundering exhibited by such a record of a clever boy's instruction up to the age of thirteen, and Mr. Smiles justly draws attention in his Preface to the light which Mr. Nasmyth's experience casts upon the true method of education. It was the training he received from his father, and the practical experience he picked up in some of the workshops and foundries of Edinburgh, which provided the best part of his education.

He made several friends at the High School, and among these schoolfellows were the sons of a large ironfounder and of a practical chemist. He seems to have won the hearts of both these gentlemen and of their best workmen, and got initiated into the secrets of their arts. He looks back to those days as a most important period in his education as a mechanical engineer. Instead of merely reading about such things, which would have been of little use, he 'saw and handled,' and thus all the ideas connected with them became permanently rooted in his mind. The father of his chemical friend encouraged him and his own boy to prepare for themselves the acids and other substances used in their experiments. They bought nothing ready made, and thus they became familiar with the properties of all the materials with which they had to deal. This, he observes, may appear a very troublesome and roundabout method, but he is sure there is no better means of rooting chemical or any other instruction deeply in the mind. He fears that the technical instruction of the present day is very defective in this respect, and that there is little of real technical handiness or head work called out in it. The following observations may well be taken to heart in reference to many subjects besides engineering:—

'I often observe, in shop-windows, every detail of model ships and model steam-engines, supplied ready made for those who are "said to be" of an ingenious and mechanical turn. Thus the vital uses of resourcefulness are done away with, and a sham exhibition of mechanical genius is paraded before you by the young impostors—the result, for the most part, of too free a supply of pocket money. I have known too many instances of parents being led by such false evidence of constructive skill to apprentice their sons to some engineering firm; and, after paying vast sums, finding out that the pretender comes out of the engineering shop with no other practical accomplishment than that of glove-wearing and cigar-smoking!

'The truth is that the eyes and the fingers—the bare fingers—are the

the two principal inlets to sound practical instruction. They are the chief sources of trustworthy knowledge in all the materials and operations which the engineer has to deal with. No *book* knowledge can avail for that purpose. The nature and properties of the materials must come in through the finger ends. Hence, I have no faith in young engineers who are addicted to wearing gloves. Gloves, especially kid gloves, are perfect non-conductors of technical knowledge. This has really more to do with the efficiency of young aspirants for engineering success than most people are aware of. Yet kid gloves are now considered the genteel thing.—(P. 96.)

All this training in the practice of engineering was supplemented by his father's constant lessons in the art of drawing. His eye and hand were constantly being educated in drawing simple objects. His father would throw down at random a number of bricks, and set him to copy their forms and proportions, their lights and shadows. He was an enthusiast in favour of this graphic language, and it formed a principal part of his son's education. It gave him the power of recording observations with a few strokes of the pencil, and proved one of his most useful accomplishments, serving him many a good turn in after years in his engineering business. With all this he was constantly busy; mind, hands, and body being kept in a state of delightful and instructive activity. When not drawing he was occupied in his father's workshop at the lathe, the furnace, or the bench. He made his own tools, constructed his own chemical apparatus, and gradually became initiated into every variety of mechanical and chemical manipulation. At last he became skilled enough to construct small workshop steam-engines, one of which he provided for his father's workshop, to grind the oil colours used in his artistic work. He then constructed sectional models of the steam-engine, one for the Edinburgh School of Arts, and another for the use of Professor Leslie, in his lectures on Natural Philosophy. The latter piece of work procured him not only free admission to the Professor's class, but his personal friendship and private instruction. The price he charged for his models was 10*l.*, and of this he made over a third to his father, as some sort of help towards his maintenance, and with the rest he purchased tickets of admission to various courses of lectures in the University on subjects connected with natural philosophy. The manner in which he contrived, with such simple means, to get all this work done affords a striking illustration alike of the perseverance and of the 'resourcefulness' with which he was gifted:—

'I got up early in the mornings to work at my father's lathe, and I

sat up late at night to do the brass castings in my bedroom. Some of this, however, I did during the daytime, when not attending the University classes. The way in which I converted my bedroom into a brassfoundry was as follows: I took up the carpet so that there might be nothing but the bare boards to be injured by the heat. My furnace in the grate was made of four plates of stout sheet iron, lined with fire-brick, corner to corner. To get the requisite sharp draught I bricked up with single bricks the front of the fireplace, leaving a hole at the back of the furnace for the short pipe just to fit into. The fuel was generally gas coke and cinders saved from the kitchen. The heat I raised was superb—a white heat, sufficient to melt in a crucible six or eight pounds of brass.

‘Then I had a box of moulding sand, where the moulds were gently rammed in around the pattern previous to the casting. But how did I get my brass? All the old brassworks in my father’s workshop drawers and boxes were laid under contribution. This brass being for the most part soft and yellow, I made it extra hard by the addition of a due proportion of tin. It was then capable of taking a pure finished edge. When I had exhausted the stock of old brass, I had to buy old copper or new in the form of ingot or tile copper, and when melted I added to it one-seventh of its weight of pure tin, which yielded the strongest alloy of the two metals. When cast into any required form this was a treat to work, so sound and close was the grain, and so durable in resisting wear and tear. This is the true bronze or gun metal.

‘When melted, the liquid brass was let into the openings, until the whole of the moulds were filled. After the metal cooled it was taken out; and when the room was sorted up no one could have known that my foundry operations had been carried on in my bedroom. My brassfoundry was right over my father’s bedroom. He had forbidden me to work late at night, as I did occasionally on the sly. Sometimes when I ought to have been asleep I was detected by the sound of the ramming in of the sand of the moulding boxes. On such occasions my father let me know that I was disobeying his orders by rapping on the ceiling of his bedroom with a slight wooden rod of ten feet that he kept for measuring purposes. But I got over that difficulty by placing a bit of old carpet under my moulding boxes as a non-conductor of sound, so that no ramming could afterwards be heard. My dear mother also was afraid that I should damage my health by working so continuously. She would come into the work-room late in the evening, when I was working at the lathe or the vice, and say, “Ye’ll kill yerself, laddie, by working so hard and so late.” Yet she took a great pride in seeing me so busy and so happy.’—(P. 115.)

But for some of his work he needed larger machinery, and for this he was again indebted, partly to his happy faculty of making friends, and partly to the generous disposition which is characteristic of the whole society amidst which we move in these

these pages. A neighbour, named George Douglass, had raised himself by intelligence and energy from the position of a 'jobbing-smith' to found a considerable trade in steam-engines; and whenever young Mr. Nasmyth had any considerable bit of steel or iron forging to be done, a forge-fire and anvil were always at his service at George Douglass's foundry. Wishing to make a return for this act of kindness, he resolved to construct for his friend an improved steam-engine. He constructed one which proved so efficient, that it not merely set all the lathes and mechanical tools in brisk activity, but supplied a new energy to the workmen themselves. George Douglass told him that 'the busy hum of the wheels and the active, smooth, rhythmic sound of the merry little engine had, through some sympathetic agency, so quickened the strokes of every hammer, chisel, and file in his workmen's hands, that it nearly doubled the output of work for the same wages.' In connection with this incident, he narrates the following curious story, which was told him by his father:—

'The sympathy of activity acting upon the workmen's hands cannot be better illustrated than by a story told me by my father. A master tailor in a country town employed a number of workmen. They had been to see some tragic melodrama performed by some players in a booth at the fair. While there, a very slow, doleful, but catching air was played, which so laid hold of the tailors' fancy, that for some time after they were found slowly whistling or humming the doleful ditty, the movement of their needles keeping time to it; the result was that the clothing that should have been sent home on Saturday was not finished until the Wednesday following. The music had done it! The master tailor, being something of a philosopher, sent his men to the play again; but he arranged that they should be treated with lively merry airs. The result was that the lively airs displaced the doleful ditty; and the tailors' needles again reverted to their accustomed quickness.

'However true the story may be, it touches an important principle in regard to the stimulation of activity by the rapid movements or sounds of machinery, which influence every workman within their sight or hearing. We all know the influence of a quick merry air, played by fife and drum, upon the step and marching of a regiment of soldiers. It is the same with the quick movements of a steam-engine upon the activity of workmen.'—(P. 118.)

It is pleasant to read that the steam-engine thus presented out of gratitude to George Douglass enabled him materially to extend his business, so that in course of time he was able to retire with a considerable fortune. Mr. Nasmyth quietly and steadily pursued his own career, and in 1827, when he was only nineteen, actually succeeded in constructing a road steam-carriage

carriage for the Scottish Society of Arts. Many successful trials were made of it, the runs being generally of four or five miles, with a load of eight passengers sitting on benches about three feet from the ground. The experiments were continued for nearly three months, and gave great satisfaction; but the experiment was regarded as possessing merely scientific interest, without any commercial value. The Society of Arts gave the carriage back to Mr. Nasmyth, and he broke it up, and sold the two engines for 67*l*.

But he had now apparently got to the end of the resources and the instruction he could command in Edinburgh. He was wont to visit the various establishments in that city in which engines were at work, making friends with the tenters, and enquiring into the relative merits of the engines of different makers. He found that the best engines were reputed to owe their excellence to the employment of the machine-tools which had been introduced by Maudslay, the London engineer. He was led to believe that Maudslay's Works were the very centre and climax of all that was excellent in mechanical workmanship, and in course of time his desire to see these celebrated works developed into a passion. The manner in which this passion was gratified is one of the most striking parts of the *Autobiography*, and would of itself go far to explain Mr. Nasmyth's ultimate success.

His father had an introduction to Maudslay, and they reached London by a Leith smack, 'after a pleasant four days' voyage,' in the latter part of May 1829. It was to him 'a most glorious and exciting scene' to see the banks of the Thames, 'with the Kent orchards in full blossom, and the frequent passages of steamers with bands of music, and their decks crowded with pleasure-seekers, together with the sight of numbers of noble merchant-ships in the river;' and he was equally struck by the trees and shrubs in the squares, and 'the loveliness of Regent's Park.' But he and his father lost no time in finding their way to Mr. Maudslay, to whom they had an introduction. The first reply of the great engineer was discouraging. His experience, he said, of pupil apprentices had been so unsatisfactory, that he and his partner had determined to discontinue receiving them, no matter at what premium. But he invited the father and son to go round his works, and the wonderful machinery made Mr. Nasmyth 'more tremblingly anxious than ever to obtain some employment *there*, in however humble a capacity.' As they passed the steam-engine which gave motion to the tools and machinery, the man in attendance on it was engaged in cleaning out the ashes from under the boiler furnace, and on the  
spur

spur of the moment Mr. Nasmyth exclaimed to Mr. Maudslay, 'If you would only permit me to do such a job as that in your service, I should consider myself most fortunate.' I shall never forget, says Mr. Nasmyth, 'the keen but kindly look that he gave me. "So," said he, "you are one of that sort are you?" I was inwardly delighted at his words.' In order to satisfy Mr. Maudslay that he was a regular working engineer, he had made with special care a most complete working model of a high-pressure engine. Every part of it, including the patterns, the castings, the forgings, were the result of his own individual handiwork; and he says he turned out this sample of his ability as an engineer workman in such a manner as he would even now be proud to own. With the same purpose he executed several specimens of his ability as a mechanical draughtsman, with some samples of his skill in hand-sketching of machines, and parts of machines, in perspective. He knew this to be a somewhat rare and much-valued acquirement, and one that Mr. Maudslay could not fail to appreciate. When they had gone the round of the works, he asked leave to show these models and drawings, and was allowed to do so the following morning. After twenty minutes' inspection of these examples of handiwork, Mr. Maudslay at once introduced the young engineer into his private workshop. 'This,' he said, 'is where I wish you to work, beside me, as my assistant workman. From what I have seen, there is no need of an apprenticeship in your case.'

This workshop was the inner shrine of Maudslay's establishment. It was an historical museum of mechanism, exhibiting the successive steps of the master in his career of invention. He is described by Mr. Nasmyth as equally remarkable for his kindly nature, his shrewd wisdom, and his extraordinary mechanical skill. His character is well summed up in the following passage:—

'It was one of his favourite maxims, "First, get a clear notion of what you desire to accomplish, and then in all probability you will succeed in doing it." Another was, "Keep a sharp look-out upon your materials; get rid of every pound of material you can do without; put to yourself the question, "What business has it to be there?" avoid complexities, and make everything as simple as possible.' Mr. Maudslay was full of quaint maxims and remarks, the result of much shrewdness, keen observation, and great experience. They were well worthy of being stored up in the mind, like a set of proverbs, full of the life and experience of men. His thoughts became compressed into pithy expressions exhibiting his force of character and intellect. His quaint remarks on my first visit to his workshop, and on subsequent occasions, proved to me invaluable guides

guides to "right thinking" in regard to all matters connected with mechanical structure.'—(P. 130.)

He took young Nasmyth at once into his confidence, and treated him not as an apprentice, but as a friend. He advised him to take a week to make some acquaintance with London, and to see some of his father's friends. The first of these friends whom they met was Henry Brougham; and it is gratifying to read how cordially Brougham welcomed and assisted the son of his friend in former days in Scotland. He offered him introductions to men of science in London, and lost no time in giving him a letter to Faraday, at the Royal Institution. Mr. Nasmyth's father was also welcomed by several of the leading artists in London, including Wilkie, Stanfield, and David Roberts; and the young man had thus the privilege of admission to a number of congenial and happy homes.

Mr. Nasmyth had practically won the battle of his engineering career when he had obtained this appointment. But there was abundance of hard work before him, and the modest view he took of his position was a striking proof of his worthiness to occupy it. He was already, as will have been seen, a mechanical engineer of considerable skill, capable of constructing steam-engines which commanded a fair price. But when at the end of his first week's work Mr. Maudslay desired him to go to the chief cashier to arrange for receiving whatever amount of weekly payment he might consider satisfactory, he had no notion of asking any but the most humble wages. 'Knowing,' he says, 'as I did, the great advantages of my situation, and having a very modest notion of my own worthiness to occupy it, I said, in answer to Mr. Young's question as to the amount of wages I desired, that "if he did not think ten shillings a week too much, I could do well enough with that." "Very well," said he, "let it be so." And he handed me over half a sovereign.' But on this half-sovereign a week Mr. Nasmyth meant to live, as he had determined that, after obtaining a situation, he would not cost his father another shilling. He had saved 20*l.*, and he sold for 35*l.* the model steam-engine he had made to show Mr. Maudslay. This little fund he put into the bank as a deposit account, and relied on it to meet any expenses beyond those of the current week. But he was resolved that his wages alone should maintain him in food and lodging, and he soon found that a moderate dinner at an eating-house would cost more than he could afford to spend. So, in order to keep within his weekly income, he bought the raw materials and cooked them in his own way and to his own taste. This is another instance of the 'resourcefulness' which he inherited,  
and

and affords an example which might be widely imitated. He says:—

‘I set to and made a drawing of a very simple, compact, and handy cooking apparatus. I took the drawing to a tinsmith near at hand, and in two days I had it in full operation. The apparatus cost ten shillings, including the lamp. As it contributed in no small degree to enable me to carry out my resolution, and as it may serve as a lesson to others who have an earnest desire to live economically, I think it may be useful to give a drawing and a description of my cooking stove.

‘The cooking or meat pan rested on the upper rim of the external cylindrical case, and was easily removable in order to be placed handy for service. The requisite heat was supplied by an oil lamp with three small single wicks, though I found that one wick was enough. I put the meat in the pot, with the other comestibles, at nine o'clock in the morning. It simmered away all day, until half-past six in the evening, when I came home with a healthy appetite to enjoy my dinner. I well remember the first day that I set the apparatus to work. I ran to my lodging, at about four p.m., to see how it was going on. When I lifted the cover it was simmering beautifully, and such a savoury gusto came forth that I was almost tempted to fall to and discuss the contents. But the time had not yet come, and I ran back to my work.

‘The meat I generally cooked in it was leg of beef, with sliced potato, bits of onion chopped down, and a modicum of white pepper and salt, with just enough of water to cover “the elements.” When stewed slowly the meat became very tender, and the whole yielded a capital dish, such as a very Soyer might envy.\* It was partaken of with a zest that, no doubt, was a very important element in its savouriness. The whole cost of this capital dinner was about 4½d. I sometimes varied the meat with rice boiled with a few raisins and a pennyworth of milk. My breakfast and tea, with bread, cost me about 4d. each. My lodgings cost 3s. 6d. a week. A little multiplication will satisfy any one how it was that I contrived to live economically and comfortably on my ten shillings a week. In the following year my wages were raised to fifteen shillings a week, and then I began to take butter to my bread.’—(P. 143.)

A man who, in spite of his acquirements, his introductions, and the comfortable home in which he had been brought up, could thus begin at the very beginning, and support himself on ten shillings a week by the aid of his own contrivances, could not fail of success. He gradually acquired more and more of Mr. Maudslay's confidence, and his master's death, in 1831,

\* ‘I have,’ he says, ‘this handy apparatus by me still; and to prove its possession of its full original efficiency I recently set it in action after its rest of fifty years, and found that it yielded results quite equal to my grateful remembrance of its past services.’

was a great grief to him. After spending a few months in the service of Mr. Maudslay's partner and successor, he thought the time had come for him to begin business on his own account. He parted with mutual good will from his employer, who allowed him to take castings of one of the best turning-lathes in the establishment. With these he started for Edinburgh, rented a small piece of land near his father's house, and erected a temporary workshop, 24 feet long by 16 feet wide. Here he supported himself by some odd jobs, while he was mainly engaged in constructing a stock of machine-tools for the purpose of his business. When they were completed, he resolved to commence his work in Liverpool or Manchester. He had seen striking evidences of the natural aptitude of Lancashire workmen for every kind of mechanical employment. Comparing them with the workmen he had seen in London, he found 'they were men of greater character; they struck harder on the anvil; their minds were more capacious; their ingenuity was more inventive.' He felt sure that either in Liverpool or Manchester he could settle down with his limited capital and tools, and in course of time contrive to get on, 'helped by energy, self-reliance, and determination.' He had several introductions to leading men in Liverpool and Manchester; and once more we are struck with the generous spirit he encountered. One example must suffice. He was introduced to the Messrs. Grant, the famous 'Brothers Cheeryble' of Dickens. The head of this firm asked him to dinner, and enquired about his plans; and the conversation must be told by Mr. Nasmyth himself:—

'I told him, as briefly as I could, that I intended to begin the business of a mechanical engineer on a very moderate scale, and that I had been looking out for premises wherein to commence operations. He seemed interested, and asked more questions. I related to him my little history, and told him of my desires, hopes, and aspirations. "What was my age?" "Twenty-six." "That is a very young age at which to begin business on your own account." "Yes; but I have plenty of work in me, and I am very economical." Then he pressed his questions home. "But what is your capital?" I told him that my capital in cash was 63*l*. "What!" he said, "that will do very little for you when Saturday nights come round." "That's true," I answered; "but as there will be only myself and Archy Torry to provide for, I think I can manage to get along very well until profitable work comes in."

'He whispered to me to "keep my heart up!" With such views, he said, I was sure to do well. And if, he added, on any Saturday night I wanted money to pay wages or other expenses, I would find a credit for 500*l*. at three per cent. at his office in Cannon Street, "and no security." These were his very words. What could have been more

more generous? I could only whisper my earnest thanks for his warm-hearted kindness. He gave me a kindly squeeze of the hand in return, which set me in a glow of gladness. He also gave me a sort of wink that I shall never forget—a most knowing wink. In looking at me he seemed to turn his eye round and brought his eyebrows down upon it in a sudden and extraordinary manner. I thought it was a mere confirmation of his kind advice to “keep my heart up!” It was not until two years after that I found, from a mutual friend, that the eye in question was *made of glass*! Sometimes the glass eye got slightly out of its place, and Mr. Grant had to force it in again by this odd contortion of his eyebrows, which I translated into all manner of kind intentions.’—(P. 186.)

But this is no exceptional instance of the generosity he experienced. He says that, though he has heard a great deal of the ingratitude and selfishness of the world, ‘It may have been my good fortune, but I have never experienced either of those unfeeling conditions. On the whole, I have found a great deal of unselfish kindness among my fellow-beings. They have often turned out of their way to do me a service; and I can never be too grateful for the unwearied kindness, civility, and generosity of the friends I encountered during my stay in Lancashire.’ Something, no doubt, was due to Mr. Nasmyth’s own capacity for evoking such generosity. A man who is suspicious, discontented, and wanting in self-reliance, awakes suspicion and distrust in others. But modesty, self-reliance, and a generous disposition, never fail to awaken confidence in return; and if a young man finds the world unkind to him, he may generally be sure it is his own fault. Most of all is this true in a society like that of the Lancashire manufacturers of that day. They had made their own way in the world, and felt a kindly sympathy for any young man who was following their example. The brothers Grant, for instance, were the sons of a herdsman or cattle-dealer, whose occupation consisted in driving cattle from the far north of Scotland to the pastures of Cheshire and Lancashire. ‘The father was generally accompanied by his three sons, who marched barefoot, as was the custom of north-country lads in those days. Being shrewd fellows, they viewed with interest the thriving looks and well-fed condition of the Lancashire folks.’ They were attracted by the beauty of the scenery near the works of Sir Robert Peel at Nuttal, and they resolved to seek for employment in the neighbourhood. To decide their course, they put up a stick, and agreed to follow in the direction in which it should fall. It fell in the direction of Ramsbotham, then a little village on the river Irwell, and here they found employment. They soon saved money, and they  
invested

invested it in a little print-work, and gradually extended their business till they became great capitalists and manufacturers. In course of time, on Sir Robert Peel's retirement from business, the Grants were able to purchase the whole of his works in the neighbourhood; and thus the barefoot lads, by no other means than their own industry, economy, and shrewdness, became possessors of the very property which had at first excited their imagination. They never forgot the working class from which they had sprung, and spared no expense in providing for the moral, intellectual, and physical interests of their workpeople.

As one reads narrative after narrative of this kind, one is struck more and more with the admirable character of the old Scotch training which produced men of this stamp. There was doubtless a splendid natural stock to work upon; but long generations of moral education must have been needed to produce such extraordinary steadiness of character. A good deal, both in Scotland and in the northern counties of England, must be ascribed to the centuries of warfare in which the people had been trained. War alone, indeed, as Ireland proves too surely, will not suffice to develop such fine qualities if the basis for them does not subsist. But if men have the inherent capacity for endurance, faithfulness, enterprise, and prudence, there is no such school as war for developing these characteristics. The late Professor Brewer has some excellent remarks on this point in his invaluable '*Elementary Atlas of History and Geography*.' He observes (p. 123) that—

'the space north of the Humber and the Dee on the Scottish border was little better than debatable land after the Norman Conquest, subject to the incursions of the Normans on the one side and of the Scotch on the other. It was the misfortune of this part of the nation to be subjected at three successive eras to all the calamities which so exposed a position is sure to inflict. But these calamities were not without advantage. They issued in the production of a people singularly acute, energetic, and enterprising; and the men of Yorkshire and Lancashire, who have since led the way to conquests of a vast, enduring, but more peaceful and important kind, were trained to these triumphs over nature by a life of unceasing warfare in mediæval times. It is strange that that part of this island should be most occupied by men dealing with the hard realities of life, every inch of which is hallowed by some romantic association, every castle and every abbey of which calls up more vividly than elsewhere the religious and chivalrous feelings of the Middle Ages.'

One very interesting circumstance is mentioned by Mr. Nasmyth, which connects the Lancashire of the present even more

more directly with the Lancashire of the past. The mechanical excellence of the workmen of Manchester can be traced back to the Norman smiths and armourers, introduced into the neighbourhood at the Norman Conquest by Hugo de Lupus, the chief armourer of William the Conqueror, after the battle of Hastings. He settled at Hatton Castle in North Cheshire soon after the Conquest, and his workmen resided in Warrington and the adjacent villages of Appleton, Widnes, Prescott, and Cuerdley. They produced coats of steel, mail armour, and steel and iron weapons, under Hugo's superintendence. The manufacture thus founded continued for many centuries, and when the use of armour was discontinued, the same skill was devoted to the production of files and other steel tools. Most of the workmen's peculiar names for tools and implements are said to be traceable to old Norman-French words. At Prescott, moreover, a peculiar class of workmen has long been established, who are celebrated for their great skill in clock and watch making; and there seems reason to believe that they are the direct descendants of a swarm of workmen from Hugo de Lupus's original Norman band of refined metalworkers. Mr. Nasmyth himself exhibits characteristic sympathy with the Norman character, and a great love for the expression of it in Norman architecture. He says that no style of architecture he has ever seen has so impressed him with its intrinsic gravity and solemnity as that of the Normans. He speaks of 'the serious earnestness in its grave simplicity.' There is to him 'an impressiveness in the simple massive dignity of the Norman castles and cathedrals, which no other buildings possess. There is an expression of terrible earnestness about them.' It is this quality, no doubt, which is at the root of the admirable workmanship which the descendants of the Norman settlers have inherited; and it is not to be forgotten that Mr. Nasmyth himself, if not descended from this school of workmen, belongs to the border-race whose training Mr. Brewer describes.

From the time when Mr. Nasmyth hired a flat in Manchester, the progress of his business was equally steady and rapid. At last, having undertaken to construct an engine too large for his workshop, the beam, by misfortune, crashed through the floor into the flat underneath, to the natural dismay of a glass-cutter by whom it was occupied, and it became necessary for him to settle elsewhere. He had long had his eye on a very eligible plot of land near Patricroft, bounded on the one side by the Bridgewater Canal, edged by a neat stone margin 1050 feet long, on another side by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, while on a third side it was bounded by a good road, accessible from all sides.

sides. He obtained a lease of it for 999 years at a moderate rent, and at once commenced the erection of the Bridgwater Foundry—so called ‘as an appropriate and humble tribute to the memory of the first great canal-maker in Britain, the noble Duke of Bridgwater.’

It would occupy another article if we were to attempt to follow Mr. Nasmyth's successive steps in mechanical invention, and in the development of this famous establishment. He proved equal to any requirement that might arise in the necessities of modern engineering; he could always invent a new tool for a new occasion; and an interesting chronological list of these numerous contrivances is given at the end of the *Autobiography*. It will be enough, as an illustration of the rest, to mention the way in which the steam-hammer and the steam pile-driver, his two most famous inventions, arose. When the ‘Great Britain’ steamship was projected in 1839, it was at first intended that she should be driven by paddles, and for this purpose a paddle-shaft was required of a size and diameter such as had never yet been forged. But it proved that there was not a forge-hammer in England or Scotland powerful enough for the purpose. The engineer applied to Mr. Nasmyth, and the result must be described by himself:—

‘This letter immediately set me a-thinking. How was it that the existing hammers were incapable of forging a wrought-iron shaft of thirty inches diameter? Simply because of their want of compass, of range and fall, as well as of their want of power of blow. A few moments’ rapid thought satisfied me that it was by our rigidly adhering to the old traditional form of a smith’s hand hammer—of which the forge and tilt hammer, although driven by water or steam power, were mere enlarged modifications—that the difficulty had arisen; as, whenever the largest forge hammer was tilted up to its full height, its range was so small that when a piece of work of considerable size was placed on the anvil the hammer became “gagged;” so that, when the forging required the most powerful blow, it received next to no blow at all, as the clear space for the fall of the hammer was almost entirely occupied by the work on the anvil.

‘The obvious remedy was to contrive some method by which a ponderous block of iron should be lifted to a sufficient height above the object on which it was desired to strike a blow, and then to let the block fall down upon the forging, guiding it in its descent by such simple means as should give the required precision in the percussive action of the falling mass. Following out this idea, I got out my “Scheme Book,” on the pages of which I generally *thought out*, with the aid of pen and pencil, such mechanical adaptations as I had conceived in my mind, and was thereby enabled to render them visible. I then rapidly sketched out my steam hammer, having it all  
clearly

clearly before me in my mind's eye. In little more than half an hour after receiving Mr. Humphries's letter narrating his unlooked-for difficulty, I had the whole contrivance, in all its executant details, before me in a page of my Scheme Book, a reduced photographed copy of which I append to this description. The date of this first drawing was the 24th November, 1839.

'My Steam Hammer, as thus first sketched, consisted of, first, a massive anvil on which to rest the work; second, a block of iron constituting the hammer or blow-giving portion; and, third, an inverted steam cylinder to whose piston-rod the hammer-block was attached. All that was then required to produce a most effective hammer was simply to admit steam of sufficient pressure into the cylinder, so as to act on the under-side of the piston, and thus to raise the hammer-block attached to the end of the piston-rod. By a very simple arrangement of a slide valve, under the control of an attendant, the steam was allowed to escape, and thus permit the massive block of iron rapidly to descend by its own gravity upon the work then upon the anvil.

'Thus, by the more or less rapid manner in which the attendant allowed the steam to enter or escape from the cylinder, any required number or any intensity of blows could be delivered. Their succession might be modified in an instant. The hammer might be arrested and suspended according to the requirements of the work. The workman might thus, as it were, *think in blows*. He might deal them out on to the ponderous glowing mass, and mould or knead it into the desired form as if it were a lump of clay; or pat it with gentle taps according to his will, or at the desire of the forgerman.

'Rude and rapidly sketched out as it was, this, my first delineation of the steam-hammer, will be found to comprise all the essential elements of the invention. Every detail of the drawing retains to this day the form and arrangement which I gave to it forty-three years ago. I believed that the steam-hammer would prove practically successful; and I looked forward to its general employment in the forging of heavy masses of iron. It is no small gratification to me now, when I look over my rude and hasty first sketch, to find that I hit the mark so exactly, not only in the general structure but in the details; and that the invention, as I then conceived it and put it into shape, still retains its form and arrangements intact in the thousands of steam-hammers that are now doing good service in the mechanical arts throughout the civilized world.—(P. 239.)

Such was the simple and apparently facile origin of one of the most momentous of mechanical inventions. Easy as its invention seems after the event, it was the result of the long and thorough mechanical training which Mr. Nasmyth had undergone. We may apply to the case the saying of the French painter when told that he asked a high price for a drawing which he had made in five minutes. 'But it has taken me twenty-five years to

to learn to do it in five minutes.' It had taken Mr. Nasmyth some twenty years of patient work to learn how to invent his steam-hammer in half an hour. Perhaps a still more remarkable application of his skill was his application of this principle to the purpose of driving piles. This, too, arose in answer to an exceptional requirement. The Devonport Docks were to be extended, and an immense portion of the shore of the Hamoaze had to be walled in so as to exclude the tide. To effect this, a vast amount of pile-driving was necessary, and the contractors enquired of Mr. Nasmyth whether he could apply the principle of his steam-hammer for the purpose. In fact, he had already secured a patent for it. Two instruments were at once constructed, and, amidst great curiosity on the part of the workmen in the dockyard, were set to work. The plan was to fix a moveable steam-hammer, with four-ton hammer-blocks, on the top of the pile which was to be driven. The shoulder of the pile acts as the sole supporter of the hammer-block and cylinder. This heavy weight of itself tends to drive the pile down, while the 'momentum given by the repeated fall of the hammer, at eighty blows the minute, brings the constant dead-weight into full action.' The account of the first trial of this remarkable invention is very graphic and interesting:—

'There was a great deal of curiosity in the dockyard as to the action of the new machine. The pile-driving machine men gave me a good-natured challenge to vie with them in driving down a pile. They adopted the old method, while I adopted the new one. The resident managers sought out two great pile logs of equal size and length—70 feet long and 18 inches square. At a given signal we started together. I let in the steam, and the hammer at once began to work. The four-ton block showered down blows at the rate of eighty a minute; and in the course of *four and a half minutes* my pile was driven down to its required depth. The men working at the ordinary machine had only begun to drive. It took them upwards of *twelve hours* to complete the driving of their pile.

'Such a saving of time in the performance of similar work—by steam *versus* manual labour—had never before been achieved. The energetic action of my steam-hammer, sitting on the shoulders of the pile high up aloft, and following it suddenly down, the rapidly hammered blows keeping time with the flashing out of the waste steam at the end of each stroke, was indeed a remarkable sight. When my pile was driven, the hammer-block and guide case were speedily re-hoisted by the small engine that did all the labouring and locomotive work of the machine; the steam-hammer portion of which was then lowered on to the shoulders of the next pile in succession. Again it set to work. At this the spectators, crowding about in boats, pronounced their approval in the usual British style

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of "three cheers!" My new pile-driver was thus acknowledged as another triumphant result of the power of steam.'—(P. 275.)

Mr. Nasmyth regards his pile-driver as a happy illustration of his 'definition of engineering,' which is 'the application of common sense to the use of materials.' But with reference to his general success as a mechanical engineer, we must take leave to supplement this definition. His achievements were not less due to the application of common sense and good feeling to the use of men. We have already seen how much of Mr. Nasmyth's early success was due to the good relations which he always succeeded in establishing with the chief persons with whom he was brought into contact. But it is evident that he was equally happy in his relations with his own workpeople. He devotes several interesting pages in this volume to an account of the principal workmen whom he employed as the heads of the various departments in his foundry, and he evinces as much kindly feeling as acute judgment of character in his delineation of their capacities and their services. It is particularly to be noticed that he was a staunch opponent of the system which the Trade Unions endeavoured to establish; and by virtue of his intimate relations with Scotland, he succeeded in completely defeating the Unionists. At their instance, a considerable number of men in his employment 'struck,' at a moment when the foundry had an unusually large access of orders for machinery, and he was placed in very serious difficulties. But he sent to Scotland, inviting mechanics to apply for employment in his works, and soon had more applicants than he could satisfy. He had no reason to regret the change. The new men were energetic, zealous, and skilful, and he was thenceforth enabled to carry out his principle of 'Free Trade in Ability.' He believes that this principle is of more importance to the prosperity of the country than even free trade in materials, and it certainly comes under the principle of the application of common sense to the use of men. When the union delegates called on him to insist that none but men who had served seven years' apprenticeship should be employed in his works, he replied that he preferred employing a man who had acquired the requisite mechanical skill in two years, rather than another who was so stupid as to require seven years' teaching. The delegates, he says, regarded this statement as preposterous and heretical. 'In fact, it was utter high treason.' But it was certainly common sense, and in the long run Mr. Nasmyth carried his point. But he would hardly have done so without observing another principle, the neglect of

which, we fear, has been too frequently the cause of the troubles which employers have experienced. He took care to treat his men liberally and kindly, and thus to make it their interest to stand by the firm which employed them. This principle and its results are best explained in the following passage:—

‘Another important point was this,—that I always took care to make my foremen comfortable, and consequently loyal. A great part of a man’s success in business consists in his knowledge of character. It is not so much what he himself does, as what he knows his heads of departments can do. He must know them intimately, take cognizance of the leading points of their character, pick and choose from them, and set them to the work which they can most satisfactorily superintend. Edward Tootal, of Manchester, said to me long before, “Never give your men cause to look over the hedge.” He meant that I should never give them any reason for looking for work elsewhere. It was a wise saying, and I long remembered it. I always endeavoured to make my men and foremen as satisfied as possible with their work, as well as with their remuneration.

‘I never had any cause to regret that I had struck out an independent course in managing the Bridgwater Foundry. The works were always busy. A cheerful sort of contentment and activity pervaded the entire establishment. Our order-book continued to be filled with the most satisfactory class of entries. The railway trucks in the yard, and the canal barges at the wharf, presented a busy scene,—showing the influx of raw material and the output of finished work. This happy state of affairs went on in its regular course without any special incident worthy of being mentioned. The full and steady influx of prosperity, that had been the result of many years of interesting toil and cheerful exertion, had caused the place to assume the aspect of a smoothly-working, self-acting machine.’—(P. 311.)

We must reluctantly refrain from following Mr. Nasmyth through his account of the prosperous part of his career, and of the happy retirement which rewarded it at the age of forty-eight. In the pursuit of his business he had occasion to visit several foreign countries, and his account of his travels in France, Russia, Sweden, and elsewhere on the Continent, is full of interest. We are sorry to say the reception his inventions received from our own Government offers a discreditable contrast to the welcome offered to them abroad. ‘It is,’ as he says, ‘a singular fact’ that he supplied steam-hammers to the Russian Government twelve months before our Admiralty availed themselves of its energetic action. ‘Athelstane the Unready,’ as he adds, ‘has always been found dreadfully slow, in peace as well as in war.’

When Mr. Nasmyth retired, in 1856, he devoted a great part  
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of his attention to what had long been the favourite amusement of his leisure hours—the study of astronomy. He constructed powerful reflecting telescopes, every part of which was his own handiwork, and introduced some most ingenious and valuable improvements in their mechanism. One result was the profoundly interesting work on the Moon, which is mentioned at the head of this article. His capacity as ‘a noticin’ bairn’ came eminently into play in this occupation, and by the aid of his favourite faculty of common sense he illustrated the volcanic character of the moon’s structure with extraordinary vividness. By the aid of models of his observations, and photographs from these models, he enables the reader to realize in imagination the very landscapes which are visible on the moon’s surface, and to trace the geological history of the satellite. He is similarly famous for his discovery of the willow-leaf objects of which the sun’s surface is composed, and for various astronomical suggestions, which are beautifully luminous. But we should not know where to stop if we were to attempt to notice all that is instructive and interesting in this volume. We have dealt with but one side of it—its human and social interest. But it will be found equally interesting to students of human nature, to engineers, to astronomers, and even to archæologists, for in an appendix there are some most ingenious suggestions respecting the origin of the pyramids and of cuneiform writing. Among other merits, there are few books which could be put with more advantage into a young man’s hands, as affording an example of the qualities which conduce to legitimate success in work. Mr. Nasmyth has done his generation a great service in publishing this modest but most instructive *Autobiography*. It must always be one of the most interesting records in the history of mechanical engineering; and it is not less valuable as a picture of some of the soundest and pleasantest human nature with which we have ever become acquainted.

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ART. V.—*Les Mères Illustres. Études morales et Portraits d'Histoire intime.* Par M. de Lescure. Ouvrage orné de douze gravures sur bois, d'après les documents originaux. Paris, 1882.

THE author of a well-known work on Hereditary Genius, Mr. Francis Galton, relies almost exclusively on instances of its descent or transmission through males. The author of 'The Illustrious Mothers,' i.e. the mothers of illustrious men, pursues a diametrically opposite course. He insists that all the highest gifts and qualities may be commonly traced to females. 'To show by example, to prove by the concurrence of moral with historic truth, that there has been no great man who had not a great mother: such is the object of this work.' One popular and plausible argument in his favour forms the point of what Mrs. Piozzi records as 'a comical epigram' on the Irish Volunteers in 1780:—

'There's not one of us all, my brave boys, but would rather  
Do aught than offend great King George, our good father;  
But our country, you know, my dear lads, is our mother,  
And *that* is a much surer side than the other.'

But, to go to the root of the matter, it is laid down by Mr. James Mill, in his 'Essay on Education,' that 'as soon as the infant, or rather embryo, begins to feel, the character begins to be formed, and that the habits which are then contracted are the most pervading and operative of all.' If this be so, the formation of these habits must be mainly owing to the mother; and French physiologists of authority maintain that her influence begins before what is or ought to be the unceasing object of maternal solicitude sees the light.\* In other words, the future of the child depends on the manner of life and frame of mind of the mother during pregnancy. A sudden shock, a burst of passion, or a single act of imprudence on her part, and the embryo hero or statesman may turn out a coward or a fool. A striking instance is given by Sir Walter Scott, who (in 'The Fortunes of Nigel') states that 'the extreme dislike which James the First nourished against naked steel, which seemed to be as constitutional as his timidity, was usually ascribed to the brutal murder of Rizzio having been perpetrated in his unfortunate mother's presence before he was born.' Leaving, however, at least for the present, the moral, metaphysical, and

\* 'Éducation Antérieure. Influences maternelles pendant la gestation sur les prédispositions morales et intellectuelles des enfants.' Par M. de Frénière. Nouvelle édition, revue et corrigée. Paris, 1862.

physiological aspects of the question, we propose to examine somewhat in detail the historical and biographical examples which M. de Lescure has brought together in confirmation or elucidation of his theory.

That the improvement or degeneracy of race depends upon the females, was fully recognized by the legislators and philosophers of antiquity. Plutarch, alluding to the training and position of women under the laws of Lycurgus, remarks: 'Hence they were furnished with sentiments and language such as Gorgo, the wife of Leonidas, is said to have made use of. When a woman of another country said to her, "You of Lacedæmon are the only women in the world that rule the men," she answered, "We are the only women that bring forth men."' The women of Rome might have made a similar boast in the best days of the republic, and, if called upon to justify it by example, might confidently have relied on Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, whom M. de Lescure declares 'incontestably the greatest mother of antiquity, the finest type of the Roman matron, the one who best realizes the *beau idéal* of the Pagan world.'

She was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, and the wife of Tiberius Gracchus, a man so eminent for virtue and wisdom, that the chief credit of conferring two such citizens as his illustrious sons upon the Commonwealth might have been claimed for him, had he not taken the most decisive method of throwing the duty and resulting honour of their education upon her. The story, as told by Plutarch, goes that he once caught a pair of serpents upon his bed, and that the soothsayers, after due consideration, advised him neither to kill them both nor let them both go. 'If,' they warned him, 'you kill the male serpent, your own death would be the consequence; if the female, that of your wife.' He killed the male, and died soon afterwards, leaving Cornelia with twelve children; only three of whom—Tiberius, Caius, and a daughter (married to Scipio the younger)—grew to maturity. She showed her respect for her husband's memory, and her gratitude for his self-devotion, by refusing an offer of marriage from Ptolemy, king of Egypt, and by the care she took in the education of her celebrated sons, of whom it was said that, 'although they were, without dispute, of the noblest family, and had the happiest genius and disposition of all the Roman youth, yet that education was allowed to have contributed more to their perfections than nature.'

Any sketch of her would be imperfect without the most characteristic of her sayings, familiar as it is. When a Campanian lady, after exhibiting her jewels, requested Cornelia to show hers, she produced her two sons, saying, 'These are the only

only jewels I can boast.\* Another story is that she used to reproach them, when their education was complete, that she was still called the mother-in-law of Scipio, not the mother of the Gracchi. This has given occasion to writers (like Michelet), who class the Gracchi with the Catilines and the Rienzis, to make her answerable for what they term the communistic projects and ill-directed ambition of her sons. But their projects were not communistic, nor was their ambition ill-directed; and it was no suggestion of his mother, but what fell beneath his own observation in travelling through Central Italy, that led Tiberius to enter upon the political course which, despite its failure, has shed a halo round the name. He found the country almost depopulated or peopled principally by slaves, and the conclusion was irresistibly forced upon him, that the scarcity of free (or what we should call peasant) proprietors was owing to the flagrant disregard of the laws passed to prevent a monopoly of the public land by the aristocracy.

A patriotic statesman must also have seen that the accumulation of wealth in few hands would eventually undermine the habits and institutions which had made Rome great; and, if it left her great, would not long leave her free. He had already obtained the highest military distinction; he was popular with all classes; he had nothing to gain and everything to lose by attacking abuses which his order deemed vital to their interests: and Plutarch says of the first measure which he brought forward, that 'there never was a milder law made against so much injustice and oppression.' Incensed by reckless hostility and injurious misrepresentation, he dropped the moderate measure and brought forward one that placed him at open war with the patricians, including nearly the whole of the Senate, and in a tumult or street-fight provoked by them he was knocked down with the fragment of a broken bench, and literally beaten to death.

Caius was hardly twenty-one when his brother was killed, and he showed at first no wish to tread in the same path. His mother, also, in a letter of doubtful authenticity, is said to have solemnly adjured him not to revive the troubles of his country. But whilst he was hesitating, Tiberius (as Cicero relates) appeared to him in a dream, and thus addressed him: 'Why lingerest thou, Caius? There is no alternative. The fates have decreed us both the same pursuit in life, and the same death, in

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\* 'Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,  
When the rich casket shone in bright array,  
"These are my jewels."—ROGERS, 'Human Life.'

vindicating the rights of the people.' His policy during his tenure of power was not limited to the equitable division of the land. He proposed and carried decrees for transferring the judicial authority of the Senate to the Knights, for regulating markets, sending out colonies, making roads, and for other objects of undoubted utility. But all he did was done as the popular tribune, in the name of the people; and to make this clear, instead of speaking (according to the received custom) with his face towards the Senate-house, he turned towards the Forum. 'Thus,' remarks Plutarch, 'by a small alteration in the posture of his body, he indicated something great, and as it were turned the government from an aristocracy into a democracy.' The patricians, however, had only to bide their time, relying on the proverbial fickleness of the commonalty. Taking advantage of an act of violence imputed to his friends, they rose in arms and compelled him to seek safety in flight. He took refuge in a grove sacred to the Furies, where he was despatched by Philocrates, his servant. His body was thrown into the river, and his wife was deprived of her dowry; but within an incredibly short time, the commons turned fiercely against his enemies, and again lavished honours on the name of the brothers. Their statues were erected in one of the most public places of the city; the spots where they were killed were consecrated; and many (adds Plutarch) offered daily sacrifices and paid their devotions there, as in the temples of the gods. Speaking of these spots, Cornelia is reported to have said, 'That they were monuments worthy of her sons.' She fixed her residence at Misenum, where her table was always open to her friends; and it is recorded that what they most admired in her was her magnanimity,—that she could speak of her sons without a sigh or a tear, and recount their actions and sufferings as if she had been narrating those of some ancient heroes.\*

The character of Volumnia, and the large share she had in moulding that of her son, are indicated by Shakspeare with that instinct of genius which enabled him to imbue his Greeks and Romans with the true spirit of antiquity. Thus, when she is urging Coriolanus to adopt a conciliatory tone towards the people:—

'I pr'ythee now, sweet son: as thou hast said,  
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,  
To have my praise for this, perform a part  
Thou hast not done before.'

\* For an exposition and vindication of the policy of the Gracchi, see Dr. W. Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography,' &c., art. 'Gracchus.'

Or when she is lamenting his banishment :—

‘Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you’d have done, and saved  
Your husband so much sweat.’

His wife is little better than a lay-figure in the scene where he consents to withdraw his troops, and it is holding his mother by both hands that he exclaims :—

‘O mother, mother !  
You have won a happy victory for Rome,  
But for your son—’

Nothing is known of the mothers of the great orators and writers of antiquity. All we know of Cæsar’s mother, Aurelia, is her name, which is not even mentioned by Plutarch. What is recorded of Olympias, the mother of Alexander, strongly confirms the theory of maternal influence ; for the intemperance and bursts of passion which sullied his greatness may be traced to her, as well as the restless and lofty spirit which made him sigh for more worlds to conquer. ‘In violence of temper,’ says Grote, ‘in jealous, cruel, and vindictive disposition, she forms almost a parallel to the Persian queens, Amestris and Parysatis.’ She speedily forfeited the affections of her husband Philip, who repudiated her, one of the grounds being the alleged discovery of her commerce with Jupiter, the supposed father of her celebrated son.\* He quarrelled with his father for divorcing her, and always treated her with the greatest respect, although she gave him so much trouble by her intrigues, during his absence in Asia, that ‘he was wont to say that his mother exacted from him a heavy house rent for his domicile of ten months.’† After his death she usurped the supreme authority in Macedonia, and caused more than a hundred of the party opposed to her to be put to death. But within a few months she was deserted by her adherents, and brought as a criminal before a popular assembly, when capital sentence was passed upon her. Yet such were the awe and reverence inspired by the mother of Alexander, that the sentence would have been a dead letter if the sons of her victims had not volunteered to execute it.

If, says M. de Lescure, Cornelia is the type of the great Pagan

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\* The story of Philip’s jealousy of the god is rejected by writers of authority, although sanctioned by Plutarch and Justin. See Dr. W. Smith’s ‘Dictionary,’ art. ‘Alexander.’

† Grote, ‘History of Greece,’ vol. viii. p. 302, note.

mother,

mother, imbuing her sons by precept and example with all the profane virtues, it is to Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, that the title belongs of the greatest of Christian mothers, of whom she has continued the model to this day. Biographical notices of her abound, but we need go no further for particulars of her life than the writings of her sainted son, who never misses an opportunity of acknowledging the boundless debt of gratitude he owed to her, and (in his 'Confessions') traces the formation of her character with the same minuteness which he bestows upon his own. Thus he relates that for her good discipline she was wont to commend not so much her mother's diligence as that of a certain decrepit maid-servant highly respected in the family. 'The charge of her master's daughters was entrusted to her, to which she gave diligent heed, restraining them earnestly, when necessary, with a holy severity, and teaching them with a grave discretion. For, except at those hours wherein they were most temperately fed at their parents' table, she would not suffer them, though parched with thirst, to drink even water; preventing an evil custom, and adding this wholesome advice: "Ye drink water now, because you have not wine in your power; but when you come to be married, and be made mistresses of cellars and cupboards, you will scorn water, but the custom of drinking will abide."'\* 'And yet,' he continues, 'as Thy handmaid told me her son, there had crept upon her a love of wine; and when bidden by her parents to draw wine out of the hogshead, she sipped a little with the tip of her lips, and gradually fell into the habit of taking a cupful. Where was then that discreet old woman, and that her earnest countermanding?'

Providentially an indiscreet young woman was at hand to complete the lesson. 'For a maid-servant with whom she used to go to the cellar, falling to words (as it happens) with her little mistress, when alone with her, taunted her with this fault, with most bitter insult, calling her wine-bibber. With which taunt she, stung to the quick, saw the foulness of her fault, and instantly condemned and forsook it. As flattering friends pervert, so reproachful enemies mostly correct.'

She was born (A.D. 332) at Tagasta, an African village near Zama, of parents whose circumstances compelled them, when they gave her in marriage, to think more of the worldly advantages of the union than of its suitableness in point of age, habits, or disposition. The husband they chose for her

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\* 'The Confessions of S. Augustine.' Revised from a former translation, by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. (Library of the Fathers.) 1838, p. 169.

was twice her age, a Pagan, and a man of violent temper and loose morals, which she gradually overcame and corrected by piety and patience. When he was in an angry mood, she waited till he had cooled down before venturing an explanation or remonstrance. Passive obedience was her creed. 'In a word, while many matrons, who had milder husbands, yet bore even in their faces marks of shame, would in familiar talk blame their husbands' lives, she would blame their tongues, giving them, as in jest, earnest advice: "That from the time they heard the marriage writings read to them, they should account them as indentures, whereby they were made servants; and so, remembering their condition, ought not to set themselves up against their lords."'

Such was her influence, thus quietly and imperceptibly obtained, that she even persuaded him to become a Christian. 'Finally, her own husband, towards the very end of his earthly life, did she gain unto Thee; nor had she to complain of that in him as a believer, which before he was a believer she had borne from him.' She had three children by him, two of whom lived and died in obscurity. The eldest, Augustine, 'conceived in her bosom for temporal life, and in her heart for eternity,' was born on the 19th of November, A.D. 354. She solemnly dedicated him, whilst yet in the womb, to the service and the glory of God, and as soon as he was born she caused him to be carried to the church and inscribed on the list of catechumens. It was not then the custom to baptize infants; and, in point of fact, St. Augustine was not baptized till he was twenty years of age. This long delay was probably owing to his reluctance to confirm the promises made in his name; for his childhood, youth, and early manhood, were marked by aberrations in thought and deed, which might have driven any mother, less trustful in her divine mission, to despair. His 'Confessions' not unfrequently recal those of 'the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau.' They begin with his infancy, which he says was unruly and passionate, remarking, with obvious reference to himself, that he had seen and known even a baby envious. 'It could not speak, yet it turned pale, and looked bitterly on its foster-brother. Who knows not this?' In his boyhood he was guilty of 'innumerable lies, deceiving my tutor, my masters, my parents,' and he 'lusted to thieve' for the mere sake of thieving. 'For I stole that of which I had enough and much better. Nor cared I to enjoy what I stole, but joyed in the theft and sin itself.' Thus he joined with some 'lewd young fellows' in robbing a pear-tree, and 'took huge loads, not for our eating, but to fling to the very hogs, having only tasted them.'

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These were sins, or rather peccadillos, which need not have weighed heavily on the conscience of a saint. But as the age of puberty approached, his unbridled fancy and warmth of temperament exposed him to temptations which led him wide astray from the paths of purity and innocence:—

‘And what was it that I delighted in, but to love, and be beloved? but I kept not the measure of love, of mind to mind, friendship’s bright boundary; but out of the muddy concupiscence of the flesh, and the bubblings of youth, mists fumed up which beclouded and overcast my heart, that I could not discern the clear brightness of love from the fog of lustfulness. Both did confusedly boil in me, and hurried my unstayed youth over the precipice of unholy desires, and sunk me in a gulf of flagitiousnesses.’

At the same time, he made such progress in his studies that his father, who could ill spare the means, sent him to complete his education to Carthage, then in high repute for its libraries and its schools. Here he rapidly acquired distinction by learning and eloquence, but plunged deeper and deeper into the abysses of error and sensuality. In his own words: ‘For this space of nine years then (from my nineteenth year to my eight-and-twentieth) we lived, seduced and seducing, deceived and deceiving, in divers lusts: openly, by sciences which they call liberal: secretly, with a false-named religion: here proud, there superstitious, everywhere vain.’ He was saved from indiscriminate amours by an illicit connection, to which he remained faithful during the entire period of his unholy life. A son was born to him, whom he did not shrink from naming Adeodatus (given by God), although everything relating to the mother is studiously involved in mystery. In those days, he states, he taught rhetoric, ‘and, overcome by cupidity, made sale of a loquacity to overcome by.’ He also wrote two or three books ‘on the fair and fit,’ which he dedicated to Hierius, an orator of Rome. The false religion of which he speaks was the Manichæan heresy, which he publicly professed and taught. This, in his mother’s eyes, was the unpardonable sin. She had, to a certain extent, condoned his laxity in other matters, but she closed her doors to the apostate from the true faith, and refused to hold communication with him, trusting to tears and prayers for his repentance and reconciliation with God. She shed so many tears that, according to the legend, the place she occupied in the church was completely bathed with them. A bishop to whom she appealed for aid impatiently exclaimed: ‘Go, prithee; the son of these tears cannot perish.’ ‘Thou heardest her, O Lord, and despisedst not her tears, when streaming down they watered the ground under her eyes in every

every place where she prayed. Yea, 'Thou heardest. For whence was that dream whereby Thou comfortedst her, so that she allowed me to live with her, and to eat at the same table in the house, which she had begun to shrink from, abhorring and detesting the blasphemies of my error?'

She dreamt that she saw herself 'standing on a certain wooden rule,'\* and a shining youth coming towards her, cheerful and smiling upon her, herself overwhelmed with grief. But he, having enquired of her the causes of her grief and daily tears, and she answering that she was bewailing her son's perdition, he bade her rest contented, and told her to look and observe that where she was there was her son also, and when she looked she saw him standing by her in the same rule. 'Whence was this but that Thine ears were towards her heart? Whence was this, also, that when she had told me this vision and I would fain find it to mean that she rather should not despair of being one day what I was, she presently, without hesitation, replies, "No; for it was not told me that 'where he, there thou also,' but 'where thou, there he also.'"'

He says that her quickness in exposing his false interpretation, which he attributes to Divine prompting, even then moved him more than the dream itself; and neither moved him much, for he continued nine years longer in what he terms the mire of the deep pit and the darkness of falsehood, 'all which time that chaste, godly, and sober widow ceased not at all hours of her devotions to bewail my case unto Thee.' The light began to break upon him after listening to a bishop of the Manichees, Faustus by name, 'a great snare of the devil,' who set him seriously thinking on doctrines which he had adopted more from vanity and a spirit of defiance than from reflection and knowledge. Further self-examination and constant study of the Scriptures convinced him that he had been all along on the wrong path; and in his thirty-second year he was converted by a voice or sign from heaven, like St. Paul. He hurries to communicate the glad tidings to his mother. 'She rejoiceth; we relate in order how it took place; she leaps for joy, and triumpheth and blesseth Thee.' Her prayers had been heard, and her vision fulfilled as she had interpreted it.

He at once resolved to resign his professorship of Rhetoric, or

\* Sic in Dr. Pusey's translation. The original is *in quâdam regulâ lignea*. A writer of authority renders it 'standing on a wooden beam.' ('Dictionary of Christian Biography.' Edited by Dr. W. Smith and Dr. Henry Wace. Art. 'Monnica,' which is there given as the correct spelling of the name.) In a subsequent passage of the 'Confessions' (Book viii. s. 30), Saint Augustine speaks of 'standing on that rule of faith where Thou hadst showed me unto her in a vision many years ago.'

(in his own words) 'not tumultuously to tear, but gently to withdraw, the service of my tongue from the marts of lip-labour.' A far more painful sacrifice was the separation from his erring but faithful companion for fourteen years, the mother of his son. 'I allowed myself to be torn from her who shared my life; and as my soul adhered deeply to her soul, it was torn and broken, and my heart shed tears of blood.' She retired to a monastery, and passed her remaining years in devotional exercises, praying pardon from God for having so long withdrawn so mighty and exalted a mind from His service. 'She was worthier than I, and she made her sacrifice with a courage and generosity which I had not the strength to imitate.' He was baptized at Milan, Easter, A.D. 387, along with his friend and fellow-convert from Manichæism, Alypius. 'We joined with us the boy Adeodatus, born after the flesh of my sin. Excellently hadst Thou made him. He was not quite fifteen, and in wit surpassed many grave and learned men. Soon didst Thou take his life from the earth.'

This bereavement followed close on another, which sorely tried the comforting powers of his new faith. He and his mother were on their return to Africa from a mission undertaken in concert for the propagation of the divine truth, when, at Ostia, in her fifty-sixth and his thirty-third year, she was suddenly taken ill, and breathed her last, rather courting than dreading death, having just before told him that all her hopes in this world were accomplished: that the one thing for which she had desired to linger for a while in this life was to see him a Catholic Christian. His career, as a pre-eminently distinguished Father of the Church, was only just beginning when he was deprived of her guidance and encouragement, but he uniformly gave her the glory of whatever he was subsequently enabled to effect: 'you, through whose prayers I undoubtedly believe and affirm that God gave me that mind that I should prefer nothing to the discovery of truth—wish, think of, love, nought besides.'

'I saw (writes Mrs. Jameson) in the *atelier* of the painter Ary Scheffer, in 1845, an admirable picture of St. Augustine and his mother. The two figures, not quite full length, are seated; she holds his hand in both hers, looking up to heaven with an expression of enthusiastic, undoubting faith: "the son of so many tears cannot be cast away." He is also looking up with an ardent, eager, but anxious doubtful expression, which seems to say, "Help Thou my unbelief." For profound and truthful feeling and significance, I know few things in the  
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compass of modern art that can be compared to this picture.\* Yet it is an open question, whether the painter meant to represent the Saint before or after his conversion.

Blanche of Castile, the mother of St. Louis, Louis IX., was more fortunate than Monica, for her son never once deviated from the path of public and private virtue she had marked out for him, never forgot her lessons, never belied his training or his birth, never stood in need of her prayers to rescue him from vice. He was a rare instance of a monarch who took justice and religion for his guides in every leading act of his reign, and that he did so was by common consent attributed to her. After a gloomy picture of the condition of France on the death of Louis VIII., November 1226, M. Henri Martin continues:—

‘It was in presence of this alarming situation that the sceptre devolved on a child twelve years of age, under the very disputable guardianship of a foreign woman, who counted not a relative, not a natural support, amongst the princes of the kingdom. But this woman was Blanche of Castile: this woman, the greatest who had worn the crown in Gaul since her countrywoman Brunhilda, was worthy to rule and defend the heritage of Philip Augustus. She had the love and the genius of power to the same degree as Philip himself; she possessed the vigour, the courage, the perseverance, all the manly virtues, without losing aught of the address and insinuating graces of her sex. She formed—whether from the firmness of her character or the superiority of her intellect—the firm determination to maintain the dignity of her son’s throne against the pretensions of Rome and the clergy, and she inculcated on the young king, touching this matter, convictions which exercised a happy influence on the destinies of our country, at the same time that she encouraged the exalted and profound piety which were already manifest in Louis IX., and brought up her children in the principles of the most austere morality.†

‘This son of mine,’ she is reported to have said, ‘whom I love above all mortal creatures, if he were at death’s door and could be saved by a single act of incontinence, I would rather let him die than offend his Creator by one deadly sin.’ It was her sagacious as well as pious injunction to him never to commit himself, by word or deed, without first making the sign of the cross. To guard against the possibility of a taint in infancy, she was alone amongst queens in rejecting the services of a foster-mother; and when a lady-in-waiting thought to please her by giving suck to the child, she angrily tore it away, and

\* ‘Sacred and Legendary Art,’ vol. i. p. 300.

† ‘Histoire de France,’ vol. iv. p. 133.

forced it to throw up the milk received from another bosom than her own. So rigid was the discipline to which the young monarch was subjected, that in his fourteenth year, after he had been crowned king, she had him whipped by his master; a mode of treatment to which, three centuries later, James the First was subjected by the celebrated Buchanan; whose reply to the courtly matron, demanding how he dared to lay violent hands on the Lord's anointed, we cannot venture to repeat.

Queen Blanche's chief difficulty lay with the great feudatories, whose allegiance was little more than nominal; and there was hardly an interval during her regency when some of them were not caballing against her, in alliance with England, or in arms against her authority. Her first step was to hurry on the coronation of her son, so that all she did might be done in his name; and she caused him to be crowned at Rheims on the 29th of November, three weeks after his accession. She then summoned the recalcitrant counts and barons to do homage, and they partially obeyed; but in less than two years they formed a fresh league, and took up a position to intercept the queen and the young king on their return from Orleans to Paris. She at once despatched messengers to Paris to call the citizens to arms, and the call was met by an enthusiastic burst of loyalty. The population rose in a body at the sound of the tocsin, occupied the Orleans road in crowds, and made such a formidable display that the rebel lords abandoned their enterprise, and the royal party entered the Louvre escorted by tens of thousands of citizens, students, and artisans.

She won over to her side by personal ascendancy one of the most powerful of her adversaries, Thibaud, Count of Champagne; and the Cardinal-Legate, St. Ange, was her firm friend and counsellor from the first. It was no more than was to be anticipated from the coarseness of the age, that the purity of the tie in each instance should be impugned. Matthew Paris records the current scandals with the reserve that they rested only on rumour, and they are refuted by the uniform tenour of her life and character. 'This haughty and imperious creature,' says M. Henri Martin, 'subjugated rather than attracted hearts, but the affections she imposed were unalterable: she met with constant fidelity in the men who were devoted to her; she was loved as well as feared by the king her son, and she retained her despotic rule over him till her death.' She exercised the same ascendancy over his young wife, Marguerite of Provence, whose eagerness to accompany him to the Holy Land is thought to have been in some sort owing to the desire of having her royal spouse to herself, free from the tutelage of her  
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her domineering mother-in-law. Queen Blanche was strongly opposed to his engaging in the Crusade, but he pleaded his vow and she gave way. The result is well known. After some partial successes, and an heroic display of personal courage, he was defeated and taken prisoner in Egypt. The news of the catastrophe reached Queen Margaret, then near her confinement, at Saint-Jean-d'Acre. She forthwith summoned to her bedside an aged knight, threw herself on her knees before him, and demanded a boon which he solemnly swore to grant. 'Sir Knight, I require, on the faith you have plighted, that if this town is taken by the Saracens, you will cut off my head before I fall into their hands.' 'Most willingly,' was the reply; 'I had already made up my mind to do it if the emergency arose.'

During the first two years of the king's absence, Queen Blanche governed the kingdom, as Regent, with her wonted firmness; of which she gave a signal proof when the Pope, instead of summoning all faithful sons of the Church to hurry to the rescue of their brethren in the East, preached a crusade against the Emperor. She immediately directed the goods of all who were acting with his Holiness to be seized, saying, 'Let those who choose to fight for the Pope live at the expense of the Pope. Let them be gone, and return no more.' Falling ill at Milan, she caused herself to be carried to Paris, where she took the veil, and died a few days afterwards, December 1, 1252, in her sixty-fifth year.

Few women, ancient or modern, are better entitled to derive honour from a son than Jeanne d'Albret, the mother of Henry the Fourth of France, if we regard either the qualities he obviously derived from her or the care she took in the formation of his character. She was the daughter and heiress of Henry, King of Navarre and Béarn, and wife of Anthony de Bourbon, commandant of the French army in Picardy. She was with her husband, sharing the dangers and hardships of a campaign, when her pregnancy was declared, and she remained with him till within six weeks of her confinement, when a deputation of Béarnais notables arrived with a petition that their future sovereign might be born amongst them. She complied the more readily, from an uncertainty as to the testamentary dispositions of her father, who, when she ventured to sound him on the point, produced a gold box, and said: 'You see this box: I will give it to you, with the will contained in it, if you have the courage, when you are brought to bed, to sing me a Béarnaise song.' She left Compiègne on the 15th of November, 1553, and arrived after a rough journey in mid-winter on the 4th of December, at Pau, where ten days later  
(December

(December 14) she was confined, singing a Béarnaise song at the most trying moment. The old king was true to his word. Giving her the box, he said, 'There, *that* is yours;' and, taking the infant in his arms, '*This* is mine.'

We recently described the manner in which the model monarch was brought up, and the privations he was made to endure by way of hardening him.\* It is difficult to imagine a fond mother liking to see her son running about barefooted in all weathers, coarsely fed and coarsely clad. But it does not appear that she remonstrated against this mode of training; and as the grandfather died when the boy was under two years of age, and the father (who lived till he was nine) left the cares of education to her, her approval of the course pursued may be assumed. There is ample proof that she did not err on the side of indulgence. On one occasion when, contrary to her express prohibition, he had been found playing at dice for money, she ordered him to be flogged, and he only escaped by appealing to her, half-crying, half-laughing, not to inflict this humiliating punishment on a general—a rank which he actually held at the time. The pains she took to form his mind by reading may be collected from a letter to his second wife, Mary of Medicis, who wrote to tell him that she was getting deeply interested in Plutarch:—

'You could have sent me no news more agreeable than the news of the reading which pleases you. Plutarch always smiles on me with an air of freshness and novelty: to like him is to like me, for he was the instructor of my youth. My good mother, to whom I owe everything, who kept so constant a watch over my good behaviour, and would not—these were her words—endure to see her son an illustrious ignoramus, put this book into my hands when I was scarcely more than a child in arms. It has been to me as my conscience, and has dictated to me many good deeds and excellent maxims for my conduct and the administration of affairs.'

The device his mother chose for him was an image of Hercules, with the motto, '*In via virtuti nulla est via*' (No road is impossible to virtue, or courage). Her own was '*Ubi spiritus, ibi libertas*' (Where the spirit is, there is liberty). D'Aubigné said of her that she had 'the entire soul for manly things, the mind powerful for great affairs, the heart invincible to adversity.'

Henry's career was virtually marked out for him by her, when, having accepted the protectorate of the Huguenot party, she solemnly devoted him in his sixteenth year to the defence of the new faith, and caused a medal to be struck, bearing on one

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' No. 296 (Oct. 1879); art. Henry IV. of France.  
Vol. 155.—No. 310.

side the effigy of herself and her son, and on the other the words 'Pax certa, victoria integra, mors honesta' (Sure peace, complete victory, honourable death). The ensuing peace (of St. Germain, August 8th, 1570) turned out anything but sure, and she had a presentiment from the first that one of its results, the marriage of Henry with Margaret, the Reine Margot of romance, would be fatal to his happiness and detrimental to his cause. It was used as a lure to bring the Huguenot chiefs within reach of the plotters of St. Bartholomew. The old Baron de Rosny, the father of Sully, foretold that, if the nuptials were celebrated at Paris, the liveries would be blood-red; and the precautions taken by Jeanne to protect her son, by inviting a numerous attendance of friends, only served to multiply the victims of the massacre. She did not live to witness the catastrophe. The marriage was celebrated on the 16th of August, 1572; the massacre was perpetrated on the 24th; and she had died on the preceding 9th of June of a sudden illness, 'mysterious, suspicious to contemporaries, remaining suspicious to posterity.' She had been in the habit of purchasing gloves and scented collars at the shop of René, a Florentine, perfumer (and it was said, poisoner) by appointment to the queen-mother, Catherine of Medicis. The popular belief was that she was poisoned by inhalation or through the pores.

'If,' remarks M. de Lescure, 'Madame de Sévigné did not figure in our gallery of "Illustrious Mothers," there would be a unanimous cry against the forgetfulness, still more against the exclusion.' But she was only an illustrious mother because she was an illustrious woman, or because the most charming of her letters were inspired by maternal love. She spoilt both her children—the daughter by flattery, the son by indulgence; and neither is remembered except in association with her name.

M. de Lescure had already devoted a volume to Marie Antoinette, and it is as a mother that she shines with peculiar lustre in his pages. 'Yes, she who was the mother of Louis XVII., a martyr, of Marie-Thérèse of France, Duchess of Angoulême, a saint—she who had them brought up in concert with Madame Élisabeth, an angel upon earth, was a great mother; and not only in prosperous days, when happiness makes virtue easier,—she was so in the midst of those unheard-of miseries which taught mankind (in the words of Chateaubriand) what tears might be contained in the eyes and heart of a queen.'

On the 6th of October, 1789, when the mob imperatively called for her, she appeared in the balcony with the dauphin in one hand and the princess royal in the other. 'No children'—*Point d'enfants*—was the cry. She led them back and reappeared alone.

alone. Such was the effect of her noble air and calm courage that, by a sudden revulsion of popular feeling, she was greeted with reiterated bursts of applause. On the night of the 13th of April, 1790, the night for which La Fayette had given warning of an attack on the Tuileries, the king, after vainly looking for her in her own apartments, found her in the dauphin's, with her child in her arms. 'Madame, I was looking for you, and you have caused me much uneasiness.' 'Sire,' was the reply, 'I was at my post.'

During her terrible imprisonment in the Temple, the Committee of Public Safety decreed that the young Capet, as they called the heir to the throne, should be separated from his mother, and their emissaries came for him at night when he was in bed. She flung her arms round him and resisted all attempts to tear him from her, exclaiming, 'Tuez-moi donc d'abord' (Then kill me first). They only prevailed by threatening to kill the child, when she let him go. He was dressed by his aunt and sister, the queen being completely exhausted by the struggle, and carried off to the custody of Simon, the shoemaker.

The careful study she had made of the dispositions of her children, with a view to their education, is shown by the instructions she drew up for Madame de Tourzel, the governess of the dauphin. After a fine analysis of his character, she proceeds:—

'My children have always been accustomed to have full confidence in me, and when they have done wrong to tell it to me themselves. It follows that, in scolding, I have more the air of being hurt and afflicted, than angry at what they have done: that I have made them all feel that *yes* or *no* pronounced by me is irrevocable, but I always give them a reason within the comprehension of their age to prevent them from thinking that it is mere temper on my part.'

When she was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, Hébert, the public prosecutor, accused her of undermining the morals and health of the dauphin, with the view of obtaining an undue influence over him as he grew up. Even her judges were touched by the tone and manner in which she repelled the charge: 'Je croyais que la nature me dispenserait de répondre à une telle imputation; mais j'en appelle au cœur de toutes les mères ici présentes' (I believed that nature would dispense me from replying to such an imputation, but I appeal against it to the heart of every mother here present).

The dauphin survived her only two years, and hers was the last image present to his mental vision upon earth. His guardian expressed a hope that he was not suffering much.

'Oh yes, I suffer still, but much less, the music is so beautiful.' 'On what side do you hear this music?' 'There on high; listen, listen.' Then, after a short pause, his eyes sparkled and he exclaimed in transport, 'Amidst all the voices I have recognized that of my mother.' He died in the act of wafting her a kiss by a movement of his hand.

'Madame Necker,' wrote Sainte-Beuve, 'deserves to obtain in our literature a memory and a place more marked than has been generally accorded to her to this hour. France is indebted to her for Madame de Staël, and this magnificent donation has made us too forgetful of the rest.' This was written prior to the publication of '*Le Salon de Madame Necker*,' by the Vicomte d'Haussonville, in which ample justice is done to Madame Necker as regards both her literary and social position: from which also we are enabled to judge to what extent the world is indebted to her for Corinne. It may haply be thought that the qualities which made the daughter famous are precisely those which the mother laboured hard to suppress, and this is one of the cases which physiologists have made the foundation of a theory—that celebrated daughters commonly take after the father, instead of after the mother like the sons. In a letter to her husband, Madame Necker expatiates on the care she took to form her daughter's character, and keep her soaring erratic genius under due control.

'During thirteen of the best years of my life, amidst other indispensable cares, I hardly ever lost sight of her: I taught her languages, and (above all) to speak her own with facility. I cultivated her memory and her mind by the best reading. I took her with me alone to the country during the expeditions to Versailles and Fontainebleau: I walked, I read, I prayed with her. Her health grew bad: my anguish, my anxiety, gave a new zeal to her physician, and I have learned since that she often exaggerated the fits of coughing to which she was subject, to enjoy the excess of my tenderness for her. In a word, I cultivated, I unceasingly embellished, all the gifts she had received from nature, believing it to be for the good of her soul, and my self-love was concentrated on her.'

There was a little self-deception here; and one cannot help suspecting that Madame Necker was more irritated than pleased when, towards the close of these thirteen years, she found she had hatched an eaglet which would no longer cower beneath her wing; when her daughter suddenly became the cynosure of her own brilliant circle, and was seen not only joining in but leading the conversation with the Raynals, the Grimms, and the Marmontels. The infant prodigy, applauded and encouraged by the father, was not long in discovering the secret

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of her strength, and a sort of rivalry grew up, which speedily put an end to the maternal influence on which so much reliance had been placed. It was then the fashion for clever people to write characters of one another or their contemporaries. The mother and daughter simultaneously undertook sketches of the great financier, which were submitted to him. He cautiously avoided assigning the palm of superiority to either, but his preference was consciously or unconsciously betrayed to the daughter, who in her private journal sets down: 'He admires mamma's, but he is most flattered by mine.'

On an indiscreet friend remarking that her father appeared to love her more than her mother did, she replied: 'My father thinks more of my present happiness, and my mother of my happiness to come.' Yet it was by a point-blank refusal to concur in a scheme for her present happiness that she gave the most decisive proof of her emancipation from maternal authority. It is stated in the 'Life of William Wilberforce,' by his sons, that when Pitt was at Paris in the autumn of 1783, having just refused the Premiership, it was hinted to him, through the intervention of Horace Walpole, that he would be an acceptable suitor for the daughter of the celebrated Necker, who is said to have offered to endow her with a fortune of 14,000*l.* per annum; but Mr. Pitt replied, 'I am already married to my country.'\* Lord Stanhope treats the story as a silly report, on the grounds that Walpole was not then at Paris, that Pitt would not have made so theatrical a reply, and that the Neckers were not likely to have planned such a union for their daughter. But that they did plan it, whether it was or was not proposed to Pitt, is placed beyond a doubt by the letter which Madame Necker, shortly before her death, addressed to Madame de Staël:—

'I desired you to marry Mr. Pitt. I wished to place you in the bosom of a husband of so great a character. I wished also to have a son-in-law to whom I could entrust the care of your poor father, and who would feel the worth of this trust. You did not choose to give me this satisfaction. Well, all is forgiven, if you render to your father and yourself all that I expected from this union. Multiply yourself to produce the distractions that England, the position of a son-in-law, and public affairs, might have given your father. . . . Believe me, a caress of your father, a blessing of your mother descending from heaven, will appear to you more delicious than heaps of praises. Leave this world, which you have ill understood. Live for your God, your father, and your other duties. Oh, my child, your character is not formed: your head often leads you astray: take religion for character and guide.'

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\* 'Life of Wilberforce.' By his Sons. Vol. i. p. 40.

If the gifted woman to whom these admonitions were addressed had followed them to the letter or in the spirit, she might have become a pattern of all the domestic virtues, but she would hardly have won her place amongst the writers and thinkers whom the world has agreed to call great.

Napoleon was fond of expatiating on the superior qualities of his mother and her paramount influence on the formation of his character; but the virtue which she most earnestly inculcated, truth, was precisely that which he was never able to attain. 'It is to my mother,' he would say, 'to her good principles, that I owe my fortune and all the good I have done. I do not hesitate to declare that the future of a child depends on its mother.' Again, at Saint Helena: 'Madame-mère had a stamp of greatness, much force of mind, much elevation and pride. She watched with unexampled solicitude over first impressions. Mean sentiments were cast aside, stigmatized. She allowed nothing but what was great and elevated to reach her children. She had a horror of falsehood, of all that had the appearance of any low inclinations. She knew how to punish and reward. She took account of everything in her children.'

Her want of education, we learn from other sources, was supplied by her heroic training. She was the heroine of the Corsican war of independence, and it is related of her that, fording a deep river with one child in her arms and another (the future Emperor) in her bosom, she extricated herself by her presence of mind from a situation of imminent danger, when she and her precious burthen were given up for lost. She carried Cæsar and his fortunes. Referring to her at this period, Ségur remarks:—

'We have seen that Napoleon, still in the bosom of his mother, a woman strong in mind and body and of an absolute character, had shared the rude impressions of pressing and multiplied perils which were near killing both. Seven months gone with child and yet on horseback, in the midst of camps, of the clang of arms, and of all the hazards of a raging war, it may well be believed that so many warlike emotions prepared the child that this noble woman carried so courageously in her womb; and that if he became the greatest captain of modern times, if he took such delight in the terrible game of battles, such a beginning could not have been without its influence.'

'We read with interest,' remarks Sir Walter Scott in the 'Life of Napoleon,' 'that his mother's good constitution and bold character of mind having induced her to attend mass upon the day of his birth (being the festival of the Assumption), she was obliged to return home immediately; and as there was no time  
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to prepare a bed or bedroom, she was delivered of the future victor upon a temporary couch prepared for her accommodation and covered with an ancient piece of tapestry representing the heroes of the Iliad.'

She was not seen to advantage at the Tuileries, and Madame de Rémusat, misled by her *patois* and her provincial manners, speaks of her as 'a woman of very ordinary powers of intellect (*esprit*), who, in spite of the rank to which she has been carried by events, affords no subject of eulogy.' But those who saw more of her in the most trying circumstances, arrived at a much more favourable conclusion; and historians are agreed in bearing testimony to her equability of mind and deportment under the most varying and contrasted phases of fortune: neither unduly exalted when the fabric of imperial power and splendour overshadowed Europe, nor unduly depressed when Europe was strewn with its ruins. The position in which she stood towards the Emperor in his 'pride of place,' may be collected from a conversation which she is reported to have held with him in 1809: 'You know, Sire, that in public I treat you with all possible respect, because I am your subject, but in private I am your mother and you are my son, and consequently when you say *Je veux*, I reply *Je ne veux pas*. I have resolution, pride. Now that I am going to Paris, it is for the Empress to come to see me, because I am her mother-in-law: if she does not do her duty, I will not go to her. Take me as I am.' Speaking of her income and style of living, she said: 'I am richer than my children. I have a million a year. I put by more than half. People say that I am mean, but they may say what they like. I have no debts; on the contrary, I have always a hundred thousand francs at the service of any one of my children: possibly—who knows?—the time may come when they will be only too glad of the money. I do not forget that during a long time I kept them upon rations.'

The Emperor justified her parsimony, admitting that it was pushed to excess, as an ineradicable habit contracted when the family were suffering from want. 'Moreover,' he added, 'this self-same woman, from whom it would have been difficult to extract a five-franc piece, would have given her all to prepare my return from Elba, and after Waterloo she would have placed in my hands everything she possessed to help me to re-establish my affairs: she offered it to me: she would have condemned herself to black bread without a murmur. The fact is that, with her, the great always got the better of the little: pride, noble ambition, went before avarice.' Her allowance of 40,000*l.* was not over-liberal, considering that she had a court to keep up,  
consisting

consisting of four lady companions, a lady of honour, a reader, two chamberlains, two equerries, a chief equerry, a chief almoner, and a secretary.

Madame Junot, Duchesse d'Abrantès, who was one of the lady companions, says that her imperial mistress had been perfectly beautiful in her youth; and that when, in her fifty-third or fifty-fourth year, she took rank as Madame Mère, she was by no means deficient in personal attraction or in grace and dignity of demeanour. 'She paid especial attention to dressing conformably to her age and situation, and made in short a more respectable appearance than some princes and princesses I have seen, who stood sadly in need of their royal titles to distinguish them from the commonalty.' According to the same acute observer, she maintained her position towards the Empresses Josephine and Maria Louisa with admirable tact. The Empress Maria Louisa, becoming aware of the mistake she had made in slighting her, went one day to call upon her, and began: 'Madame, I have come to dine with you. But I do not come as the Empress: I wish merely to pay you a friendly visit.' Madame Mère, drawing Maria Theresa towards her and kissing her forehead, replied: 'I shall treat you with no ceremony. I shall receive you as my daughter, and the Emperor's wife shall share the dinner of the Emperor's mother.'\*

No two men who have filled anything like an analogous place in history present a more complete contrast than Washington and Napoleon: the one the incarnation of selfish ambition, the other of public virtue: the one a conqueror, reckless of human happiness or suffering in his desolating course, the other a patriot, who thought only of his country's good: the character of the one mixed up with the largest amount of evil which could consist with greatness, that of the other composed of greatness and goodness unalloyed.† Although the circumstances

\* 'Memoirs of Madame Junot, Duchesse d'Abrantès.' In three volumes. 1883. Vol. iii. p. 306. The reception of this entertaining book, on its recent republication, is a striking proof of the unabated interest in Napoleonic times and personages.

† We were under an impression that the elevated character of Washington was unimpeached, until we came upon Miss Mitford's report of a conversation (in 1852) between Carlyle and Mr. Fields: "So, sir, ye're an American?" quoth the self-sufficient Scotchman. Mr. Fields assented. "Ah, that's a wretched nation of your ain. It's all wrong. It always has been wrong from the vera beginning. That grete mon of yours, George," (did any one under the sun ever dream of calling Washington George before?)—"your grete mon George was a monstrous bore, and wants taking down a few hundred pegs." "Really, Mr. Carlyle," replied my friend, "you are the last man in the world from whom I should have expected such an observation. Look at your own book on Cromwell! What was Washington but Cromwell without his personal ambition and without his fanaticism?"

stances in which they respectively saw the light and received their earliest impressions present an equally striking contrast, there was no corresponding difference in the mothers or the maternal training; and it sounds something like a paradox to assert, with M. de Lescure, that they supply a striking confirmation of his theory. He has no difficulty, however, in establishing his case as regards Washington, who, it is agreed on all hands, was imbued from infancy with the principles of truth and honour, which (unlike Napoleon) he rigidly acted on through life. His mother, Mary, the daughter of Colonel Ball, was married on March 6th, 1730, to Augustin Washington, who, April 12th, 1743, left her a widow, with eight children (including two of his by a former marriage), when her eldest, George, was in his twelfth year. The uncontrolled management of the family was bequeathed to her, and she is thus described by a contemporary: 'I was a long time the fellow-pupil of George, the companion of his sports, and the friend of his youth. I feared his mother more than my own parents. She was truly good, but even in the midst of her benevolence she weighed upon me, and now, when time has whitened my hair and I have become father of three generations, I could not see this majestic woman again without experiencing a feeling impossible to describe.'\* Another incidental notice of her at a subsequent period runs thus: 'When during the fêtes in celebration of the taking of New York (1781) the gentlemen who had come from Versailles to serve the cause of the American hero, saw for the first time the noble countenance of his mother, they were struck by the air of grandeur, simplicity, and ease, with which she received the marks of their veneration, and by the deferential attention paid her by the son who had repulsed the power of Great Britain.'† Her favourite book was the 'Works, Moral and Religious, of Sir Matthew Hale.' It was in this she taught her children to read, and from it she drew the maxims of honesty, piety, and modesty, she impressed upon them.

The most characteristic traits of her have been brought together by a French author, Émile Souvestre. After the successful passage of the Delaware, she was warmly congratulated by numerous friends on this brilliant exploit of her son. 'All this, gentle-

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fanaticism?" "Oh, sir," responded Carlyle, "George had neither ambition nor religion, nor any good quality under the sun. George was just Oliver with all the juice squeezed out."—"The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford," &c. Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange.

\* 'Memoirs of Mary Washington.' By M. C. Conkling.

† 'Histoire de Washington,' &c. Par Cornelis de Witt. 1855.

men,' she gravely protested, 'is flattery. George, I hope, will recal the lessons I have given him. He will not forget that he is neither more nor less than a citizen of the United States, whom God has made more fortunate than others.' When the news reached her of the surrender of Cornwallis, she exclaimed: 'God be praised! our country is free, and we shall have peace.' She had not seen her son for seven years when, towards the conclusion of the war, he found himself in her neighbourhood and sent to ask how she would receive him. 'Alone,' was the reply, and alone he came to an interview which would make a capital subject for an historical picture. Speaking of it, she said she had avoided all allusion to the glory he had acquired: 'I taught him virtue; glory is but a consequence.' A French officer who was present at a subsequent meeting between them exclaimed: 'Such mothers enable us to understand such children.' When La Fayette proposed a visit, she simply made it a condition that it should be without ceremony, and she received him in the coarse stuff gown and straw hat which she ordinarily wore. In reply to his enthusiastic praises of her son, she said: 'You are too good, but I am not surprised at what you tell me of George, or at what he has done, for he has always been a very good child.' She died in the second year of his first presidency, but it was not until the lapse of nearly half a century that befitting honours were offered to her memory by the erection of a monument on her tomb. It is an obelisk, forty-five feet high, surmounted by a bust of Washington. The American eagle holds a civic crown suspended over the head of the hero. The inscription is: '*Mary, Mother of Washington.*' The inaugural discourse (May 7th, 1833) was delivered by the then President, General Jackson:—

'The mother and the son,' he concluded, 'are above all human praise, but the striking example of their virtuous existence and their moral grandeur cannot but have a salutary influence on our contemporaries. May this example be present to our thoughts for the first steps of our children in life! May our latest posterity come here in pilgrimage as to a consecrated spot. Let them, on touching with their hands this sacred monument, remember the virtues of her whose remains it covers, and, on leaving it, purified in their sentiments, fortified in their faith and their piety, let them call down the blessings of heaven on the Mother of Washington.'

Goethe has described in verse the qualities for which he conceived himself to be indebted to his parents or his progenitors. His well-built frame of body, his erect carriage, and his love of order, were, he thinks, inherited from his father; his joyous temperament, lively fancy, and fondness for story-telling (*fabuliren*),

liren), from his mother; his devotion to the fair sex from a great-grandfather; his love of finery from a great-grandmother. The prejudice against tailors is, or was, stronger in Germany than amongst us. Prince Bismarck's assailants thought that they had made a palpable hit when they discovered that one of his ancestors had been member of a guild of tailors in the fourteenth century. Goethe, therefore, may be excused for not adding that the great-grandfather in question was a tailor, and the great-grandmother the daughter of one. What he owed to his mother did not escape the attention of their contemporaries: 'Now I understand how Goethe has become the man he is,' was the exclamation of an enthusiast, after a prolonged interview with her.\*

Catherine Elizabeth Textor (her maiden name) was married to Johann Caspar Goethe in August 1748. Johann Wolfgang was born on the 28th of August, 1749, when she was only eighteen, and the father thirty-nine. This disparity of years between the parents materially modified their relative position towards the son: 'I and my Wolfgang,' she would say, 'have always held closely together; the reason is, because we were both young, and not so wide apart from one another as Wolfgang and his father.' She connived at his youthful irregularities, and encouraged his earliest attempts at verse, which were sedulously concealed from his father.

All the biographers are agreed that she was a singularly gifted woman, who could not fail to exercise an improving, inspiring influence on all who came within her sphere. She was the valued friend and favoured correspondent of many persons distinguished for rank or genius; amongst others, of the Duchess Amalie of Saxe-Weimar. Her letters are correctly described as full of heart and soul, fancy, feeling, and vivacity. For example 'Joyousness is the mother of all virtues, according to Götz von Berlichingen; and he is clearly right. When we are content and cheerful, we wish to see all people gratified and gay, and we do all we can to make them so.' 'I have it by God's grace,' she wrote in 1785, 'that no living soul ever went from me dissatisfied, of whatever rank, age, or sex. I love humankind—old and young feel it. I go without pretension through the world, and that pleases all the sons and daughters of earth. I bemoralize no one, try always to spy out the good side, leaving the bad to Him who made men, and who best understands how to polish off the angles; and by this

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\* 'Life of Goethe.' By George Henry Lewis. Third edition, 1875, p. 7.  
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method I am content and happy.' Describing herself when past middle life, she says:—

'I am rather stout, rather corpulent, with brown eyes and hair, and was bold enough to think that I should not make a bad representative of Prince Hamlet's mother. Many persons, the Princess of Dessau among the rest, maintain it was impossible to help seeing that Goethe was my son. I cannot see it; but there must be something in it, because it has been maintained so frequently.'

In a letter to Bettina von Arnim, Madame Goethe writes: 'Maurice Bethmann tells me that Madame de Staël will come to see me. I should wish you to be here for this visit. I must muster my French from every side.' The visit came off at Bethmann's, and the meeting is described by Bettina in a lively letter to Goethe, dated August 7th, 1808:—

'Your mother was wonderfully got up. She wore on the edifice of her head-dress three ostrich feathers, blue, red, and white, the three national colours of the French people, which floated in three different directions. She was artistically rouged: her large black eyes fired cannon shot: round her neck was rolled the famous gold chain given her by the Queen of Prussia: antique lace, a real family treasure, covered her breast. In one of her hands, gloved in white, she wielded an immense fan; with the other, the fingers glittering with rings of price, she took from time to time a pinch from a gold snuff-box enriched with your portrait in miniature.

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'At length, quite at the end of a suite of illuminated saloons, appeared the long expected (*die lange erwartete*). She was accompanied by Benjamin Constant and attired as Corinne: on her head the turban of yellow or orange silk, the tunic of the same colour, the girdle very high up, so that her breast must have been ill at ease: her eyes and her black eyelashes, her lips too, were lighted up by a mystic rouge: her glove, drawn down to the wrist, only covered the hand which held, as was its wont, the famous branch of laurel. As the room in which we waited for her is lower than the saloons, she was obliged to descend four steps. Unluckily, instead of gathering together the folds of her robe behind, she tucked them up in front, which was a terrible hitch in the solemnity of the reception. Nothing could be more comic in effect than the moment when the eminent personage, accoutred after the fashion of the East, was suddenly thrown upon the stiff and virtuous assembly of Frankfort dames. Your mother gave her a glance full of bravery at the instant when they were presented to one another. With her left hand she spread out the folds of her gown; she saluted with the fan in the right, and curtsied several times with an air of condescension. She said aloud in French, in a tone to be heard by the whole of the circle, "I am the mother of Goethe." "Ah! I am charmed!" exclaimed the

literary

literary lady, and all relapsed into solemn silence. Then followed the presentation of others equally anxious to make the acquaintance of the mother of Goethe.\*

Bettina, who could venture to take liberties with her venerable friend, once introduced to her Tieck, whom she did not know, as the famous Dr. Gall, the craniologist. After exchanging a few words, the old lady suddenly rose, took off her cap, dishevelled her white hair, and, seizing him by the arm, insisted on his verifying on her skull the presence of the bumps of imagination, invention, and poesy, which her son, she said, had inherited from her. Sainte-Beuve, who contends that superior men are often reproduced, wholly or in part, in their sisters, cites the examples of Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Balzac, and Beaumarchais. To these may be added Goethe, whose sister Cornelia had many points of character in common with him, which may be similarly traced to the mother.

Lamartine's mother, Aix des Roys, the daughter of the intendant-general of the Duke of Orleans (*Égalité*), was bred up in the atmosphere of a court. Married to a royalist, she was exposed to a succession of dangers and privations whilst the revolutionary fever was at its height; all of which, with her reflections and emotions, she duly recorded in a diary. 'This habit of registering her soul,' says Lamartine in his *Confessions*, 'a habit which she observed to her dying day, produced from fifteen to twenty volumes of intimate communion between herself and God, which I have been fortunate enough to keep, and in which I find her again, all alive and loving, when I feel the want of taking refuge once more in her bosom.' A selection from them, which he left ready for publication, has been published since his death, and affords ample materials for judging to what extent her influence reached, and how far her tone of mind is reflected in his works.† An entry of June 11th, 1801, begins: 'I have still five children after losing one: four daughters and a boy named Alphonse. He is far from me at present, to begin his classical education at Lyons.

\* A parallel instance of maternal pride, well or ill founded, is given by Lady Gregory in her interesting account of 'Arabi and his Household': 'An old woman with white hair, dressed in the common country fashion—a woollen petticoat and blue cotton jacket—came into the room and occupied herself with the children. Presently we found she was Arabi's mother. She spoke with great energy and vivacity, welcoming us and talking of her son with much affection and pride. "I am only a fellah woman," she said, "but I am the mother of Ahmed Arabi."'

† 'Le Manuscrit de ma Mère. Avec prologue, commentaires, et épilogue.' Paris, 1879.

He is a good and amiable child. May God make him pious, wise, Christian,—this is what I most ardently desire for him.'

The two books which she studied unceasingly and took care to place before him, were the 'Confessions' of St. Augustine and the 'Génie du Christianisme' of Chateaubriand, both of whom had been reclaimed from the errors of their ways by mothers.

'Oct. 2, 1802.—I had brought with me the Confessions of Saint Augustine. It is a book to which I take very much, and this morning I saw with pleasure that Alphonse had opened and was reading it with interest.

'Dec. 17, 1802.—I am constantly reading the "Confessions" of Saint Augustine. It is quite *à-propos*. I wish to imitate Sainte Monica so far as in me lies, and by her example I pray, and pray unceasingly, for my children.'

In September 1806 she goes to Mâcon (which was his birth-place), to meet him on his return from college, and finds him taller and stronger than she expected.

'He is, moreover, an excellent child: the Jesuits, his masters, speak highly of his faculties: he returns loaded with prizes and crowns, and he is, despite of this, very modest. What pleases me still more is that he appears now inclined to piety! May God bless him, and preserve for him these precious gifts, which are alone capable of making him happy.'

One of them, modesty, was not his distinctive quality as he grew up, and she seems to have arrived at an over-hasty conclusion on this point.

'I have presented Alphonse to all the family with some little pride. I do not find his tone as gentle as I should wish. I am afraid of estranging him from me, whom he loves so much, by scolding him for it, and, on the other hand, I am afraid of spoiling him by too much deference. *Mon Dieu!* how difficult it is to form a man!'

The diary abounds in passages of sentiment and sensibility, bearing a strong family likeness to many in the 'Meditations' and the 'Harmonies.'

'Sept. 1807.—I enjoy my solitude. I am alone at Milly, with my children and my books. My society is Madame de Sévigné. I have taken a long walk this evening on the mountain of Craz. I was quite alone: it is my delight to wander thus alone in the evening at this season of the year. I like the autumn and the walks without any converse except with my own impressions: they are grand as the horizon, and full of God. Nature inspires a thousand reflections and a kind of pleasing melancholy. I know not what it is, if it be not a secret sympathy of our infinite soul with the infinitude of the works  
of

of God. When I turn back and see from the mountain height the little light that shines in the chamber of my children, I bless Providence for having given me this secluded and quiet nest to brood over them.'

Although Lamartine inherited a good fortune (50,000 francs a year), he soon, as is well known, fell into pecuniary embarrassment, and the youthful irregularities that led to them were attributed to the indulgence of his mother. Conscious that there was some foundation for this reproach, she writes: 'I have been well scolded; I have shed many tears. Alas, to own the truth, the faults of my child are my faults.' In the hope of repairing them she undertook a journey to Paris in January 1813, accompanied by her daughter Eugénie, had an interview with her son, won him over with few words, 'and brought him back to the wholesome air of his family and native country, happy at having robbed the modern Babylon of its prey.' Describing, on the eve of a visit shortly before her death in 1829, the pains he had taken to collect presents for her and his sisters, he says: 'Alas, it was little in return for all the privations I had caused her in my youth, the jewels of which she had stripped herself, even to the rings on her fingers, to procure me a relaxation, a journey, a pleasure, or to hide one of my faults from the just severity of my family.'

For some unexplained reason, M. de Lescure makes no mention of the mother of Victor Hugo, who seldom misses an opportunity of expatiating on his obligations to her. Thus, in the opening page of '*Les Feuilles d'Automne* :'

'Je vous dirai peut-être quelque jour  
Quel lait pur, que de soins, que de vœux, que d'amour,  
Prodigués pour ma vie en naissant condamnée,  
M'ont fait deux fois l'enfant de ma mère obstinée—  
Ange, qui sur trois fils attachés à ses pas  
Épandait son amour et ne mesurait pas.'

A colloquy between Madame Hugo and Victor is given by a biographer, to show the habits of strict obedience in which he and his brothers were brought up.

'There were several fruit trees in the garden, but they were forbidden to touch the fruit. "And those that fall?" asked Hugo. "You will leave them on the ground." "And those that rot?" "You will let them rot." The garden of their next-door neighbour, the astronomer Lalande, was only separated from theirs by a trellis, and he proposed to construct a fence to keep out the children. "Be under no alarm," said the mother, "they will not pass the boundary; I have forbidden them."'

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\* Alfred Barbou, '*Victor Hugo et son temps*.' Paris, 1881, p. 32.

Although the wife of one of Napoleon's generals, she was a royalist, and the determination of her character as well as her overruling domestic influence are shown by the adoption of her opinions by the son in the earliest of his juvenile attempts at verse. 'All these,' says the biographer, 'are in some part the echo of the maternal instruction, the result of veneration for the mother who, adored Muse, dictates not the rhyme, but the ideas. The son had neither the right nor the power to reason with her. He could not suppose then that she taught him anything but the truth.' His political tendency at that time was expressed in a line :—

'Quand on hait les tyrans, on doit aimer les rois.'

In 1817, he was a candidate for the poetical prize given annually by the Academy ; the subject being, 'Le bonheur que procure l'étude dans toutes les situations de la vie.' He did not gain the prize ; but at the public reading of the competing poems, his was the most loudly and warmly applauded, and a mark of approbation was about to be bestowed by the judges when an unexpected difficulty was raised by the couplet :—

'Moi, qui toujours fuyant les cités et les cours,  
De trois lustres à peine ai vu finir le cours.'

It was deemed incredible that such verses should have been written by a lad of fifteen, and the commendatory report began : 'Si véritablement M. Hugo n'a que cet âge, l'Académie lui doit son encouragement.' The indignant mother hurried to the reporter, M. Raynouard, to complain of this insulting expression of doubt, and, receiving an unsatisfactory explanation, she went at once for her son at his *pension* : 'Come with me. I want to show you to those gentlemen who accuse you of being an old man. I have the register of your birth in my pocket.' This was decisive, and the sole excuse which M. Raynouard had to offer was that he could not foresee so improbable an occurrence. It was about this time that Chateaubriand is supposed to have exclaimed : 'Cet enfant est un enfant sublime.'

In February 1819 Madame Hugo was confined to her bed by a dangerous illness, and her two sons took it by turns to sit up with her through the night. Victor had announced an intention to write on 'The Restoration of the Statue of Henry the Fourth,' which had recently been installed on the Pont Neuf, and one evening she asked him if he had sent in his essay, the day following being the last on which it could be received. He owned that he had forgotten all about it in his anxiety, and after gently scolding him she fell asleep. He set to work at once,

once, and when morning broke presented her with the ode, which ranks amongst the most remarkable of his effusions. She died in June 1821, when he was under twenty, but her influence survived. She was an admirer and constant reader of Voltaire, and it was from her that he is thought to have inherited his dislike to priests and monks, whom he is never tired of satirizing.

No writer who has attained to eminence was more indebted to maternal influence, or more eager to acknowledge it, than Sismondi. Indeed, disappointed at the ill-success of his earliest essays, he was more than once on the point of abandoning the literary career, and was with difficulty induced to persevere by the animated remonstrances of his mother:—

‘Cheer up, my child! Electrify yourself by all possible means—of course, all that are honourable and sure. Dear child! I exhort you, I conjure you, do not suffer your heart to be oppressed by the contrarieties you encounter: they are the necessary consequence of the trade of authorship; all authors begin with them. . . . I will not suffer you to speak ill of the vocation of men of letters. Come, let me teach you to look at things on the sunny side; and if you learn this from me, give me the credit of it before the world. No doubt the man of letters is loaded with his particular burthen, since every vocation has its own; but ordinarily he bears a smaller part of the common burthen than others: he is only indirectly affected by the great shocks of life: trouble—that is, work—is one of his pleasures: its reward is often double and of winning sweetness. In fact, if I had to live over again and to choose, I would adopt the literary life as the happiest.’

The reaction produced by the publication of the first two volumes of his ‘History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages’ was so marked, that she began to fear that his head, especially in the intoxicating atmosphere of Coppet, would be turned; and she writes to warn him against placing a too implicit confidence in Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant. She strongly deprecates the sceptical tone which at that time was popular with them.

‘Leave alone the Trinity, the Virgin, and the Saints: as for the majority of those who are attached to this doctrine, they are the columns which sustain the edifice; it will crumble if you shatter them. And what will become of the souls whom you will have deprived of all consolation and all hope? Promise me at least, before publishing, to consult some person of judgment not belonging to the court of Madame de Staël. She can bear hostility: she has so many adorers! But you, you would be embittered, would suffer, would pine away, and I cannot endure the thought of that.’

Vol. 155.—No. 310.

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When he wrote to announce that he had agreed to form one of the staff which was to escort Madame de Staël to Italy, his mother replies:—

*‘Ah ça ! So you are going to travel with Madame de Staël. What a happiness to have such a companion ! But take care ! it is like a short marriage : always together, you see too much of each other ; the defects find no corner to hide in : a spoilt child of nature and the world, like her, ought certainly to have her attendants for the morning, for moments of fatigue and ennui ; and I know a certain person who grows restive when a task is imposed upon him amongst people he likes. This certain person, therefore, will have the double duty of opening his eyes to his own defects, in order to repress them, and of keeping them strictly fixed on the defects of his companion. You may have already learnt your part. No matter : a frequent rehearsal will be required ; and if I could find the fairy ring which pricked the finger every time the wearer was about to commit a fault, I would send it to you as an additional security.’*

She satirically suggests the impossibility of Madame de Staël's pouring forth her wealth of thoughts and images in any language but her own:—

*“She say what she has to say in Italian !” Impossible. It will be vain for her to understand it, to know it, to read Dante better than three-fourths of his countrymen : she will never find in all the language enough to keep up the conversation she requires. How are words to be made when the sentiments and ideas are still to be born ? You will see that she will not like Italian prose any better. However, she will be admired, she will become the rage.’*

The prediction was verified to the letter. ‘Madame de Staël,’ writes Sismondi from Rome, ‘pleases everywhere, but she finds nothing which pleases her. She is irritated by this sonorous language, which resounds only to say nothing. In the poetry, of which they make so much, she finds no ideas, and in the conversation no sentiments.’ In a letter to a friend, shortly afterwards, he draws a parallel between his mother and his fellow-traveller, in which he assigns to Madame de Staël the superiority in genius and wit, but declares his mother to be no way inferior to her in delicacy, sensibility, or imagination. ‘She beats her (Madame de Staël) hollow in justness of thought, in soundness of principle, and in a purity of soul which has an infinite charm in advanced age.’

By way of preparation for his eloquent tribute to Madame Guizot (*née Bonicel*), the mother of the statesman and author, M. de Lescure made what he calls a pilgrimage to her shrine, meaning her portrait by Ary Scheffer, who has painted her in deep

deep mourning on a purple ground, with a folio Bible open at her side.

'This portrait is at once a great page of art and a great page of private and domestic life. He whom M. Guizot happily termed the painter of souls, has, in fact, depicted in it, in a face both like and typical, the history of a soul, of a life, of a family. . . . How admirable the art capable of seizing, of concentrating, of fixing in a single image, the sympathetic characters of an entire existence full of vicissitudes, so as to enable even those who have never known the original, to distinguish and comprehend what there was in her of harmonies and contrasts, of charm in the gravity, of grace in the simplicity, of sweetness in the strength, of malice in the goodness, of liveliness in the melancholy, of smiles in the tears, of happiness in the adversity!'

A connoisseur who could see all this in a picture might compete with the interpreter of Lord Burleigh's nod in 'The Critic'; but many of the excellent qualities which M. de Lescure supposes himself to have seen in the portrait were recognized and admired in the original by those who knew her best, especially by her celebrated son. Her husband, a victim of the Revolution, died on the scaffold, April 8th, 1794, leaving her a widow of twenty-nine with two sons; the eldest, Francis (born October 1787), being under seven. As soon as she recovered from the shock, she gave up her whole time and thoughts to their education, choosing Geneva as affording most facilities for the mental and moral training she thought best. It was of the strictest kind, based upon the Calvinistic discipline and creed, and carried out under her personal superintendence.

'She established herself in a small house, opposite that inhabited by the professor charged with the education of her sons; she was present at all their lessons, she took part in all their tasks, she studied with and for her children. At times, in winter, when their little hands were covered with chilblains, their tasks were written at their dictation by their mother. My father has preserved several copy-books in her handwriting. . . . They took lessons in riding, swimming, and drawing. At the same time, she had them taught a trade, on the principles of Rousseau, to which the overthrow of French society had given a practical importance. Francis became a skilful carpenter and an excellent turner.'\*

It was her wish that he should adopt the profession of an advocate, and keep to it without diverging into literature or politics; and even when he had attained the highest distinction in each, the pride with which she followed his career was largely mingled with anxiety and fear. When (October 29th, 1840),

\* Madame de Witt, née Guizot, 'Monsieur Guizot dans sa famille et avec ses amis.' 3<sup>re</sup> édition, 1880.

directly after leaving the Tuileries, he came to announce to her that he had accepted the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, her first exclamation was, 'How could you have accepted such a burthen?' 'I thought it was my duty,' was the reply, and she said no more. Shortly after his return from his English embassy, he writes—

'What do I now owe to you? What you did for me when I was a child, and had no longer a father, you are doing now for my children who have no longer a mother. There are in you two things, inexhaustible infinite tenderness, and courage. You have borne your own trials without breaking down; you help me to bear mine. Always in all things, dearest Mamma, you aid me, you second me.'

There was a striking physical resemblance between the mother and son, so striking that M. de Lescure, deprecating any irreverent tendency to mirth, suggests that, if M. Guizot in advanced age had put on the old lady's cap and gown, he might have been taken for her. She, however, with reference to his oratorical gifts, repeatedly told him: 'You have your talent from your father: if he had lived, he would have made a noise in the world.' When M. Guizot, on the breaking out of the Revolution of 1848, came to England with his family, she could not be persuaded to remain behind; and on arriving in London and finding herself once again with her son and grandchildren, she cried out, 'Now I can die.' Her small remains of vitality had been exhausted by the journey, and she breathed her last a few days afterwards, March 31st, 1848, in her eighty-third year.

We pass by a natural transition from Guizot to Thiers, who is not mentioned by M. de Lescure, but one of his biographers, M. Frank, after stating that by his mother he was related to André and Marie-Joseph Chénier, exclaims: 'What a mother was this cousin of André Chénier! How devoted, foreseeing, attentive to develop in her son the happy natural gifts which nature had bestowed upon him! She spared neither time nor trouble. She was his master, his professor, his Egeria.'

'At the conclusion of this first period of my life,' says Gibbon, 'I am tempted to enter a protest against the trite and lavish praise of the happiness of our boyish years, which is echoed with so much affectation in the world. That happiness I have never known: that time I have never regretted; and were my poor aunt still alive, she would bear testimony to the early and constant uniformity of my sentiments.' Somewhat hastily, we think, Sainte-Beuve founds an entire theory on this passage: 'Gibbon is eager to point out that he never knew the happiness of childhood. I have already drawn attention to this

this peculiarity in Volney: those to whom have been wanting this maternal solicitude, this first down and blossom of tender affection, this confused and penetrating charm of nascent impressions, are more easily than others denuded of the sentiment of religion.' They are also, he contends, commonly found wanting in genuine sensibility, the sensibility of the heart, as contradistinguished from that of the imagination or the poetic temperament. The softening influence of woman, however, was not wanting to Gibbon at the period when it was most imperatively required:—

'To preserve and to rear so frail a being, the most tender assiduity was scarcely sufficient: and my mother's attention was somewhat diverted by her frequent pregnancies, by an exclusive passion for her husband, and by the dissipation of the world, in which his taste and authority obliged her to mingle. But the maternal office was supplied by my aunt, Miss Catherine Porten, at whose name I feel a tear of gratitude trickling down my cheek. A life of celibacy transferred her vacant affection to her sister's first child. My weakness excited her pity. Her attachment was fortified by labour and success; and if there be any, as I trust there are some, who rejoice that I live, to that dear and excellent woman they must hold themselves indebted.'

More plausible examples of the theory will be found in Voltaire, Byron, and Mirabeau. 'It has been said, and I believe it,' continues Sainte-Beuve, 'that the woman who gave birth to the two Corneilles had the great soul, the elevated mind, the severe manners; that she resembled the mother of the Gracchi; that they were women of the same stuff. On the other hand, the mother of young Arouet—clever, jesting, *coquette*, and *galante*—betokened in every feature the genius of her son.' M. de Lescure clenches the conclusion by adding: 'The one thing wanting to Voltaire to be a lost man (*perdu*) was to have a bad mother. He had one—egoist, frivolous, pleasure-loving, sceptical, like himself. He did not have her long. He was only seven when she died. But he speaks of her without respect, without piety, without shame. He never had a tear for her as a poet nor as a son. Her memory only inspires him with pleasantries which he could never have risked, without getting his ears boxed, on the memory of the mother of another.'\*

It could not be said of Byron that he had no tear for his mother as a poet or a son. In a letter announcing her death (Aug. 1st, 1811) he says: 'I now feel the truth of Gray's

\* See the verses in '*Œuvres complètes*,' t. xiv. p. 309, in which filial irreverence is combined with profanity.

observation,

observation, "that we can only have one mother." Peace be with her!' She died at Newstead, and her waiting-woman passing the room where she lay heard a sound as of some one sighing heavily from within; and on entering the chamber, found, to her surprise, Byron sitting in the dark beside the bed. On her representing to him the weakness of thus giving way to grief, he burst into tears and exclaimed, 'Oh, Mrs. By, I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone!' These morbid bursts afford no criterion of his habitual state of feeling. Their ordinary intercourse, to judge from his letters, was cold and constrained. He frequently addresses her as 'Dear Madam,' and his youthful recollections dwell more on her defects of judgment and temper than on her tenderness. One of the most striking passages of the Memoir confided to Moore and destroyed by him was where, speaking of his own sensitiveness on the subject of his deformed foot, Byron described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him, when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him 'a lame brat.\*' The opening scene of 'The Deformed Transformed' was obviously suggested by this incident:—

'Bertha. Out, hunchback!

'Arnold. I was born so, mother.

'Bertha. Out,

Thou incubus! Thou nightmare!'

Byron, as Moore relates, did not follow his mother's remains to the grave. On the morning of the funeral, he stood looking from the abbey door at the procession, till the whole had moved off; then, turning to young Rushton, who was the only person left, besides himself, he desired him to fetch the sparring gloves, and proceeded to his usual exercise with the lad. Mrs. Byron was short and stout, and he says in 'Don Juan:' 'I hate a dumpy woman;' although this, it has been suggested, was meant to tease the Countess Guiccioli, whose legs were so short that she sat nearly as high as she stood.

The remark of Gray to which Byron alludes occurs in a letter to Mr. Nicholls, in which Gray says he has 'discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper

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\* Moore, 'Byron's Life.' Royal 8vo. edition, p. 13.

into my heart.' Mason adds, that he seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. He had ample grounds for indulging in the most grateful recollections of her. He was one of twelve children, all of whom, except himself, died in infancy of suffocation from fulness of blood. 'He would have died like the rest, had she not with the courage remarkable in one of her sex, and withal so very tender a parent, ventured to open a vein with her own hand, which instantly removed the paroxysm.' Another biographer, Mitford, states that when Gray's father, a tradesman in straitened circumstances, could not or would not defray the expenses of his education at Eton and Cambridge, she supplied the necessary funds out of the earnings of her own industry. How she contrived to do this is left unexplained.

Mirabeau was even more unfortunate in his mother than Byron or Voltaire; for her constant quarrels with his father, in which he sided by turns with each, ended by placing him on bad terms with both parents. His want of respect for her is sufficiently shown by the defence or apology he made for her. He actually draws a parallel between her and Ninon de L'Enclos, and says that the same allowances must be made for them.

'It was Ninon who said that she thanked God every evening for her mind (*esprit*), and prayed every morning to be saved from the errors of her heart. I say errors that my poor mother may be less alarmed at the word. But what did Ninon understand by the errors of her heart? . . . My poor mother has other inconveniences still to dread from her constitution, almost as fiery as at twenty. There are the ravages of the imagination, which, when no longer diverted by the senses, lead certain women into excesses of unreason such as do so much harm to the unfortunate whom we commiserate.'\*

The Bailli de Mirabeau, the younger brother of the Marquis, writes to him many years after the marriage: 'You have allied yourself to a woman who, without any of the attractions of her sex, has all its vices and all the vices of our sex into the bargain.' The Marquis, the husband, writes subsequently to the separation: 'The twenty years that I have passed with this woman have been twenty years of suppressed anger.' Still he did pass nearly twenty years with her, and they had no less than eleven children, whose legitimacy was never in dispute. She could not therefore have been so utterly destitute of attractive qualities, although it must be admitted that she was

\* 'Les Mirabeaus.' Par Louis de Loménie, de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1879. Tome 2, ch. xxvi.

a bad mother, and may fairly be held answerable in part for the aberrations of the most famous of her sons.

Mirabeau had a very remarkable paternal grandmother. Speaking of his own, Lord Brougham says: 'So much for my paternal grandmother; but I should be most ungrateful if I said nothing of my other grandmother, Dr. Robertson's sister, for to her I owe all my success in life. From my earliest infancy till I left College, with the exception of the time we passed at Brougham with my tutor, I was her companion. Remarkable for beauty, but far more for a masculine intellect and clear understanding, she instilled into me from my cradle the strongest desire for information, and the first principles of that perseverance in the pursuit of every kind of knowledge which, more than any natural talents I may possess, has enabled me to stick to, and to accomplish—how far successfully it is not for me to say—every task I ever undertook.'\*

Chateaubriand, in the '*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*,' pays a warm tribute to his mother's memory, and states that his wavering faith in Christianity was fixed by her.

'The filial tenderness which I retained for Madame de Chateaubriand was profound. My infancy and my youth were intimately connected with the memory of my mother. All that I knew came from her. The idea of having poisoned the old age of the woman who had borne me in her bosom filled me with despair. I flung with horror into the fire the "*Essay on Revolutions*," as the instrument of my crime. If it had been possible for me to annihilate the work, I would have done so without hesitation. I did not recover from my distress till the thought struck me of expiating this work by a religious work. Such was the origin of the "*Genius of Christianity*."'

In the preface to the '*Genius of Christianity*,' he says that his mother, on her death-bed, charged one of his sisters to recal him to the religion in which he had been brought up. He was then on his travels, and the sister's letter, communicating and enforcing the dying parent's last wish, did not reach him till the writer was dead. 'These two wishes rising from the tomb, this second death serving as an interpreter of the first, overwhelmed me. I became a Christian. I did not yield, I own, to great supernatural lights: my conviction came from the heart: I wept, and I believed.'

All readers of Pope are familiar with the touching lines in the '*Prologue to the Satires*:'—

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\* '*The Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham.*' Written by himself. Vol. i. p. 12.

'Me let the tender office long engage  
To rock the cradle of reposing age;  
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,  
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep a while one parent from the sky.'

Pope's deformity came from his father; and, as regards personal endowments, he might have said with Curran: 'The only inheritance I could boast of from my poor father was the very scanty one of a face and figure like his own; and if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was that another and dearer parent gave her child a fortune from the treasures of her mind.'

Montaigne, Ariosto, Schiller, Kant, Arago, and Cuvier, may be added to the list of eminent men who were largely indebted to mothers. But we have cited examples enough, and it can hardly be necessary to press the obvious moral that, when so much depends on the due discharge of the maternal duties, they should be deemed paramount to all others. In no condition of society have they ever been neglected with impunity. A striking picture has been drawn of the noble mistress of a family, the contemporary of Marie Antoinette,—careless and frivolous, immersed in dissipation and intrigue, who has her children brought to her by the governess or the tutor at her toilette, embraces them for form's sake, and dismisses them with a gesture of indifference.\* Can it be a matter of surprise that the sons of such mothers were not distinguished by Roman or Spartan virtue: that they did not turn out heroes or patriots; that, when the hour of trial came, they were not found where they should have been, as defenders of the altar and the throne? Yet we find the Prince de Ligne, with peculiar reference to this aristocracy, laying it down that 'there never was better education than that given by mothers whose conduct was light.' By a parity of reasoning he might have said that never was better education than that given by Lord Chesterfield to his son. If he meant more than a paradox, he must have meant that if the sole object were to make a courtier, a fine gentleman, or an agreeable man of the world, a dissolute mother might be better qualified to teach the art of pleasing than a virtuous one.

'What can one be in the world,' exclaimed Madame de Staël, in a moment of real or feigned enthusiasm, to the rising hero, 'when one is not General Bonaparte?' 'Madame,' was the

\* 'La Femme au Dix-huitième Siècle.' Par MM. de Goncourt. Paris, 1862.  
reply,

reply, 'one can be a good mother of a family.' This was something more than an intentionally mortifying repartee. He was enouncing a principle which he practically carried out. The establishment of Écouen was founded by him for bringing up, at the expense of the State, the daughters, sisters, and nieces, of the members of the Legion of Honour. The principal direction was entrusted to Madame de Campan, to whom, during one of his visits of inspection, he suddenly remarked: 'The old systems of education are worth nothing; what is wanting to young persons to be well brought up (*bien élevées*) in France?' 'Mothers, Sire.' 'Well, then, madame, let the French have to thank you for having brought up mothers for their children.'

We are tempted to confirm this view by an extract from one of De Maistre's letters to his daughter in 1808:—

'Voltaire has said, as you tell me, that women are capable of doing everything that men can do. This is a compliment paid to some pretty woman, or it may be one of the hundred thousand absurdities he has uttered during his life. The precise contrary is the truth. Women have produced no masterpiece (*chef-d'œuvre*) in any walk. They have produced neither the "Iliad," nor the "Æneid," nor the "Jerusalem Delivered," nor "Phèdre," nor "Athalie," nor the "Misanthrope," nor "Tartufe," nor the Pantheon, nor the church of St. Peter, nor the Venus de Medicis, nor the Apollo Belvedere, nor the "Principia," nor the "Discourse on Universal History," nor "Telemachus." They have invented neither algebra, nor the telescope, nor the fire-engine, nor the spinning-jenny, &c. &c. But they produce something grander than all these things: it is on their knees that is formed what is most excellent in the world, *an honest man and an honest woman.*'\*

We commend this passage to the serious consideration of the British matrons and spinsters who are clamouring for the Rights of Women. It may opportunely suggest to them that they are running counter to the laws of nature in contending for the equality of the sexes: that they cannot reconcile incompatibilities: that their pre-ordained sphere of action is the domestic circle: that they do more than risk the happiness of the individual family by departing from it: that national interests are at stake: that the general disregard or light observance of the maternal duties in any given community will lead infallibly to the deterioration of the race.

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\* 'Lettres et opuscules inédits du Comte Joseph de Maistre,' t. i. p. 191. He might have added that women have produced nothing first-rate in painting or music. There are no female Raphaels or Michael Angelos: no female Handels, Beethovens, or Mozarts.

ART. VI.—1. *Dieu, Patrie, Liberté.* Par Jules Simon. Paris. 1883.

2. *Revue des deux Mondes* ; for January, February, and March, 1883.

**F**RENCH affairs have during the last few months assumed a critical character, which is of the deepest interest, alike in reference to the prospects of France herself, and to the light which it throws upon some of the chief political and social problems of our day. On the first day of the new year, France was startled by a great blow. She learned that the man who had been for twelve years the greatest power in the country had been cut off in his prime by the unexpected issue of a brief illness. If we would do justice to the subsequent conduct of the French people or their representatives, we must endeavour to realize the immense import of such a loss. It involved the complete disturbance of the political system then existing in France. Ever since the foundation of the third Republic the political life of the country had centred around M. Gambetta, and all political calculations depended upon his influence. He was the chief weight in determining the centre of gravity of the system, and when he was suddenly removed, it is not surprising that its instability was exhibited by some violent oscillations. Men could not but feel as if they were launched upon unknown waters, and that they must watch with anxiety the first movements of the vessel of the State. This feeling was the more unavoidable, as the Government was in conspicuously feeble hands. M. Duclerc and his colleagues were respectable men of business ; but they owed their position chiefly to the fact, that they excited no particular antagonism because they commanded no particular influence. They could transact the business of the public offices, and that was as much as could be expected of them. They were not credited either with sufficient power in Parliament, or with sufficient strength of character, to meet any unusual danger, or to control any popular agitation. M. Grévy, the President of the Republic, commands universal respect ; but his virtues are felt to disqualify him from supplying the deficiencies of a weak minister. All that could be expected of him would be, that he would give a general constitutional support to a strong one ; but the strong man was not at his command. It was generally felt, not only that there was no firm hand at the helm of affairs, but that in an emergency no one would know where to look for such guidance.

These, no doubt, are circumstances which would account for  
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a good deal of uneasiness; but few persons were prepared for the explosion which soon ensued. A fortnight after M. Gambetta's funeral, the streets of Paris were placarded by a manifesto from Prince Napoleon, denouncing the failures of the Republic, challenging its legitimacy, and claiming, as the recognized heir of the Bonapartes, to be the representative of the only government based upon a popular vote. The terms of the manifesto were certainly marked by the Prince's rhetorical capacity, and they had a sting in them which could not but be widely felt. He dwelt on the manner in which the executive power had been weakened, while the Chamber of Deputies was broken up into confused fractions. He recalled how the reactionary, the moderate, and the Radical parties, had one after another been called to office, and had successively failed, until crises were of constant occurrence. He described the magistracy as menaced and weakened, the finances shaken, and religion attacked by a persecuting Atheism. Commercial interests were damaged, and French influence abroad grievously compromised. France, he said, could only become powerful again by union within; and he presented himself as the only living man who, by virtue of being the heir of Napoleon III., could claim the support of 7,300,000 votes. He had waited, he said, since the death of the Prince Imperial, until the experiment of the Republic had been fairly tried; but events now proved it to have failed, and the time had come for him to offer himself to the country as representing the principle of popular sovereignty.

There was enough truth in this review of the state of France to render it extremely disagreeable; but the Government did their best to aggravate any mischief it might produce. Prince Napoleon was hastily arrested; a legal charge was brought against him, which could not be sustained; and after an imprisonment which did him the service of calling the utmost possible attention to his manifesto, he had to be released. Even then, had the matter rested at this point, no serious danger need have resulted from it. Prince Napoleon commands but little personal influence, and the disturbance he had succeeded in creating might have soon died away. But the occasion was instantly seized by the Radical faction for a proposal, which at once indulged their passions and betrayed their alarm. M. Floquet the same day introduced into the Chamber of Deputies a proposition for the expulsion from the territory of the Republic of all the members of the families who have reigned in France; and urgency was immediately voted for it by a large majority. It was directed not only against  
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the Bonapartes, but against the distinguished members of the Bourbon families who, since the fall of the Empire, had held a modest and honourable position in French public life. Several of the Orleans Princes had distinguished themselves by their gallantry and patriotism in the war of 1870, and had since held commissions in the army. The Comte de Paris, now the political heir of the Comte de Chambord, had made his home in France, but was content to live there as no more than a distinguished French citizen. It was proposed to deprive all these persons alike, without reference to anything they had said or done, of the rights they enjoyed on the same ground as all other Frenchmen, and thus to declare that the presence on French soil of any Bonaparte, or any Bourbon, was dangerous to the stability of the Republic.

It is unnecessary to follow in detail the course of the discussion on this outrageous proposal. After going through several phases, the result was, that the Orleans Princes were deprived of their commands, but are allowed to remain in France, and Prince Napoleon has disappeared into obscurity. The struggle, however, excited political passions in a high degree. M. Duclerc's ministry fell because, to his honour, he refused his consent to so unjust a measure. A makeshift ministry which followed, under M. Fallières, lasted only three weeks; and after great difficulties, the present ministry, under M. Jules Ferry, was appointed on the 21st of February. One of the chief obstacles was to find a Minister of War who would condescend to be the instrument of inflicting such an injustice on the Princes; and the man who finally consented to do this shabby work—General Thibaudin—is an officer who has never been fully cleared from the charge of having at least placed a very lax interpretation upon his word of honour during the war with Germany. In the debates on the subject, it was urged that the treatment of the Princes threw a doubt upon the security of all officers' commissions; and an effective hit was made by one speaker who, with the incisive allusiveness of French oratory, observed that officers were asked to be contented with the 'security afforded them by the word of honour of a Minister of War. The cap, of course, was immediately fitted by the indignant remonstrances of the supporters of the measure.

But without following these details, what is of importance is to observe the state of feeling of which they are significant. They are the indications of something approaching to panic among the Republican party, and of a belief, on their part at least, that an appeal to popular feeling against the present Constitution might be really dangerous to the Republic.

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This is at least one interpretation which must be placed upon the excitement which prevailed in the French political world for some five weeks on this subject. It is perfectly true, that the excitement was set on foot by some of the most fanatical members of the Chamber, and that vanity and ambition, as well as folly, may have played a large part in their motives. The witty and vivacious scorn which, under the signature of G. Valbert, is poured upon them in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*' for March 1st may be in great measure justified. 'The geese that guard the Capitol' may deserve the designation, and there may have been plenty of cowardice in those who were frightened by their screams. The opportunity may have been seized to gratify inveterate passions of hatred or mistrust long cherished by political fanatics. But the fact remains, that they were able to make use of the opportunity and turn it to their own purposes. Though the fanatics led, the great mass of the Chamber followed; no Ministry could be formed strong enough to resist the clamour; and the Senate felt it necessary to offer a compromise. What was it that gave the occasion this character? There had been moments in the history of the third Republic at which it was exposed to far more real and even recognized danger. But at the time when a monarchical *coup d'état* was really possible, there was no display either of the panic or of the fanatical passions of the last few weeks. The whole agitation affords conspicuous evidence, that the Republic has entered upon a course in which it can no longer rely upon the general co-operation of the leading men and of the chief influences in the country. It was established under M. Thiers as the form of government which divided France the least. It has now, by its own admission in this agitation, become a form of government from which division and proscription are inseparable. Severe measures taken against Prince Napoleon, however unwise, might have been justified as a retaliation for a grave offence against public order. But to proscribe, or debar from public employment, the sons of an historic French house, who have given no public offence whatever, is to declare that the maintenance of the Republic is incompatible with the full toleration of all classes and all interests.

In pointing out that the recent conduct of the Chamber of Deputies bears this significance, we are by no means saying that the calculations or instincts upon which it is founded are erroneous. Undoubtedly, if the tendency of the Republic is antagonistic to the general, as distinct from the dynastic, interests which are represented by the Orléanist Princes, it may be a matter of prudence to remove them from positions in which,  
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in some emergency, their influence might weaken the action of the public forces. The point we are chiefly concerned to observe is, that the measure implies the consciousness of such a tendency, and is a public declaration of it to France and to the world. It is natural, therefore, to use the occasion for the purpose of reviewing the course of events by which the Republic has been led into such a position, and of examining the general state of public affairs in France.

The most conspicuous fact presented by any such survey is, that the past twelve years have resulted in a complete reversal of the relative position of parties in France. In the course of a notice, in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*' for the 15th of March, of the striking work by M. Jules Simon mentioned at the head of this article, M. Beaussire has pointed out how vividly this revolution has been illustrated by the career of M. Gambetta. The elections to the National Assembly in February 1871 may be almost said to have been directed especially against his influence. When returned to that Assembly in July of the same year, he was regarded as too radical for the ranks, not merely of the 'Left-centre,' but of the Left itself, and he was reduced to the necessity of founding, with the concurrence of the Extreme Left, the radical group designated 'The Republican Union.' But when he died at the end of last year, moderate and even conservative men 'believed in good faith, and not without some foundation, that there disappeared with this tribune, who had never ceased to be a tribune, the last hope of a policy of resistance.' An event which intervened between these two dates brings still more clearly into prominence the development they mark. In 1877 the success of M. Gambetta in the Chamber on a question of religious policy, upon the memorable occasion when he exclaimed, '*Le Cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi*,' led to the kind of *coup d'état* in which Marshal MacMahon dismissed the Ministry of M. Jules Simon, and made a desperate appeal to the reactionary parties, in order to avert the return of a Ministry under M. Dufaure. In other words, in 1871 M. Gambetta was too radical for the Left of the Assembly; in 1877, at the head of a united Republican party, he was the chief foe of the Conservatives; at the end of 1882, he was denounced by the advanced Left as reactionary, his seat was insecure in Belleville, and his death was felt as a dangerous loss by the moderate party.

This singular alteration in his position is not due, as M. Beaussire points out, to any change in Gambetta's own position. It is to his honour that he had always maintained  
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a consistent policy and pursued a definite purpose. He remained substantially the same man as when his vehement defence of Baudin in 1868 brought him to the front as the representative of Radical Republicanism in antagonism to the Empire. He possessed indeed, in a high degree, some of the qualities of a statesman. He could subordinate his theories to the necessities of action, so much so that as a party leader he was identified with the policy of 'Opportunism.' He understood the necessity, in practical politics, of considering men as well as ideas, and he was sensible of the danger of hasty and violent measures. He exerted a valuable moderating influence in the establishment of the Constitution in 1875. He was a supporter of the institution of the Senate, though he was an advocate for a revision of the Constitution, by which its influence would have been diminished. Above all, he knew the importance of repressing actual outbreaks of disorder. The best aspect of his political character was expressed by himself in two of his speeches in 1875. In one he said that the establishment of the Republican Constitution on the 25th of February of that year was 'a work of patriotism; and to say that it was a work of conciliation is to pass on it the highest possible eulogy.' In another, addressed to his constituents at Belleville, he said, 'I deny the absolute in everything, and you may well suppose therefore that I am not going to introduce it into politics. I belong to a school which believes only in what is relative, in analysis, in observation, in the study of facts, in the comparison and the combination of ideas—a school which takes account of circumstances, races, tendencies, prejudices, and hostilities. The policy to be followed is not and never can be the same.' But amidst all this practical sagacity—a sagacity which rendered incalculable service in the foundation of the Republic—he never abandoned two ideas which involve, at all events, the gravest danger to the existing political and social order in France. The one was that of the new *couche sociale*, the other was his hostility to what he had denounced as clericalism. It was in a speech at Grenoble in September 1872 that he exclaimed, 'Yes! I foresee, I perceive, I announce the approach and the presence of a new social stratum, which has taken part in public affairs, now for some eighteen months, and which is certainly far from being inferior to its predecessors.' In the passage immediately preceding he indicated with sufficient distinctness the character of this new social class. 'Have we not,' he said, 'seen the appearance, over the whole face of the country, of a new political body in the Electorate, a new *personnel* of universal suffrage? Have we not seen the workmen

men in town and country, that whole labouring class to which the future belongs, make its entry into political affairs? Is it not a characteristic warning that the country, after having tried many forms of government, is at length about to address itself to another social class for the purpose of the experiment of Republicanism which it is making?' The other idea was that embodied in the phrase just quoted—that the undue influence of the Clergy was the great enemy which the Republic had to encounter. To the end of his life he remained the representative of these two principles; and, especially when combined, they are those to which the Conservative parties in France are the most opposed. The former suggests, as it did when it was first put forward, the rise of influences like that of the Commune; the latter is regarded as practically involving a war against religion. Yet the man who was the representative of these two conceptions, and whose burial with civil rites was deemed in many quarters a kind of consecration of the latter, is nevertheless regretted by Conservatives as a grievous loss to the cause they have at heart.

They are doubtless right in the main, and that for the two reasons which these conceptions of M. Gambetta indicate. Since the election of the National Assembly in 1871, the constituencies have given a constantly increasing support to the Radical party. In that Assembly a large majority belonged to the Legitimist and Orleanist parties, though the great towns returned extreme Republicans; and it was remarked at the time that, since the convocation of the Estates-General in 1789, no French Legislative body had included so many men of rank and fortune. This result was probably owing to the fact that, while the war was caused by the Bonapartists, its prolongation after Sedan, with all the miseries it had brought upon France, was due to the party of whom M. Gambetta was the representative, and the country was anxious above all things for peace. Had the Royalists been in a position to take advantage of this opportunity, the Monarchy might have been re-established. But they were unable to act together; and the very circumstances which operated against the Republicans in 1871 began, year by year, to tell more in their favour. Craving for some consolation under their humiliating defeat, the French people turned more and more to the period of their desperate struggles under M. Gambetta, and a kind of legendary glory gathered around his name, and around that of the party whom he represented. M. Thiers became 'the liberator of the territory,' but M. Gambetta was regarded as the man who had saved the honour of the nation in its disasters. Whatever his blunders in that struggle—and they are recognized

by sober historians to have been grievous—he at least had not despaired of the country, and he came to impersonate the national pride of the French. Step by step, accordingly, the Moderate parties lost ground. The great name of M. Thiers secured for a few years the predominance of that form of republicanism by which Frenchmen were least divided, but every successive election, whether to the Chamber of Deputies or to the Senate, added to the strength of the advanced groups of the Left. As M. Beaussire says, the Left Centre acquired and maintained a preponderant influence in the legislative work of the National Assembly; but the very triumph of its policy was only a stage in the steady progress of the evolution of Radical ideas:—

‘The General Elections of 1876 and 1877, the partial elections which have followed, and finally the General Elections of 1881, were steadily fatal to it. The parties of the pure Left and the extreme Left have enriched themselves at its expense, and, by the force of attraction which is exhibited in all political movements, they have carried off from it a large proportion of its ancient adherents. Men now protest against being deemed to belong to the Left Centre, as they protested ten years before against being deemed Radicals. Even those who do not abjure a name which has thus become unfashionable, allow themselves to be drawn beyond the limits they laid down for themselves, and if a few remain faithful to the programme of 1871 and 1875, they pass for deserters, and are but “the dissidents of the Left Centre.”’—(Page 410.)

In short, the history of Parliamentary parties in France since 1871 has been that of the successive victories of the various fractions of the Left. The monarchical parties were checkmated by the Left Centre; the Left Centre was checkmated by the pure Left; and now the pure Left is checkmated by the Radicals. The ‘Ministry of Combat’ in 1877 made an attempt to arrest this progress; but its conspicuous failure did but aggravate the tendency. M. Thiers gives way to the influences commanded by M. Gambetta; and M. Gambetta, as soon as he makes the experiment, proves unable to hold his own against the intrigues of parties who would go beyond him. It is the old story of the Constitutionalists ‘giving way to the Girondins, and the Girondins to the Jacobins. This result, it is to be observed, is due to the increasing predominance of the Radical party in the constituencies. It is not the result mainly of intrigues within the Assembly, but of the growing predominance of Radical tendencies in the electors. At the beginning of the period, M. Gambetta held his seat for Belleville by an overwhelming supremacy. Towards its close he had a severe struggle

struggle to hold his ground in the constituency; and after his death, as was the case again the other day, the candidate who most nearly represented his views was defeated by a more advanced Radical.

Such has been the history of the transformation of parties in the French Parliament. It has been that of the steady and rapid advance of Radical influences; and such an advance, it is evident, must tend to increase with constant acceleration. Let us next enquire to what purposes this increasing power has been applied, and to what further measures it points? The answer is as simple and evident as the facts to which it is due. The result has been a succession of measures against the influence of the Church and of religion, and in favour of the exclusive predominance of influences akin to that of the Commune. M. Jules Simon, in the Preface to his work already cited, sums up the course of recent legislation in the following vigorous reproach to those members of his party who have refused to stand firm to their principles, and have consented to compromise with the Radicals. He says:—

‘You have combated, against them, the Amnesty, and you have passed it. You have combated, against them, the transformation of our tribunals into judiciary commissions, and you are in course of preparing that transformation with your own hands. You have combated, against them, the systematic enfeeblement of our army by the diminution of the time of service, and you will vote this diminution. You have combated, against them, at least on the ground of its inopportuneness, the re-establishment of divorce, and you are about to vote for it. You have combated, against them, the war against Christianity, and you will make that war, you are making it already, under their orders. You combat the priests, for fear of their being clerical, and spiritual philosophers, for fear of their bringing back the priests. You began by laicizing the School, and then you neutralized it. You confound the negation of beliefs with the liberty of thought, which is precisely the contrary. You are lowering the legislator; you are enervating the judge; you are abolishing the soldier; and this is the very moment you choose for abolishing creeds also. You are hunting them down, even in the country, as if, after the Commune, you must needs have the Jacquerie. It is a strange way of saving and regenerating France.’—(Preface, p. iv.)

These, as M. Jules Simon confesses, are severe denunciations; but the facts to which he appeals fully bear him out. The revolution we have described in the balance of parties in the Chamber of Deputies is slight, in comparison with the revolution which M. Simon recounts in the disposition of the Chamber towards the Church. One of the chief efforts of the Right, in the Assembly of 1871, was ‘to complete the liberty of instruction by adding to the liberty of primary education

which we enjoyed since the law of 1833, and to the liberty of secondary instruction which had been given us by the law of 1850, the liberty of higher education, of which we were wholly destitute.' The University had enjoyed a complete monopoly of the higher education; and the Assembly was almost unanimous in sanctioning the destruction of the last vestige of this privilege. It went so far as to erect the dioceses and Catholic Universities into civil corporations, and to grant to free Faculties, in conjunction with the examiners of the State University, the right of conferring the Doctor's degree and the Licentiate. Of course, the effect of such privileges was to place great influence over the higher instruction in the hands of the clergy. They were ready with their machinery and their staff of teachers, and were able to take immediate advantage of the opportunity offered them. Their opponents were not prepared with any similar agency; and thus every arrangement for protecting the liberty of instruction told in favour of the Church and against its antagonists. M. Jules Simon mentions one curious illustration of this result. It may seem strange at first sight that the Second Empire, which subjected the Press to a most despotic control, was fairly favourable to the freedom of instruction. Writing and speaking might seem much the same in effect. 'But the Imperial Government concerned itself less with principles than with facts, and the facts were perfectly clear. They may be stated in two words. Who would profit by the liberty of instruction? The priests. And who would have profited by the liberty of the Press, if it had been granted? The Republicans. That was the whole case. The Empire feared the Republicans, and had no fear of the priests.' It must, therefore, in fairness be recognized, that the ostensibly liberal legislation of the National Assembly of 1871 was really most favourable to the clergy; and a certain amount of reaction was not unnatural, nor perhaps unreasonable.

But the reaction which ensued has already passed all reasonable bounds. The first important measure attempted in restraint of the existing liberty was the famous Article 7, proposed in the Law of 1879 by M. Jules Ferry, which withdrew the right of giving instruction, whether higher or lower, from all members of religious Congregations not formally authorized by law. There were about 8000 men belonging to such congregations, distributed among 385 houses; and of these about 2000 were priests. The women belonging to similar communities were much more numerous. M. Simon estimates them at 14,000, distributed among 826 communities; of these societies, 153 were exclusively devoted to a life of contemplation, but 456, including orphanages, were engaged in the work of education.

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When Article 7 was rejected by the Senate, the Government retaliated by the decrees of the 20th of March, 1880, of which the first prescribed the dissolution of the Jesuit Societies within three months, allowing, however, until the 31st of August in the case of educational institutions; while the second allowed three months to the other congregations for presenting a request for authorization, in default of which they would be subject to the disqualifications imposed by the existing law. As against the Societies of women, these decrees have not been executed. 'These 14,000 victims,' says M. Jules Simon, 'would have excited too much pity, their misery would have uttered too loud a cry; or let us rather say that the cry was heard in the hearts of the authors of the decrees, and that they had not the courage to execute what they had the misfortune to ordain. This inconsequence, for which we accord them high praise, saved the Republic from a great peril.' But no such scruples have interfered with the decree against the Jesuits. The mass of the public, says M. Jules Simon, saw but the Jesuits alone in the whole affair, and the decrees were regarded as no more than a 'new expulsion, after so many others, of the Society of Jesus.' But the Jesuits are hard to get rid of. Though no longer able to maintain schools formally under their direction, it was obvious and easy to establish institutions nominally lay, but really under the influence of one or two Jesuit teachers among the staff. This resource has been encountered by an ingenious interpretation of the law. It has been argued that such institutions are in effect a re-establishment of the prohibited communities. But this involves a practical violation of the decrees, an offence to the Government, and consequently 'immoral conduct,' 'unworthy of an instructor of youth,' and on this ground, without reference to the decrees, the Principal is declared by the Academical Councils to be disqualified for his office. The result, as described by M. Jules Simon, is as follows:—

'By the decrees and by the manner in which they have been applied, the enemies of clericalism have obtained all the advantages they expected from Article 7. They have succeeded in suppressing the unauthorized congregations, and in excluding their members from all educational institutions, by treating as immoral any Principal who receives them. They congratulate themselves on this result as a great, a profitable, and a durable victory. The unauthorized congregations which remain are only congregations of women; and they know what to expect on the first occasion they may give for dissatisfaction. Upon this, the Catholics do not fail to say that religious liberty is infringed, though specifically such a statement is perhaps exaggerated, for what is infringed is rather the liberty of association and the liberty of instruction. The minister,

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on his part, maintains that he is full of respect for religion, for the liberty of association, and for the liberty of instruction—declarations which must appear somewhat audacious to every impartial and attentive mind.—(Page 240.)

M. Simon, allowing the power and even duty of the Chambers to make new laws on the subject, exclaims—

‘We defy them to suppress or mutilate the liberty of association, while at the same time representing themselves as favourable to Republican constitutions; we deny them the right to refuse to the Congregations what they allow to the Communists; we deny them the right to make new privileges and laws of exception, to have two weights and two measures; we deny that they can justly say that the regular clergy are more to be dreaded than the dynamitists and anarchists; we challenge them to deny that the real danger to public order consists in the existence of these ignored or concealed Jesuits, this straining or violation of the laws, these secret societies and affiliations, which a well-designed law would replace by publicity and liberty; we challenge them to dare to say that French society is incapable of defending itself against 1500 Jesuits. Against the blind and retrograde policy of hate, we appeal to the policy of right, of liberty, and of progress.’—(Page 244.)

When such a protest is extorted from a moderate Liberal like M. Jules Simon, it is easy to understand what passions must be aroused by these measures among the clergy themselves and their more decided allies.

But, as M. Jules Simon proceeds to ask, what security is there against the extension of the principle thus asserted? Among the chief reasons alleged for the Decrees was one to which we shall recur, that the ‘moral unity of the nation’ was menaced by Ultramontane teaching. But is the ‘Syllabus,’ which is the recognized summary of this teaching, the rule of the unauthorized congregations alone? Are not the secular clergy as much subject to its authority as the members of the regular orders? The authorized congregations include, we are told, 20,341 members, dispersed through 3096 schools, 2328 of which are public schools, besides 16,478 schools for girls. How is it, M. Jules Simon asks, if the ‘Syllabus’ is so menacing, that no attempt is made to close these 20,000 primary schools, and the many colleges and small seminaries, in which the instruction can only differ in method, not in substance, from that of the Jesuits? The evident reason is, that there exists at present a legal bar to such a course. But this, as M. Jules Simon says, is a fragile barrier in presence of a majority convinced that ‘clericalism is the enemy.’ What are the wishes and tendencies of this majority? M. Simon proceeds

ceeds to show, by an enumeration of some of the measures already carried or proposed under its influence. Some of these he allows to be partly excused by the object of protecting the consciences of non-Catholics. Such are the projects for the suppression of military chaplaincies, for the suppression of the Sunday rest, for the police of the cemeteries, and for the liberty of civil burials, all of which have become law on the initiative, or with the assent, of the Government. But more important proposals are being urged, and M. Jules Simon's remarks on the first of these—for abolishing the judicial oath—have a strong bearing on the similar controversy now raised among ourselves—

‘We acknowledge,’ he says, ‘that the formula of the oath supposes belief in the existence of God; but this is a very different thing from belief in the existence of a revelation. “I swear to speak the truth,” does not mean “I promise in the most solemn way to speak the truth, and I submit myself, should the case arise, to the penalties inflicted by the law against perjury.” The invocation of the name of God is implicitly contained in the formula of the oath. If it is not certain that this metaphysical idea presents itself to the mind of all those who take the oath, it is certain that it is present to the mind of the greatest number. Such was the intention of the legislator. He conceived that the invocation of God would create the force of the oath. A man may brave society, but recoil before the invisible. . . . The name of God, thus pronounced, stamps the declaration of the jury with a gravity and a solemnity which is in itself full of instruction. It would seem that man cannot reconcile himself to take the life of his fellow without invoking the God who gives it. This formula cannot be suppressed without lowering justice and society. Such a suppression would distress all those who profess a religion, and all those who, without adhering to a positive religion, believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, in whom truth, beauty, and goodness, are personified. It can please none but atheists. Its sole object is to protect them, since all those who have a religion, and all spiritualistic philosophers, believe in God. Accordingly it is in favour of Atheists that religious emblems have been removed from the courts of justice. Atheists nowadays are the makers of the law. This is to push the respect for minorities very far. If the formula of the oath were “I believe in Jesus Christ, and I take Him to witness that I am going to speak the truth,” it would have to be changed; that is evident. But it is surprising to see this minority pushing its scruples so far as to shrink from the phrase “I swear,” so far as to prevent millions of Frenchmen from following a custom which reassured their conscience and which is as old as the world, or so far as to demand a special law for permitting atheists to exhibit and to count themselves. A new scruple, indeed, and one which even Littré, we are told, knew nothing of. It may well be asked whether this scruple is really a scruple, and whether those who exhibit such a sudden

sudden exigence in this matter are not rather under the influence of a desire to check the name of God on the lips of the believer.'—(Page 257.)

But, in deference to these so-called scruples, as M. Simon goes on to recite, all religious emblems have been removed from the magistrates' courts. They have been removed, or are going to be removed, from the hospitals, where they represented consolation and hope. They will be removed from the schools, wherever this suppression shall appear opportune to the local authorities. The number of fathers who entertain a horror of all religion and all beliefs is very small; that of such mothers is certainly smaller still. 'In a hundred schools there is probably not more than one which contains a young atheist, the son of atheistical parents. . . . But for the sake of this atheistical family, which probably does not exist, we are about to suppress the emblems which thousands of families adored or desired.'—(Page 260.)

But even these attacks upon religion, significant as they are, are slight compared with other proposals that are seriously urged. Without attempting to enumerate them all, M. Jules Simon mentions the following as possessing a real importance and significance. The Church is threatened with the rearrangement of its organization and discipline by Parliament; the recruitment of its clergy is to be rendered impossible by subjecting them to the obligation of military service; the estimates assigned to it are to be suppressed, or, if not suppressed at once, they are to be considerably diminished; its buildings, whether devoted to worship or occupied by ecclesiastical and religious establishments, are to be taken from it; it is proposed to prohibit all external manifestations of its worship, and to suppress its emblems in public places; to dissolve all the congregations; to lay hands upon all its property, moveable or immoveable; to expel its ministers from schools, from barracks, from hospitals, from benevolent societies, and to subject them to exceptional penalties. Among these menaces some have already been transformed into laws, others have been already voted by one of the two Chambers, others have been discussed by commissions, or have been the subject of reports by persons of consideration. 'And,' exclaims M. Jules Simon, 'while all this passes under our eyes, we are told in full parliament, from the tribune itself, that religion is not menaced, that even the authorized congregations are not menaced, that these pretended perils are the invention of the clerical party; and that, while the Government puts the existing laws into execution, it will consent to no fresh aggression' (p. 292). He may well ask, 'If a Church is surrounded

surrounded by all respect, if it is in full security, in a country and in a year which has seen all these parliamentary projects brought forth, when will it be in danger?’

M. Jules Simon proceeds to dwell more particularly upon the struggle against religion and religious ideas in the educational laws and regulations, and in the schools. On the plea that obligatory instruction must be neutral in matters of religion, this neutrality has been pushed to a strange extreme. ‘It is a neutrality in point of religion and of belief which would be better called nullity. To realize it the better, there is practically suppressed, in historical subjects, sacred history ; in morality, religious instruction ; in the school, the crucifix and images.’ But the influences which are at work are very vividly shown by some incidents he narrates (p. 349), as having occurred in 1882. It is the custom for the Minister of Public Instruction to appoint persons to preside at the distribution of prizes ; and the children understand very well that these presidents, who occupy the seat of honour, and to whom their masters speak with respect, represent for the time being the University, the State, and society in general. One of these presidents last year, in his address to the children, said : ‘We are charged with wishing to have Godless schools. But you cannot turn a page of your books without finding there the name of a God ; that is to say, of a man of genius, a benefactor, or hero of humanity. From this point of view we are real pagans ; for our gods are many.’ Another said, in the presence, of course, of the children and their families : ‘You have been told that we have driven God from the school. It is a mistake. One can only drive away what exists. But God does not exist. We have simply abolished the emblems.’ These speeches were, indeed, disavowed and condemned by the Minister at the tribune of the Senate ; but, considering the occasion on which they were delivered, they show how bitterly the anti-religious feeling is at work. The Minister promised real neutrality for the future. But what does this mean ? Simply that in future distributions of prizes not a word shall be said either for or against God. ‘That name will be banished, in the name of the law, from all speeches.’ To this, in point of fact, the matter has formally come within the schools themselves, and the history of the decision is as significant as the decision itself. In the debate in the Senate on the law of obligatory primary instruction, M. Jules Simon proposed an amendment in these terms : ‘The masters shall teach their scholars their duties towards God and towards the country.’ By such a declaration, he urged, it would be shown that the Republic would not make common cause with materialists and atheists. After an animated  
debate,

debate, the Senate adopted the amendment by a large majority. But the Chamber of Deputies, as was foreseen, persisted in setting aside the name of God, as savouring of clericalism. The bill had to come back to the Senate, where the same arguments were repeated. But the result was different. The amendment was rejected—‘*On biffa Dieu*’ (they blotted out God). A senator exclaimed that it was no longer the same Senate. In point of fact, a partial renewal of its members had taken effect; and, moreover, some menaces of a revision of the constitution had been heard. The history of the whole struggle is well summed up by M. Jules Simon in the following passage:—

‘Thus a commencement was made by dissolving the unauthorized congregations, while giving an assurance that all others would be respected. Then it was said, with M. Marcon, “one must be blind not to see the dangers to which society is exposed by an education directed by the clergy, whether secular or regular; for there is the same spirit in all the ecclesiastical schools; the distinction it is proposed to establish is only apparent; it is but in the names and in the colour of the dress.” Accordingly, ecclesiastics and members of the religious orders were excluded from public instruction. The symbols and emblems of religion were removed from the Communal schools. . . . Finally it was officially declared from the tribune that to speak of God, without specifying whether the God in question be the God of the Christians, or of the Jews, or of the Mahometans, is to be guilty of an equivoue, and that the introduction of that word into a law is a public danger.’—(Page 370.)

M. Jules Simon concludes his work in a powerful chapter entitled, ‘The Balance,’ in which he reviews the general result of recent French legislation. ‘What,’ he says (p. 372), ‘have we done during the last three years? We have done nothing but make ruins. We have lowered men of intelligence by subjecting them to the masses, and the masses by depriving them of their beliefs. In two words, this is our history.’ What is the cause of so miserable a spectacle? It is to be feared that M. Gambetta was too much in the right when he announced the arrival of a new social influence in public affairs. Universal suffrage is for the first time brought into full play in France, free from all official control, and the consequence is to bring forward a mass of candidates for the place of deputy who aim at nothing but pleasing the majority of the electors by any promises they think will be attractive at the moment. ‘The majority of the candidates are less anxious to say what they themselves think, than to say what the electors think.’ M. Jules Simon’s description of them is marked by a bitterness which, it is to be feared, is too well justified:—

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'They ought to be at the service of a principle, but they are at the service of their own interests, which is almost the contrary. All are beggars; none have professions to make. When the country was infatuated with Gambetta, they were Gambettists; and next they sought success by attacking him. Now that death has brought him some accession of popularity, they are ready to swear that they were always faithful to him. It is little matter to them what hangs at the end of their hook, provided the fish will take it. What would we not give to find some electoral address of this sort of style: "Electors, you wish for a military service of three years because you are only thinking of yourselves; but I shall vote for five years' service, because I think only of the country." Who can tell? Perhaps it would be successful. The electors might say, "Here is a man!" But we shall have no such pleasure. All are servile. In return, those who are elected exert over the Ministers the despotism which the electors exert over them. The Ministers obey the deputies, the deputies obey the electors; the electors obey the demagogues. And what is the result? It is that at home there is an end of government, and abroad there is an end of France.'—(Page 377.)

It is to this servility of the deputies to their constituents that M. Jules Simon traces the chief embarrassments of French politics at this moment; and he is fully borne out by various articles on the subject in the numbers of the '*Revue des deux Mondes*' for this year. Take the case of the amnesty. In 1875 the Chamber voted against it. In 1876, when proposed by Victor Hugo, it was rejected without so much as a vote. But in 1880 it was voted by a large majority in the very same Chamber. The circumstances had not materially changed in the course of four years, but the feeling of the electors had changed, and the deputies at once yielded. The dangerous state of the public finances is due to the same cause. In 1874 the revenue fairly balanced the expenditure, being rather more than a hundred millions of pounds. But in 1882, while the expenditure had risen to 132,614,756*l.*, the revenue had only risen to 114,061,408*l.* For the year 1883, the 'ordinary budget' presents a fair equilibrium, the amount being 122 millions; but there is an 'extraordinary budget,' amounting to 32 millions, chiefly composed of estimates for public works, and exhibiting a deficit of 4 millions. It was elicited during the debates on the budget, that since the war 'France had spent 80 millions on war material and fortifications, and 70 millions on other public works.\*' This extravagant expenditure on public works is mainly due to the pressure put upon the deputies by local interests, and by the deputies upon the Ministers. One constituency

\* '*Statesman's Year Book*' for 1883 (p. 62).

wants a dock, another a quay, another a few kilometres of railroad. To each locality the cost seems a trifle in a budget of three milliards. The Minister cannot run the risk of disobliging the deputy, and the public money is thus consumed in detail. The case, again, is the same with the term of military service. It suits the interest of the mass of electors to shorten it, and the deputies obey their behests in the face of all military opinion. It would really seem as if the private interests of the more numerous class of electors entirely blinded their eyes to the larger political interests of the country. There have been evident symptoms during the last few years, that the constituencies at large would sacrifice almost anything to keep out of war. The Tunisian expedition was precipitated by personal intrigues, and the country became entangled in it without fully realizing what it involved. But the conduct of the Chamber in reference to Egyptian affairs has betrayed an almost morbid anxiety to escape from military enterprises at all costs. This, perhaps, was partly the secret of M. Gambetta's loss of influence. He was known to be in favour of a bolder foreign policy, and the country dreaded whither he would lead it. That there is excuse for such a feeling, in the frightful suffering which a large part of the population underwent in the war with Germany, must be allowed. But the feeling has been indulged till it approaches pusillanimity, and it is but too probable that the secret is to be found in the timidity and narrow interests of M. Gambetta's new *couche sociale*. The result, says M. Jules Simon (p. 393), is this :—'our material situation lost in Egypt, our moral situation lost in the East, our power diminished in Algeria, our relations with Rome and London more than compromised. Add to this the absurdity of a few forward steps, as if we had been desirous of making our material and moral weakness evident. Such is the part we have played in the world these last years.'

But amidst all this weakness and confusion, there is one force steadily pressing forward to a definite aim, and another force as resolutely resisting it. The former is that against which M. Jules Simon's book is mainly directed—the party, or group of parties, who wish to recast all the institutions and sentiments of the French nation in accordance with what it regards as the true Republican spirit. Amidst many professions, more or less sincere, of respect for religion, this party is steadily pursuing the object of moulding the youth of France in accordance with standards, from which the influence of the Roman Catholic religion is wholly excluded. M. Jules Simon lays especial stress on a speech delivered in 1874 by M. Challemlacour, the Minister

Minister of Foreign Affairs in the present Cabinet. M. Challemeil-Lacour, in that speech, distinctly repudiated the principle of liberty of instruction. He denounced it as a grievous error, in the present state of Europe, to extend any encouragement to Ultramontane principles, and avowed the aim of creating a new 'moral unity' in France, in harmony with the principles of democratic Government. M. Ferry's famous 'Article 7,' already referred to, was but one step in this course, and the neutrality now required in the schools involves in practice the full application of the principle. If children, for instance, are not to be taught history on the principles of the Roman Catholic Church, they will be brought up with views which are practically at variance with those principles on some of the most difficult and important political questions.

But the difficulty has already become still more acute. It is agreed that the children are to be taught morality. But what morality? On what principles, and from what manuals? On these points the Church comes into direct conflict with any 'neutral' or secular system of teaching, and a speech which M. Ferry made a few days ago shows that feelings on this subject have already become very embittered. The ecclesiastical authorities will not scruple to denounce non-religious manuals as injurious to the moral and spiritual welfare of Catholic children; and thus, while the State compels the attendance of the children at school, the whole influence of the Church will be exerted to induce parents to protest against the instruction imparted to them. The crisis is so grave that some moderate Republicans, such for instance as those represented by '*Le Temps*,' propose to evade the difficulty by having no manuals at all on moral teaching. Leave this, they say, to the personal responsibility of the masters. No manual on such a subject will give general satisfaction, and the problem must be dealt with by the discretion of individual teachers. M. Ferry sees clearly that such a method would be impracticable. He speaks, indeed, of the character and method of moral instruction in a way which would have rejoiced the hearts of the opponents of the conscience clause in England fifteen years ago. He says:—

'Moral instruction is not purely didactic instruction; it cannot be given in thirty lessons or in forty; it is being always given; it must be mixed with all other instruction, with all the communications of the master with the scholar; it is a lesson which ought continually to spring from the heart of the master to pass into the heart of the scholar. It is not a process or a book; it is a collection of means, all directed to create in the school a moral and elevated atmosphere, an atmosphere healthy and invigorating, and the object is not attained by one process more than by another. This process includes

includes reading, conversation, recitation, singing; it is a collection of means as various as the intelligence of the master himself. The worth of the master's own heart is the measure of the worth of his moral instruction.'

It cannot but be observed that, the more truth there is in all this, the greater is the justification for the importance attached by Catholic parents to the management of schools by ecclesiastics or members of the congregations, and the greater the hardship inflicted on them by the complete exclusion of such influences, or the 'laicization' of education. But M. Ferry proceeds to say that, although the ideal of moral instruction may be that it should be given by a master, and without books, it does not follow that all village teachers would be equal to such a task. He asks, indeed, whether it be not too clear that if such teachers were deprived of the support of some books or other, however elementary, 'we should strike at the heart of this instruction itself.' Moreover, as he says, ordinary reading-books are among the chief instruments of moral instruction.

'Are we to tell the master that he shall not have the right of choosing and recommending to his scholars reading-books of moral tendency, and that he must find in himself and in his own resources all the developments, all the examples, all the thoughts, all the fine traits, which constitute the necessary aliment of moral instruction in the primary school? You see, gentlemen, that the idea of suppressing books of moral instruction is impracticable, and offers no solution of the difficulty.'

He is certainly not more successful in offering a solution himself, for he only proposes to leave the choice of such books to the masters and mistresses of each canton, subject to the control of departmental commissions. It would seem evident that such a plan would only aggravate the difficulty; for the manuals chosen might be at least as obnoxious to the Church as any which could be imposed by the Government, while the authority by which they would be supported would be less able to encounter the opposition of the Bishops.

But we need not dwell on the problem any further than to point out the illustration it affords of the critical conflict to which the Government of the Republic is now committed. By M. Ferry's own statement, children are now to be forced, by the law on compulsory education, into schools in which their moral training will be moulded at every instant by a master who must be 'neutral' in matters of religion and Christian morality, and whose neutrality may be by no means benevolent towards the Church. The 'moral unity' which M. Ferry and M. Challeml-Lacour, whose influence is predominant in the present Ministry, desire to produce, is, by its very definition and  
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assumed purpose, antagonistic to the Roman Catholic Church. Unhappily, moreover, this antagonism fosters a passion which is both general and intense in a large portion of the French people, and especially in that *couche sociale* of the great cities to which M. Gambetta appealed. A bitter hatred of the Church and the clergy has, from time to time, broken out in certain portions of French society, and a war against the priests is sure to command very considerable popularity. Unhappily, it must needs be owned that the conduct of the authorities of the Roman Church within our generation has afforded but too much justification for the antagonism of men like M. Challemel-Lacour, M. Paul Bert, and M. Ferry. The doctrines of the Syllabus and the dogma of Papal Infallibility are calculated to provoke the opposition, and even the indignation, of men of independent intelligence; and though to us, in this country, they have little more than a theoretical interest, they assume a different character when the dominant religion of a country is identified with them. It must be allowed that a statesman is more than justified in endeavouring to counteract such influences, and to promote some sounder moral and religious principles.

A more perplexing and apparently insoluble problem does not exist, than that which is presented by this difficulty. M. Simon says that in attacking Catholicism M. Ferry and his friends are practically attacking Christianity. That is the misfortune of the case, and it must be added that the Roman Church is mainly to blame for it. We cannot hesitate to say that, by identifying Christianity with the figments of the mediæval and modern Roman system, that Church has done more harm to the cause of true religion abroad than all the attacks of Freethinkers. A similar problem is involved in the *Culturkampf* in Germany, though there the danger is greatly diminished by the predominant influence of Protestantism in Northern Germany. Protestantism in France holds no such position; and the consequence is, that the Ultramontanes and the Revolutionaries stand face to face, and drive one another to extremes. In such a state of things, we fear that M. Jules Simon, in his turn, exaggerates the claims of the principle of liberty for which he contends. If doctrines are taught and principles inculcated by powerful agencies, which are essentially incompatible with the welfare of the community or with the stability of the Constitution, it can hardly be maintained that the State is bound, in deference to the principle of liberty, to adopt no measures of repression or control. But it is none the less lamentable, that such measures should be adopted with such haste and passion, and pushed to such extremes, as are exhibited  
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in the recent conduct of the French Republic. The unhappy tendency of the French is, in their own phrase, *à outrer les choses*—to push everything to an extreme—and that is the process which we are now witnessing once more in France. There are other extreme parties at work besides the two we have been mainly considering—above all, the violent Communistic and Socialistic parties. But the main struggle now going forward is between the Republican party on the one side, and the Ultramontane party on the other, and each is doing its best to drive the other to extremities. The Ultramontane party, moreover, is indissolubly associated with the tendency to a monarchical reaction, and thus religious and political antagonisms are combined and intensified. Gambetta's saying, '*Le Cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi*,' sums up the character of the struggle in progress from the Radical point of view; and '*L'Athéisme, voilà l'ennemi*,' would similarly express the view of the Conservative parties.

But that which renders the case so desperate is the political organization under which this determined duel is being fought. If a society is to pass through a period of transformation without some great convulsion, what is essential is that its political institutions should be such as to ensure a certain stability and continuity in its life. There ought to be some influence which binds the past to the present, and prevents action being taken on the impulse of the moment. To exert this influence is one of the most valuable functions of hereditary institutions. They bring the present to some extent under the control of the past, and render it impossible for a single generation to act as if it had only itself and its own inclinations to consider. The essential fallacy in the phrase 'the will of the people' lies in the meaning attached to the word 'people.' With what right can the possessors of universal suffrage at any given moment regard themselves as the adequate representatives of a nation which has had a long history in the past, and hopes to have a long one in the future? A nation, in its whole history, represents one organism, and for a people to disregard its past is as dangerous and unnatural as to disregard its future. But the fatal weakness of the present French Constitution is, that no provision whatever is made for this salutary influence. There are no hereditary institutions left; and the Senate, which was intended to serve something of the same purpose, has proved to be powerless. One simple provision has sufficed to reduce it to impotency. A revision of the Constitution can always be legally accomplished; and if a sufficient agitation in favour of such a revision were raised in the country, the Senate would have to give its consent to such  
a measure,

a measure, under peril of popular violence. Accordingly, at this moment, a 'Revisionist league' is at work, prompted by the resistance shown by the Senate to the Bills aimed at the Princes. It is thus felt on all hands, and in the Senate itself, that that assembly can offer no more than a momentary check to any measures on which 'the people' may set their heart, or to which they have been urged by fanatical or ambitious demagogues. The consequence is, that nothing is settled, or to be taken for granted, in French affairs. If a revision of the Constitution is possible in one sense, it is possible in another; and while Republicans clamour for revision in the interest of Radical measures, the Bonapartists see their own opportunities of policy in the same troubled waters. The country is thus at the mercy of the agitation of the moment, and some sudden passion may sweep away all existing barriers against anarchical violence. This, it must be observed in passing, is the kind of political ideal towards which our own Radical politicians are doing their best to urge us. They lose no opportunity of disparaging those hereditary institutions which bind our present with our past, and check the hasty action of the popular voice; and they are pushing forward as fast as they can towards universal suffrage, controlled by caucuses, which would be controlled by demagogues. The picture now presented by France of the working of such institutions ought to be a sufficient warning against these schemes. Happily, our reasonable and moderate Church establishment saves us from the worst dangers which now threaten French society; but whenever popular forces are let loose unchecked, society is inevitably endangered.

A country, in fact, which is dependent like France at this moment on universal suffrage is, like the ocean, at the mercy of the winds, and liable at any moment to be lashed into storm. There is one resource conceivable amidst such perils, which is being strongly urged by the reasonable and moderate writers in 'Le Temps'; but we fear it is an impracticable one. If the various Conservative parties, Monarchical as well as Republican, could, as in the time of M. Thiers, unite to support a really Conservative Republic, they might be strong enough to hold the Radicals in the Chamber in check, and to ensure moderate measures. But even if the Republic were not repeating the experience of 1789 and the following years, the Conservative parties, too, are the victims of the tendency *à outrer les choses*. They cannot, even for the good of the country, bring themselves to forego the full assertion of their theories and principles, and they are even willing to join at times with the Radicals themselves for the purpose of defeating a Ministry, and

making Government under a Republic still more impracticable. How in such circumstances the prevailing confusion is to end it is impossible to foresee, or even to guess. We have no sufficient means of judging the relative strength of the forces at work ; and it is evident from the agitation which followed on Prince Napoleon's Manifesto, that a spark may at any time produce a violent explosion. All that is certain is, that fierce passions and arbitrary principles are eagerly contending for the mastery, that no power has yet been found which is capable of controlling them, and that the constant tendency of events during the last ten years has been in favour of the Radical parties. If, however, the Monarchical parties cannot sacrifice their pretensions in favour of a Conservative Republic, it is natural to hope that the country may at length fall back upon the regular and settled authority of an hereditary Monarchy. Such a Monarchy would supply the essential element which France needs—that of a principle of continuity and stability in the national life. It would no longer be possible to treat the true history of France, as seems practically done by some of the School manuals, as having commenced in 1789. Above all, in the acknowledgment of hereditary succession, it would introduce the principle of government founded upon permanent rights, instead of upon temporary inclinations. The most dangerous conception in a great country is that which places property and power at the mercy of the popular will, instead of resting them upon moral claims. Any system which rests solely on 'the will of the people'—that is, on the will of the people for the time being, must be essentially unstable ; and for this reason Bonapartism is as hopeless a solution of the difficulty as Radicalism. There is no danger of the Monarchy, of which the Comte de Paris is the next legitimate heir, reverting to the mere absolutism of the old *régime*. Such a monarchy would be perfectly compatible with Liberal institutions, while it alone would provide a firm foundation on which they could rest. But at present the development of events can only be watched with the gravest anxiety for the interests of a great and friendly nation.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Paper read by Professor Jevons, F.R.S., on the Metallic Currency of the United Kingdom, with reference to the Question of International Coinage.* In the 'Journal of the Statistical Society' for 1868.
2. *Paper read by Mr. John Biddulph Martin, M.A., F.S.S., on our Gold Coinage, before the Institute of Bankers, 19th April, 1882.*
3. *Paper read by Mr. R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S., before the Institute of Bankers, on the Deficiency in Weight of our Gold Coinage, 21st February, 1883.*
4. *The Annual Reports of the Deputy Master of the Mint, Nos. 1 to 12. (1870–1881.)*

THERE is a special suitability in considering together the twelve Reports of the Deputy Master of the Mint which are mentioned above. They possess a distinct character of their own. They mark off with a clear boundary-line the period when the original constitution of the Mint, dating in some of its features from times before the Conquest, became entirely merged in its modern system of administration; and further, when the material organization of the Department became fitted for the work now required of it by the introduction of new machinery and implements of manufacture. The administrative system in force at the Mint till 1850 was extremely complicated. The actual work was performed by a respectable but restricted body of persons, styled Moneyers, who were in one sense entirely unofficial, as they formed a kind of private corporation. With this body successive Masters of the Mint contracted, at high rates, for the manufacture of the coin; and we may look upon them as the representatives of the original 'Moneyers,' the earliest Mint officers of whom any record is made. Between 1850 and 1870 may be considered as a period of transition, so far as the organization of the Mint is concerned. In 1870 the Coinage Act fixed matters on their present basis. The separate office of Master of the Mint, held in times past by men of high scientific position—from Sir Isaac Newton to Sir John Herschel and Professor Graham—was done away with. The Master-ship, now made only an office of general direction, was vested for the future in the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. The real operations are conducted by a scientific staff under the superintendence of the Deputy Master—at present the Hon. C. W. Fremantle.

There is no one of the departments of Her Majesty's Government, the work of which so closely concerns the daily convenience

of each and all of the inhabitants of the country as that of the Mint. Customs' duties affect most of us directly or indirectly, though our use of tea and tobacco may be individually small. Excise duties some of us contrive to avoid. The licences charged through the Inland Revenue Department are not required by every inhabitant of the country. The Education Department influences the bulk of the population; but there are still many years in a man's life during which he neither is himself, nor has children either, of school age. The Post-Office comes into contact with most of us. But there is no department whose work more closely concerns our daily doings, accordingly as it is done well or ill, than the Mint. To prove how well the work is done, it is really almost enough to try to remember how long it is since any complaint has been made. English people prize the power of grumbling, especially against a department of the Government, among their most precious traditions; and that the Mint is never grumbled against would be of itself no mean testimony in its favour, without the abundant positive proof that it performs its work excellently well.

Few of us, perhaps, even with existing facilities for travelling, with a station of the Metropolitan Railway close to its entrance, have ever seen the place itself whence so much of our coin still—like all of it for a long time past—takes its start in life. The Mint has remained remarkably constant to its earliest traditions of site. By a curious survival of the fittest, the Royal Mint in the Tower continued to exist after its brethren at other places—such as Bristol, Hull, Dublin, and Edinburgh—were done away with. A rival at Southwark even was extinguished. The precincts of the Tower of London continued to be the scene of its operations, which date almost as far back as that building itself, till in 1810 it was moved, and even then to no greater distance than to its present site on Tower Hill.

Leaving the outworks of the Tower on the right, the front of the Mint is perceived—the work of Sir Robert Smirke, some seventy years since, marked with the best characteristics of the buildings of that period—unpretending, but wearing the kind of dignity which a building possesses when it is really well adapted to its purpose. Within, though much of the structure of the commencement of the century remains, the reconstruction carried on in the years 1881–1882 has practically converted this into a new building. The old machinery, placed there between 1806 and 1811, and then as perfect as the skill of John Rennie, working with Boulton and Watt, could make it, has been replaced by engines arranged with the many improvements of the present day. The greater part of the new machinery

machinery has been constructed by Messrs. Maudslay, Sons, and Field; and it was constantly supervised by the personal attention of Mr. George Duncan, of that well-known firm. Boulton's old coining press, in itself a great improvement on the machinery, worked by four men, by which the coining had been previously performed, is also superseded by Uhlhorn coining presses, supplied by Messrs. Ralph Heaton and Sons, of Birmingham. These presses convert the 'blanks,' as the unstamped but prepared discs of metal are technically called, into coins, silently, by a powerful squeeze, which at once impresses the device on both sides, and the 'milling' on the edge, which protects our money from 'clipping.' In this these machines differ from their predecessors, which operated with a blow. The old method of striking was accompanied by a deafening noise; the new method imparts a definite force, which cannot be exceeded, and works almost in total silence. The ingenious appliances for 'feeding' the blanks and removing the coins deserve notice. The whole machinery is driven by three steam-engines of 60-horse power, fitted with Musgrave-Cordiss gear, designed to meet the constantly varying strains to which the machinery is subject. These varying strains, which are inseparable from minting operations, and result from portions only of the different classes of machines being in use at one moment, while many more may be called into action the next, presented a considerable difficulty in arranging the new system of machinery. The plan of the older building, and the space of ground available, presented other difficulties. The constant labours of the Hon. C. W. Fremantle, the Deputy Master, Mr. R. A. Hill, the Superintendent of the operative department, and Professor W. Chandlers-Roberts, F.R.S., the Chemist of the Mint, were devoted for months to overcoming these obstacles. Finally the work was completed, for a net cost for buildings and machinery estimated at 39,000*l.*, which must be regarded as small when compared with the improvements effected.

Before describing these, we may direct the attention of the reader, whom these lines may induce to visit the Mint, to the striking spectacle of lifting the huge crucibles from the furnace, and pouring the white-hot silver or liquid gold into the ingot-moulds, as if by those angels of Mammon, who

'With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross:'

the rolling these ingots into shining ribbons, from which the 'blanks' are punched as easily as discs of paper, and carried off

off in bowls which contain 'the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.' The courteous attendant will assist the visitor to understand the action of a most ingenious balance, which automatically sorts the finished coins, delivering the light, the over-heavy, and those of just weight, into separate tills; the two former kinds being sent back for remelting. The precision of the final result is well known to all who have read the newspaper reports of 'the trial of the pyx.\*' Another object of interest is a skeleton cube (each edge being  $33\frac{3}{8}$  inches long), representing the size of a mass of standard gold worth 1,000,000*l.*, and helping us to form a concrete notion of a sum vague enough when stated in figures, and as hard to count in practice as the robbers' gold for which Ali Baba had to borrow Cassim's traitorous measure, or the wealth of Horace's miser:—

'Dives, ut metiret nummos.'

Some cases in the waiting-room contain interesting specimens of coins and commemorative medals, among them the Maundy money, and the 5*l.* and 2*l.* gold-pieces, and the first copy of the silver crown of Victoria, which have never been brought into circulation.

The improvements lately made in the buildings and machinery have been neither few nor unimportant. The Mint has hitherto not been always in a position to carry out all the work which should be performed by it. Thus in 1874, though the Mint was able to execute a coinage of fifty-cent pieces in silver for the Government of Newfoundland, of the nominal value of 8,333*l.*, it was unable to carry out a silver coinage in twenty-five-cent, ten-cent, and five-cent pieces, of the nominal value of 104,167*l.*, for the Dominion of Canada. Again, in 1881, a coinage of bronze cent pieces, of the nominal value of about 4,000*l.*, and two silver coinages, of the nominal value of about 90,000*l.*, in fifty, twenty-five, ten, and five-cent pieces, for the same Government, had also to be executed by Messrs. Ralph Heaton and Sons, of Birmingham. These instances are selected out of many others; and coinage by contract is no new thing—witness 'Wood's Halfpence' in Ireland, immortalized by Swift, and Boulton and Watt's 'butcher pennies,' which

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\* This Greek and Latin word (*πύξ*, *pyxis*)—still used in Catholic worship for the casket containing the consecrated wafer—is also preserved for the box, in which samples of our standard coins are laid up. The Pyx box and 'trial plates' (of the required standards of fineness) were formerly kept in the Pyx chapel in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey; but now the Pyx chest, containing the coins tried each year by the Goldsmiths' Company, is kept at the Mint, and the trial plates are kept by the Warden of the Standards, who produces them at Goldsmiths' Hall when the trial is made.

exceeded

exceeded their nominal value, a fact which aided the economical introduction of our bronze coinage. It may be stated generally that the Mint has not of late been usually in a condition to carry out all the work required from it, even for home wants, to say nothing of the growing requirements of our Colonies, which are often considerable. In 1881 silver coin of the value of 146,175*l.* was sent to the Colonies, and worn silver coin of the value of 67,543*l.* 16*s.* withdrawn from them. In 1880 the new silver coin sent to the Colonies was 308,940*l.*, and the worn coin withdrawn was 86,425*l.* Under these circumstances it will not surprise any one to be told, that the bronze coinage for this country has frequently had to be put out to contract; especially for the Colonies, as is shown by the following statement.

The coinages executed by the Royal Mint for the Colonies from 1861 to 1880 inclusive have been as follows:—

Gold	..	..	..	..	..	..	£11,893
Silver	..	..	..	..	..	..	366,303
Copper or Bronze	..	..	..	..	..	..	33,220
Nickel *	..	..	..	..	..	..	3,000
							<hr/>
							£414,416
							<hr/>

The Colonial coinages executed by private firms during the same period have been far larger in value:—

Silver	..	..	..	..	..	..	£670,996
Bronze or Copper	..	..	..	..	..	..	99,807
							<hr/>
							£770,803
							<hr/>

The bronze coins have to be ordered by the ton-weight. Thus, in 1881 fifty tons of pence, halfpence, and farthings, were contracted for from Messrs. Ralph Heaton and Sons, of Birmingham. As the meaning of fifty tons of bronze may hardly be intelligible to every one, we add the value and weight of this coinage:—

				Tons.		£	s.	d.
Pence	..	..	..	35	..	15,680	0	0
Halfpence	..	..	..	10	..	3,733	6	8
Farthings	..	..	..	5	..	1,866	13	4
					<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
					50	£21,280	0	0
					<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>

The nominal value of the bronze coin issued since the first introduction of the new bronze coinage, in 1860, to the year

\* Exclusively for Jamaica.

1881 inclusive, was no less than 1,498,013*l.*; and it may amuse those of our readers who possess an arithmetical turn to calculate the weight of this coinage according to the proportions given above. They will find, we think, that the weight is far greater than they could have imagined. It seems hardly fair to suggest the further arithmetical puzzle of how many ships of the 'Inflexible' type might be sheathed with the metal. But we think it would go a handsome way towards the supply of the requirements of the British Navy in that particular.

We must, however, turn now to the most important coinage, that of gold for our own country. It is notorious to most of us, in the course of our daily dealings in the way of purchases and otherwise, that the gold coin we carry about in our pockets and purses is frequently very much worn, and consequently deficient in weight. If any person doubts this statement, and will only as he reads examine the gold coins he has about him, the probability is that he will find the truth of it amply confirmed by the result of this investigation. People do not notice the circumstance, because there is, in a general way, nothing whatever to point it out to them. Shopkeepers without exception take the coinage as it comes to them over their counters, without more investigation than is sufficient to satisfy them that each piece is genuine. Any traveller would be very much astonished indeed, if the booking-clerk at a railway station were to scrutinize very closely, and then reject, on the ground that it was light, any genuine English gold coin that was offered him. Nor are the banks throughout the country, with the single exception of the Bank of England, more particular on this score; nor even the public offices, at least as a rule. Complaints are not infrequent in the newspapers from persons who have received gold coins from one of the public departments, which have been rejected by another. These persons have a right to complain, but they have hitherto found no redress. Their numbers, however, are not large. The inconvenience to them is also slight, when compared with that often experienced by the banks. Custom, in their case almost as stringent as law, induces—it might almost be said, compels—they to receive the gold coin brought to them by their customers, however light almost it may be. Unless its condition through wear has become most exceptionally bad, they never refuse it. And if what they take is more than they can employ in the way of their own business, they find themselves, unless some other bank will take it off their hands, embarrassed with a stock of coin which they do not want, and which can only be made useful to them by sending it up to the Bank of England.

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Here again they are confronted with another difficulty. The Bank of England will not take light coins, as such. It receives, indeed, but it defaces immediately, all the light gold coins handed to it; and as it charges those who bring the coin with the deficiency in value, it is not to be wondered at if as little light gold coin as is possible is brought to the Bank. Nor would the loss thus incurred by bankers be trifling. Mr. Martin, a well-known banker in Lombard Street, has estimated in the course of his investigations on the subject, to which we shall have to refer more fully further on, that if 100,000*l.* in sovereigns of the weight of the ordinary circulation were sent into the Bank of England, the loss incurred would be 637*l.* This would be the loss if the amount paid in consisted of sovereigns only. If it had been in half-sovereigns, the loss would have been very considerably larger—about 961*l.* The half-sovereigns, owing to the larger proportionate surface which they expose to wear, and also probably to their being in more active circulation than sovereigns, deteriorate more rapidly by wear than the sovereigns.

The loss now spoken of as occurring on the payment of gold coin to the Bank of England is no ideal or imaginary thing. A story was current recently in banking circles of a bank which had been compelled to receive in the way of its business about 50,000*l.* in gold coin from the local collectors of Inland Revenue receipts. The bank in question had to pay over the amount to the Government account with the Bank of England, and to give full value for it. But the Bank of England, if the coin had been tendered to it, would have declined to take the very coin in which the payment was made by the Government officials to the provincial bank. That bank was unable to make use of the gold coin in the way of its business. The demand for gold coin on account of wages happened to be slack at the time, and the coin was not required: hence the gold had to be held over. The working out of the transaction was this: the bank which received the coin was compelled to pay over the amount to the Bank of England as agents of the Government; but the Bank of England, following its own rules, would have declined to receive the very coin which was the subject of this payment, had it been tendered to it. Thus it was useless to offer it.

This instance shows what occurs at the present time. The evil itself, the deficiency in weight of our gold coin, is now of very considerable standing. More than forty years ago a considerable amount of the gold coin then circulating was found to be deficient in weight, and a large quantity was withdrawn. For about twenty years after that time the question did

did not arise, as the circulation had been brought to a tolerably fair condition; and, backed as this was by the immense coinages of gold which took place immediately after the discoveries of that metal in Australia and California, nothing further was required for a considerable time. Gradually, however, one investigator after another began to discuss the fact, that the gold coinage was becoming very deficient in weight. The matter was referred to in the evidence given before the Royal Commission on International Coinage in 1868. It formed also the subject of a careful paper read before the Statistical Society in that year, and written by Professor W. Stanley Jevons. The investigation was continued in a paper written by Mr. J. B. Martin, whom we have mentioned before, and also in another paper, written by Mr. Inglis Palgrave, in the present year. Both the papers of Mr. Martin and of Mr. Inglis Palgrave were read before the Institute of Bankers, which has, as might naturally be expected, given a great deal of attention to the subject. Professor Jevons's and Mr. Martin's papers were occupied with an enquiry into the admitted deficiency in weight of the gold coinage; Mr. Inglis Palgrave's paper with a proposal for its reform.

The investigations made by Professor Jevons and Mr. Martin showed one remarkable feature in the case: the enormous and progressive increase in the deficiency of weight. Professor Jevons in 1868 estimated that about  $31\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.—that is to say, somewhat less than one gold coin out of every three—was deficient in weight. The gold coinage is now, however, considerably more deficient in weight, as far as the mass of the circulation is concerned, than it was in 1868. Mr. Martin, however, writing in 1882, and basing his estimate on the results shown by an investigation quite as wide as that initiated by Professor Jevons, came to the conclusion that, taking sovereigns and half-sovereigns together, 55 per cent.—that is to say, more than half the gold coinage in the country—was light at the later date. The difficulty of dealing with the question in a practical way is therefore increased from two points of view: the number of coins to be replaced by others of full weight is far larger now than it was forty years ago, and the deficiency in weight on the coins collectively is also greater. The whole matter is therefore a much heavier one than it was, both in the numerical cost of recoinage, and the total loss on the bullion to be restored. The course which matters have followed illustrates very clearly the truth of what is called the Gresham Law in monetary matters—it being the observation of that celebrated British merchant of old, Sir Thomas Gresham—that,

that, when the circulation of a country consists of two classes of coin, employed to fulfil the same functions, the worse coin will certainly drive the better out of use. The course of events pursued in England of recent years has completely exemplified this law. New full-weight gold coins have been continually poured from the mints in England and Australia into the hands of the public. When these coins were put into circulation, they passed current side by side with old, worn, and light coins—coins generally deficient in weight, but which possessed within the limits of the Empire equal purchasing power with full-weight coins. Many full-weight coins have consequently been withdrawn from use; probably to a great extent melted down for export, or, whether melted or not, at all events taken for export. Meanwhile the light coins were left, and became rapidly still more deficient in weight from continued circulation. It is clear, therefore, that unless some effort is made, and speedily, to restore the coinage to its full weight, the circulation will continue to deteriorate even more swiftly than before. The full-weight coins will disappear more and more, and the light coins will prevail in the circulation. As it is, in the course of fifteen years the deficiency in weight has extended from  $31\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. to 55 per cent. of the total circulation; and there can be no doubt that a persistence in the same policy of doing nothing, which has been pursued so long, would soon lead to a state of matters in which the greatest confusion would arise in all monetary transactions. We have been accustomed so long to accept passively all the advantages arising from a well-arranged monetary standard, that we can hardly picture to ourselves what the condition of a country is, in which the current medium of ordinary exchange is out of order. We have spoken of a policy of doing nothing. Strictly speaking, this is scarcely quite correct. The Government has, indeed, made one or two feeble efforts to ameliorate the condition of the coinage, by slightly raising the buying price of worn gold coin at the Bank of England. But their efforts have been futile, as such efforts always will be if the price offered is not raised to such a point as to create an effective demand. There may be a thousand persons willing to purchase an article at a given price; but if the price required is higher than what they are willing to pay, their demand remains entirely ineffectual.

This is eminently a case in which the policy of 'letting alone' is pernicious. There are many cases in which such a policy is very valuable; but this is not one of them. The result of letting matters alone is marked in the rapid deterioration between the dates of Professor Jevons's and Mr. J. B. Martin's investigations.

gations. Let us then consider, in the first place, what has to be done; and in the next, how it had best be done. The quantity of light gold coin now circulating is very large indeed. The total gold circulation of the country is believed to be at the present time about one hundred millions sterling, and of this about twenty millions is in half-sovereigns. The total would divide—according to the proportion given above—between a value of forty-five millions in full-weight coins, and fifty-five millions in those of light-weight. Part of this sum is in the hands of the banks, but how much is a matter of uncertainty. The banks in Scotland and Ireland are compelled by law to publish every month what quantity of gold coin they hold, in connection with the returns which they have to make respecting their note circulation. But it is one of the many anomalies of our banking system, that, while Scotch and Irish banks are under this obligation, no bank in England whatever, not even the Bank of England itself, is compelled to give any public statement of the amount of gold coin in its possession. The Bank of England, it is true, is bound, under the provisions of the Act of 1844, to publish every week a statement of the gold it holds; but the whole of the gold might be in bars, or in the shape of foreign coin, without infringing the principle of that Act. The Bank of England is exposed to very heavy demands for sovereigns, as well as for bullion, from time to time. The recent suspension of operations on gold at the Mint, during the years 1881–1882, could not have been ventured upon had not the stock of sovereigns at the Bank been unusually large in 1881. Mr. Grenfell, the Governor of the Bank at that time, stated the amount in his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons' City Lands (Thames Embankment) Bill. As it may be wondered why the Governor of the Bank of England was brought to give evidence on the subject of the quantity of sovereigns held at the Bank of England on such an occasion, it may be observed parenthetically, that one of the questions before the Committee was the best position for the Mint, and whether it would be better to re-arrange the existing buildings on Tower Hill, or to move to an entirely new site on the Thames Embankment. The former plan was much the cheaper; the second would have enabled an entirely new structure to be built on the best arrangements, such as it was not possible to construct on the comparatively confined spot on Tower Hill; and Mr. Grenfell's evidence, showing that a suspension of coinage for a twelvemonth or so would not be followed by any practical inconvenience to the public, appears to have been one of the causes which led the House of Commons' Committee

Committee to recommend rebuilding on the old site, instead of building an entirely new structure.

The amount of gold coin in sovereigns at the Bank of England at that time was 15,482,000*l.*, and in half-sovereigns 1,699,000*l.* The bullion and foreign coin reached the value of 9,175,000*l.* This quantity of English gold coin is stated to be a very unusual one for the Bank of England to hold. But that Bank can never allow its stock of sovereigns to run very low, as the demands on it for such coin are often very large. The following quotation from the Hon. C. W. Fremantle's Report of 1881 exemplifies this:—

‘Notwithstanding that in February and March, and again June and July, the Bank of England purchased gold of the total value of 3,000,000*l.*, and that all arrivals of sovereigns from Australia, amounting to nearly 3,500,000*l.*, were also sent to the Bank, very large sums, amounting probably to 6,000,000*l.*, were withdrawn during the year for North and South America, Italy, Egypt, &c. It is to be observed that the greater part of these withdrawals consisted of sovereigns, the stock of bars having in August been nearly exhausted. This fact is alone sufficient to show to what large demands the stock of sovereigns in the Bank is subject, and how important it is that the Mint should always be in a position to comply at a short notice with the applications of the Bank for gold coin.’—‘12th Annual Report of the Deputy Master of the Mint, 1881.’

The withdrawals of gold coin from the Bank have been very considerable since the date of the Report; there have also been no further mintages of sovereigns in England during 1881 and 1882. So that all the English gold coin which the Bank has received since that date must have been either Australian sovereigns, or such as has worked its way back from the domestic circulation. We may, therefore, well believe that the stock of sovereigns at the Bank is considerably smaller now than it was in 1881; and if we put it at about half the total of gold now in its possession, or at about ten millions sterling, we should probably not be far from the mark. There are also fully five million sovereigns of full weight held at all times by the Scotch and Irish banks, as security against their circulation; and there may probably be, as Mr. Inglis Palgrave has estimated in his investigations, about five millions more of full-weight sovereigns held by the English banks other than the Bank of England. The stock of sovereigns held by the English banks is doubtless much larger than five millions; but, granting that it may amount to ten or twelve millions in all, it is probable that fully half of this sum, most likely more than half,

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is of sovereigns light in weight. We may account in this manner, probably, for some twenty millions sterling of full-weight sovereigns. The light gold is estimated, as already mentioned, at about fifty-five millions, of which probably the whole sum, or nearly so, is circulating within the limits of Great Britain and Ireland. It is far more likely that the light sovereigns are circulating mostly within the country, and not much abroad. Within the limits of the realm the impress of the Queen's head on the coin gives it currency. At all places of business, at banks, at shops, at railway-stations, sovereigns are readily taken, almost irrespective of their weight, so long as they are believed to be genuine. Abroad the coin is only so much bullion authenticated by a stamp, and valued accordingly.

We now begin to perceive the extent of the task before us, and the resources available towards carrying the operation through. We may also perceive that it is quite impossible to prepare beforehand any stock of full-weight sovereigns to take the place of the light ones. The new coin must be minted out of the old. And the question now is, how shall we best proceed to draw the light coin in? The last time that any operation of this description was undertaken dates as far back as 1842. Between 1842 and 1845 about 14,000,000*l.* in light gold coin was called in. The *modus operandi* was as follows:—A Royal proclamation was issued, calling attention to the laws and regulations as to light gold coin, and directing Revenue officers and others to conform to them. The result was that every gold piece taken in the way of business by the bankers, who were the principal agents for the withdrawal, was weighed separately. A slight charge, up to about fourpence, according to the estimated deficiency in weight, was made on each sovereign. The holder of the coin had to pay this, and the coin itself was immediately cut or defaced before his eyes so that it could not be re-issued. The light gold was then sent up to the Bank of England. Here it was weighed again, and usually far more accurately than before. The weighing of gold coin accurately is by no means an easy operation to those not accustomed to adjust very minute weights and delicate balances. And the more careful weighing generally shows it to be more deficient in weight than those without much experience in such operations are inclined to believe. There is besides the condition as to cleanliness, or the want of it, which is no unimportant element in the case. A memorandum by Professor Chandler-Roberts, appended to the Mint Report for 1879, mentions that the older coins now in circulation bear on their surfaces an amount of dirt for which the Department pays

pays nearly 300*l.* per million on re-coinage. This is doubtless the dirt still adhering after the coin has undergone some considerable cleansing at the Bank of England. As the bankers generally receive the coin, its condition is more filthy still. Tradition handed down by older bank managers and clerks, who remember the circumstances of the re-coinage of 1842, is to the effect that the gold coin brought to bank counters at that period by butchers, millers, and coal-merchants, to specify only a few trades, was observed to be particularly dirty at that time. Dirt has been defined as matter in the wrong place; but when cleanliness becomes an expensive virtue, as it would in these cases, we need not wonder if petty dealers of all descriptions took every measure in their power to avoid charges which to all were irksome, and to many appeared entirely unreasonable. Be these matters as they may, in many cases a further loss was experienced when the coin reached the Bank of England. This had to be paid by the banker. The result was that no one was satisfied. The customer of the bank, who paid originally, often thought he had been charged too much, and sometimes even suspected that the coin, though he had actually seen it defaced, might be put into circulation again—perhaps to his own disadvantage. The banker also found that he was put to expense, besides having frequently been unable to satisfy his customer. To repeat the same course again at the present time would be to repeat the same discontent, but on a very much greater scale. The quantity of light coin to be dealt with is very much larger now than it was forty years since. The deficiency in weight is also very much more serious. The turmoil over the whole country would be great and incessant. And this state of matters would have to continue for some four or five years, as the withdrawal and re-coinage could hardly, even with the greatest exertions on the part of the Mint, be completed in less time. And there is another point, and that a very serious one, to be considered. We trust that it may be many years before this country witnesses again anything like the commercial panics to which it has frequently been exposed. But with the distress of 1866, and the deep-felt though less outwardly obvious anxiety of 1878—fresh in the memories of some who can date loss of property and loss of standing to many of their friends, loss of life even to others, from those periods of crisis, even if they themselves escaped entirely unscathed—it is impossible not to view with deep uneasiness the advent of a time of such perplexity, as calling in the light coinage by proclamation would certainly bring about. This would be the risk in large transactions. In other directions also the influence would be  
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widely spread. During the whole of that period every small transaction of life would be hampered. The wife of the working-man, who took the sovereign or the half-sovereign, received from the weekly wages, to the little shop where she dealt, would find it closely scrutinized. It might have been paid away as a full-weight coin, but the shopkeeper would claim, and naturally, his right to make himself secure. He would point to the proclamation declaring light gold to be no longer current. He would weigh the gold in scales, probably inaccurate, certainly not favourable to the purchaser. He would charge him with twopence or threepence, perhaps even more, and there would be nothing whatever to prevent the coin being put again into circulation, and performing a further round of extortion. There is no just reason why the last holder should be charged with the total depreciation in value in this case. The coin may have commenced its existence somewhat deficient in weight. The Mint is allowed what is technically termed a working remedy for weight as well as for fineness. The actual average deficiency in weight is certainly but small, being only  $\cdot 017$  of a grain, but sovereigns much lighter than the difference this implies are legally allowed to circulate. The standard issue weight of the sovereign is 123·274 grains, but the minimum legal tender weight is 122·500 grains, which, as the gold of the fineness of standard in the sovereign is worth roughly about twopence a grain, means, when translated into the language of common life, that a sovereign worth intrinsically about 19s. 10½d. may be legally paid as the equivalent of a debt of 20s., but that one worth the smallest fraction less cannot be legally current. A very slight abrasion will cause a coin which is legal tender one day to be below legal tender the next. Mr. Kirkman Hodgson, a former Governor of the Bank of England, once stated before a Committee of the House of Commons, that after a journey to Scotland and back a sovereign was frequently found to be no longer legal tender, having been so before it started on its travels, though it might never have been unpacked from the day it left the bank to the day it was brought back again. Another explanation of this circumstance is, that the balances in which the coin is weighed at the Bank of England turn upon differences so fine, indicating as they do about the  $\frac{1}{100}$ th part of a grain of gold, that a grain of dust, something of course very much smaller than a grain in weight, will turn the scale. The dividing line between full-weight and light-weight coin is thus shown to be, in practice, an exceedingly narrow one.

If the charge on the light coin is not to be paid by the last holder, the natural alternative is, that it should be met by the Government. A course like this has the support of many eminent economic and financial authorities, among whom we may quote Mr. McCulloch. It is believed to be the course which the Government of France would have to take whenever the question of re-coinage arises in that country; and Belgium also would, it is believed, follow the same policy. There is also a very strong precedent in English history. The great re-coinage of the currency in the year 1695, at that date of silver—under the superintendence of Sir Isaac Newton—was carried through at the expense of the country. The charge was no less than 2,700,000*l.*—a far larger sum both in proportion to the general position of the country, and in respect of purchasing power, than a similar amount would be at the present day. We may refer here to the well-known description which Lord Macaulay gives of the operation, as well as his arguments in favour of the course pursued.

Locke had recommended, as Dudley North had recommended, that a day should be fixed by proclamation, after which the hammered coin should pass only by weight. The advantages of this course were obvious, and to the joint authority of North and Locke on such a question great weight is due. But their plan was open to one serious objection, the full force of which they do not appear to have felt, though it had not altogether escaped their notice. The restoration of the currency was a benefit to the whole community: on what principle then was it fair that the expense of the restoration, which was a benefit to all, should be borne by a part only of the community? There is no equitable principle, as Lord Macaulay forcibly argues, which justifies placing the charge of restoring the currency of the kingdom on the individuals in whose hands it happens to be at the moment when the operation is undertaken.

A plan which would have met this difficulty was proposed at the time—and is thus described by Lord Macaulay. Considering the absence of channels of communication at that time in the way of banking facilities, such as now exist, the plan was marked by remarkable courage and originality:—

‘A singularly bold and ingenious expedient occurred to Somers, and was approved by William. It was that a proclamation should be prepared with great secrecy, and published at once in all parts of the kingdom. This proclamation was to announce that hammered coins would thenceforth pass only by weight. But every possessor of such coins was to be invited to deliver them up within three days, in a sealed packet, to the public authorities. The coins were to be

examined, numbered, weighed, and returned to the owner with a promissory note, entitling him to receive from the Treasury at a future time the difference between the actual quantity of silver in his pieces and the quantity of silver which, according to the standard, those pieces ought to have contained. Had this plan been adopted, an immediate stop would have been put to the clipping, the melting, and the exporting; and the expense of the restoration of the currency would have been borne, as was right, by the public. The inconvenience arising from a scarcity of money would have been of very short duration, for the mutilated pieces would have been detained only till they could be told and weighed; they would then have been sent back into circulation, and the re-coinage would have taken place gradually, and without any perceptible suspension or disturbance of trade.—Lord Macaulay's '*History of England*,' vol. iv.

It must be remembered, in considering the matter, that the milled edge to the sovereign gives a complete protection against clipping the coin. This gives none, it is true, against the operations of the scientific 'sweater.' But frauds of this description are not believed to be performed on any large scale. It is thought to be rather the small jeweller who, by abstracting gold enough from a sovereign by suitable chemical solvents to gild a watch chain or some other ornament, and afterwards placing the coin again in circulation, is the rogue now-a-days, and not any operator on a large scale.

Of this, however, there is no doubt some risk. And if the Government decides to undertake the re-coinage at the public cost—the course to which general convenience, precedent, and justice incline—it will do wisely to carry out the operation in the most private manner in its power. The suitable agent for the Government in doing this would be the Bank of England, which would be able, through the various banks all over the country, to withdraw the light coin and replace it with full-weighted coin without attracting public attention. A scale of weight to be allowed would have to be agreed on between the Government and the Bank—below which the coin could not be taken. But this detail could be readily arranged. This plan really closely follows the lines of that proposed by that able statesman and lawyer, Lord Keeper Somers, as mentioned by Macaulay, allowing for the differences in the state of matters now and then.

The cost of the operation would be serious. A probable estimate places this at from about 785,000*l.* to 800,000*l.* An addition of this extent to the public expenditure could not fail, even if spread over four or five years, to be very distasteful to any Chancellor of the Exchequer. There is, however, another alternative.

alternative. A seignorage—that is to say, a charge on the operation of minting the gold coin—might be imposed. At the present time the mintage of gold coin is entirely gratuitous on the part of the State, though there is a heavy charge on the coinage of silver. Every one is entitled by law to take gold bullion of the required fineness to the Mint, and to receive back, weight for weight, an equal quantity of coin. As a matter of fact, no private person ever does this, because he can carry the operation on more easily through the Bank of England. The Bank makes a small charge,  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  on the ounce, for transacting the business. It is legally bound to do this by the Act of Parliament which requires it to buy all the gold bullion of standard, offered to it, at the rate of  $3l. 17s. 9d.$  per oz. Sovereigns are minted at the rate of  $3l. 17s. 10\frac{1}{2}d.$  per oz.—the Bank thus receives  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  per oz. on the transaction. But this small charge, it is probable, barely pays its expenses in the matter. The Government itself makes no charge on the gold coin. It is different in India and in our own Australian colonies. There is a branch of the Royal Mint at Sydney, and another at Melbourne. At both a charge of more than one and a quarter per cent. is made on the operation. In France, also, a charge is regularly made, not, however, so high as at Sydney and Melbourne, but sufficiently high to meet the expense of the coinage. This is also the case in every other considerable country except England. The practice in this country has always been to make no charge; but no sufficient reason can be produced for this. A charge on the coinage, not exceeding the cost of the operation, would make no difference in the purchasing power of the coin. The country has always been mindful of the celebrated resolution of the House of Commons of October 20th, 1696, and passed again by the same body on June 12th, 1822, ‘That this House will not alter the standard of the gold and silver coins of this kingdom in fineness, weight, or denomination.’ But the charge on the mintage, as proposed, would not reduce the purchasing power of the sovereign within the boundaries of the country; for transactions beyond these, the giving of power to claim gold bullion at the Bank, at the present standard scale, in exchange for bank-notes or gold coin, would meet every difficulty. This is virtually what was proposed by the late Colonel Smith in 1869. A plan somewhat similar for the maintenance of the standard has the sanction of the authority of Ricardo. No valid reason can be alleged why the owner of gold bullion should have it manufactured for him gratuitously into sovereigns or half-sovereigns, rather than that it should be gratuitously manufactured for

him into dessert-spoons or tea-spoons. The 'Economist' newspaper, referring to this subject,\* shows distinctly that the fact that our gold coinage is gratuitous has hitherto had apparently no effect on the import of gold into this country. As a matter of fact, only about one-fifth part of the imports of gold have during the last seventeen or eighteen years been minted into sovereigns. And the gold coinage in France, where charges and delay equivalent to a loss of interest were at one time the rule at the Mint, has, as a matter of fact, exceeded the gold coinage in England nearly in the proportion of three to two. The gold coinage of France from 1795 to 1881 was, in round numbers, 384,000,000*l.*; that of England, from 1817 to 1880, 246,000,000*l.* It is thus clear that a charge for coining has not hindered the operation in France, nor has the absence of it assisted the operation in England.

We must now draw these remarks to a close. It has been shown conclusively, that the gold coinage of this country is to a large extent deficient in weight; that to charge the cost of re-coinage on the last holder, and to raise the circulation to the standard level by such means, would be alike inconvenient, impolitic, and, unjust; that, while it is right that the expense of the operation should be met by the State, a charge equivalent to the cost of the operation may fairly be made. By these means the gold circulating in the country may be not only raised to the position it should properly hold, but might be maintained at that level in future at the least possible cost to the public generally. For, while the intrinsic reasonableness of a charge on the first coinage of bullion is independent of the question of reminting the worn coin, such a charge would supply a regular source of income to meet the cost of that operation, performed regularly as the necessity arises, instead of as a violent remedy postponed till the evil has become intolerable.

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\* 'Economist,' March 3rd, 1883.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Tunneling, Explosive Compounds, and Rock Drills.* By Henry S. Drinker, E.M., Member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers. New York, 1878.
2. *Traité sur la Poudre, les Corps Explosifs, et la Pyrotechnie.* Par les Docteurs J. Upmann et E. von Meyer. Ouvrage traduit de l'Allemand par E. Désortiaux. Paris, 1878.
3. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Explosive Substances, together with Minutes of Evidence.* Ordered to be printed, 26th June, 1874.
4. *Guide Book to the Explosives Act (1875), and to the Orders in Council, and Orders of the Secretary of State made under that Act.* By Major Vivian Dering Majendie, R.A., Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Explosives. Second edition. Published at H.M.'s Stationery Office.
5. *Report upon Experiments and Investigations to develop a System of Submarine Mines for defending the Harbours of the United States.* By Lieut.-Colonel Henry L. Abbot, Corps of Engineers. Washington, 1881.

ALTHOUGH it would be easy greatly to extend the list of books prefixed to this article, the works which might be added are mostly of foreign origin, and of minor importance. We have no hesitation, however, in pronouncing that the first two books on our list are the most important and authoritative publications of the kind that have appeared as yet in any country. The large folio of Mr. Henry S. Drinker, of Philadelphia, upon 'Tunneling' (so spelt in the American fashion), is, indeed, a marvel of elaboration, research, and industry. With the exception of the author of the leading German work on the same subject, Rziha's 'Lehrbuch der Gesammten Tunnelbaukunst,' which is now a little antiquated, we are acquainted with no engineer, no chemist, no man of science, who has entered so fully and so agreeably as Mr. Drinker into the details of practical tunnelling, into the constituents and properties of modern explosive compounds, and the principles of blasting—not to mention that a very interesting 'History of Tunneling from the time of Rameses I. to the present time,' does the greatest credit to its laborious compiler. It is quite evident, even without reading his Preface, that Mr. Drinker must have given many years to his *magnum opus*, the 1031 closely-printed pages of which are profusely illustrated. We come next to the French translation of that well-known German work, 'Das Schiesspulver, die Explosivkörper, und die Feuerwerkere,' to which the names of Dr. J. Upmann

Upmann and Dr. E. von Meyer, assisted by the researches of Bolley, the technological chemist, lend considerable authority. As a philosophical disquisition upon gunpowder, explosives, and pyrotechny, this stout volume richly deserves the attention which, we doubt not, it has received from Professor Abel, Professor Dewar and Dr. Dupré. The enlarged French edition, for which we are indebted to the patient industry and discriminating knowledge of M. Désortiaux, of Mézières, is divided, unlike its German original, into four parts, of which the first is devoted to powder, the second to explosive bodies, the third to pyrotechnics, and the fourth to what may be called explosive literature or bibliography. It is a book possessing, perhaps, more attractions for the expert than for the superficial or unscientific reader. Deferring for a few moments what we have to say about the two English books, which come third and fourth on our list, we would briefly call attention to Colonel Abbot's valuable 'Report,' published in 1881, upon the experiments undertaken by the military engineers of the United States with a view to ascertaining how harbours, which (inclusive of coast indentations) extend over five thousand miles of seaboard, partly Atlantic and partly Pacific, Alaska not being counted, may best be defended by submarine mines. As in the case of all American publications which issue from the Government Printing Office at Washington, no expense or trouble has been spared to make Colonel Abbot's volume handsome, while its author has gone far to make it, within its own limits, exhaustive. It is enriched with photographs of superlative excellence, and, taken altogether, is as pleasant a volume as an *alumnus* of Woolwich could well lay his hand upon.

It is not without some sense of shame that we turn now to two English volumes, which hardly seem worthy to rank with the far more scientific and original productions of Germany, France, and the United States, to which we have already adverted. The first is the Blue-book, bearing the title of the 'Report of the Select Committee on Explosive Substances, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix,' which the House of Commons 'ordered to be printed' in 1874. It contains a mass of valuable information given by such skilled experts as Colonels Majendie and Young-husband, Mr. Alfred Nobel and Mr. Charles William Curtis, Professor Abel and Mr. George McRoberts, Dr. August Dupré and Mr. Frederick Pigou; but the questions put by the Members of the Committee, and the conclusions to which they came, do not deserve equal praise. The result of this Committee was the Act of Parliament on Explosives passed in 1875, which, like  
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many other Acts of Parliament, was found to fall short of the expectations of the public and of its framers, and to perpetuate and intensify the very evils it was meant to remedy. Far be it from us at this critical moment to find fault captiously with the framers of what has proved in many respects to be a beneficial measure. The subject-matter with which they had to deal is enormous as to the field it covers, and in the highest degree complicated in the issues it raises. In addition, what could be more natural, than that legislators and ministers, having the public safety in view, should fetter the manufactory, storage, transport and sale of these formidable agencies with shackles of all kinds? Still we must be permitted to remark that, in order to explain the 122 Sections, 5 Schedules, 11 Orders in Council, and 4 Orders of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, of which this Act consists, Major (now Colonel) Majendie has found it necessary to publish a very useful 'Guide-book to the Explosives Act of 1875.' Upon this satisfactory compilation it is but meet that we should bestow the commendation that it richly deserves. Colonel Majendie may perhaps be gratified to hear that his little red volume—a close likeness upon a small scale of Lord Wolseley's 'Soldier's Pocket-Book'—lies on the table of every British manufacturer of explosives and constructor of fireworks, and, as their *vade mecum*, has entirely superseded the cumbrous and incomprehensible statute of which it is the interpreter.

It may well appear surprising that, with the exceptions of a Blue-book and of a guide to it, we can find no other English volumes to add to the explosive literature we have undertaken to review. Strangely enough, there is no English work of sufficient bulk and authority to rank with the productions of American, of German, and of French pens, upon this subject. We are well aware, indeed, of the weight attaching to every word in connection with explosives, that has ever fallen from the lips of Professor Abel, the accomplished Chemist of the War Department. Nothing, for instance, can possess more interest and profit for persons desiring instruction upon the subject, than the many Lectures delivered by him before various scientific bodies.\*

If, having the composition of this article in view, we were

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\* Four of them are now before us, entitled, 'Abel on Explosive Agents,' delivered before the Institution of Civil Engineers on May 14, 1872; 'Abel on the more important Substitutes for Gunpowder,' delivered before the Royal Institution on May 17, 1872; 'Abel on Accidental Explosions,' delivered before the Royal Institution on March 12, 1875; and 'Abel on Explosive Agents applied to Industrial Purposes,' delivered before the Institution of Civil Engineers on March 23, 1880.

confined to Professor Abel's Lectures alone, ample material, and of the most suggestive kind, would be found in them available for our purpose. It seems to us, however, desirable, as the necessary sequel of an explosion which, reverberating from Whitehall, and which, though abortive, has more or less shaken the whole civilized globe, that some attempt should be made without further delay to ascertain whether the sinister incident of Thursday evening, the 15th of March, has materially altered the conditions or augmented the perils of our existent and circumjacent life. It is from its political and social, rather than from its chemical point of view, that it behoves us to sum up the effects produced by the sudden and mysterious discharge of from twenty to thirty pounds of dynamite, or some kindred substance, in the midst of a great city, and within a pistol shot of the Houses of Parliament. The precise ingredients and chemical analysis of these dangerous compounds could hardly fail, at this moment, to possess a strange fascination for minds of ordinary curiosity, especially when imbued with the evidence now before us, that the recent explosion is but the first act of a portentous drama, big with the gravest menace to the continued stability of Law, Order, Government, and even of Society itself, all over the world. If it could be assumed for a moment that, in consequence of one, of a score, or of a hundred such insolent warnings as we have just received at the hands of a few obscure miscreants, the most stable Government in Europe, if not in the world, could be shaken to its foundations, can any sane man imagine that the mischief would stop there? Let sentimentalists, dreamers, and Utopians, make no mistake as to the consequences which the surrender of Ireland to the Irish would inevitably involve. To begin with, it would rapidly ruin the Green Island, by sowing its soil thickly with wrecked and pillaged cities, and with brigands' camps; and, secondly, it would slowly and surely ruin Great Britain also. 'Behind,' as Sir Walter Scott sings, 'a darker hour ascends.' Settled government in any part of the world would become impossible. Democracies would fare even worse than ancient monarchies, seeing that the fundamental fault which, as Aristotle long ago pointed out, precludes all 'governments by the people, of the people, and for the people,' from adopting vigorous measures, is that they have not inherent strength enough within, long to withstand formidable and repeated insurrectionary attacks from without. The American Republic triumphed, it is true, over the most stupendous rebellion known to history; but, with their experience of the last Civil War to guide them, will not the United States, when inhabited by from eighty to  
a hundred

a hundred millions of people, be more likely to come to terms hereafter with another rebellion of formidable magnitude than again to attempt to suppress it with the strong hand?

It becomes, then, a matter of the gravest importance to ascertain, if we can, whether the tremendous and compressed agencies of destruction which Science has already evolved, and which she promises greatly to improve upon in the near future, are likely to triumph over those defensive 'resources of civilization' which Mr. Gladstone vaguely invoked against Fenianism; upon which the Russian Emperor must depend to suppress Nihilism; and to which, alike in France, in the United States, and in every other Republic, Law and Order must appeal in the last resort, to furnish weapons against Socialism, Communism, and Anarchy all over the world. No graver question was ever propounded for consideration, and the explosion at Whitehall forces it so violently upon our attention that, right or wrong, some answer to it must be attempted.

Believing, as we firmly do, that the hideous family of nitro-carbons presents no elements of fresh danger to Society beyond those with which our predecessors have for centuries been familiar, it may allay unnecessary panic and alarm, if we begin by enquiring what the explosives are, which Science has discovered in the last hundred years, and finish by drawing the best deductions we can from their possibly frequent employment by the dangerous classes, supporting these deductions with arguments to show how Society has always defended itself successfully in the past, and may hope again to defend itself against them in the future.

From the time of Bertholdus Schwartz, a Cordelier friar of Goslar, in Brunswick, who is generally believed to have invented gunpowder about the year 1320, down to the latter part of last century, no explosive substance fit in any way to compete with 'villainous saltpetre,' was discovered by man. We are half tempted to notice, *en passant*, how much the Church has had to do with giving mankind the alarming weapons, of which the explosion at Whitehall is the latest outcome; seeing that gunpowder was first hinted at by Friar Roger Bacon, was first matured by Friar Schwartz, and, finally, that the percussion-cap was first discovered, in 1807, by an English clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Forsythe. About a century since, came the dawning era of modern chemistry, which soon led to the discovery of a host of formidable agents, vastly more concentrated and portable in form and powerful in action than gunpowder. Among other constituents of this direful family may be numbered the picrates, the chlorates, the chlorides, and

and the fulminates, which to far-seeing minds opened up at one time visions of irresistible power compressed within the smallest compass—visions as stupendous and illimitable as those conceived within the last few months in connection with the storage of electricity. Nevertheless, the difficulty, so to speak, of putting these fiery steeds into harness, and of making them subserve practical purposes in war, in commerce, or in mining, was so great as long to have seemed insuperable. Attempts, indeed, were made to substitute chlorate of potash for the nitrate in gunpowder, with the result that the new compound was found to explode upon the slightest friction—a discovery which proved a complete barrier to its use. Having frightened several chemists out of their wits, because they were ignorant that, mixed with powdered white sugar or fine salt, it might be used safely, chlorate of potash came to be regarded as too dangerous for any man to touch, and the sovereignty of gunpowder seemed to be more unassailable than ever.

At length, in 1838, Pelouze announced that, by steeping it in equal parts of nitric acid and sulphuric acid, cotton, when dried, could be converted into an explosive, and in 1846 Schönbein, of Bâle, began to make practical application of Pelouze's discovery. Thus the interest of chemists in nitro-compounds was again excited far and wide; and, among many others of a kindred nature, nitro-glycerine was discovered by Sobrero in 1847. This giant attracted but slight attention at the time of his birth, but has since become the most formidable of applied explosives. So far as chemists have hitherto gone, they seem to have discovered no basis for blasting agents which can compare in force, strength, and compressibility, with nitro-glycerine. 'The supremacy of gunpowder,' says Major J. L. L. Morant, R.E., writing from Madras in 1880, 'as the only safe and economical blasting agent, has for some time been a thing of the past. The advantage offered by explosives more violent in character'—he might have added, 'and more condensed in bulk and weight'—'has become widely known and utilized. Of all these explosives, those in which nitro-glycerine is the chief constituent have secured the widest application. And of these latter, dynamite is the one which seems best adapted for India.'

The great feature of dynamite, and of other derivatives from nitro-glycerine, is that in *small quantities* \* they burn harmlessly

\* We say emphatically 'in small quantities,' because Colonel Majendie, Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Explosives, has often pointed out that, stored in large quantities, dynamite and gun-cotton burn so fiercely when they take fire as to end by exploding without detonation. The remarkable burnings of nitro-glycerine at Birmingham and Woolwich, on the 8th and 11th of April, have strikingly illustrated the unstable balance of safety and danger in the process.

and

and inexploratively if touched with fire, and require the percussion of a strong detonator to make them put forth the whole of their tremendous might. Herein consists their immeasurable superiority in safety of transport to gunpowder. The mischief wrought during the last five centuries by accidental explosions of gunpowder would require many volumes to describe. How often, for instance, has a naval engagement been brought to a peremptory close by the entrance of a hostile shot into the magazine of a man-of-war! Who that has ever seen hostilities on a grand scale can fail to remember the consternation produced by the explosion even of a single ammunition-waggon in the midst of a battle? In peace, the shattering effects occasioned by the sudden discharge of a large mass of gunpowder may be reckoned up by the hundred. One of the squares in the town of Leyden is significantly named 'De Ruine,' in consequence of the explosion in 1807 of a gunpowder barge in a canal, which destroyed three hundred houses standing on the site. In this country, to go no further back than the last twenty years, it will be remembered that, in 1864, 100,000 lbs. of gunpowder exploded at the Plumstead magazine of Messrs. Hall and Co., killing thirteen persons, and causing a concussion of air that was heard and felt at a distance of fifty miles. Three years later, Messrs. Hall and Co. were so unfortunate as to have another explosion at their Faversham powder-mills, accompanied by the loss of eleven lives. Within still more recent memory, in 1874, five tons of powder in barrels were set on fire by the ignited vapour of a cask of benzoline, and were exploded on board a barge in the Regent's Park Canal. Three persons were killed, and the shock smashed nearly every window over the surface of a square mile, leading to a rise in the price of glass, not to mention that several houses were levelled with the ground. A like accident might have happened at any time since the first invention of gunpowder five-and-a-half centuries ago, but it is certain that, if the same weight of dynamite had exploded, comparatively few windows would have been broken, and no houses blown down. On the other hand, the discharge of five tons of dynamite under similar circumstances would have made a cavity in the banks of the canal big enough to hold Westminster Abbey. By comparing the actual and the hypothetical accident together, we are forced to the conclusion that, weight for weight, gunpowder is a more noisy and demoralizing agent above ground than dynamite, and that it is also much more liable to accidental ignition.

The explosion of the powder magazines of Messrs. Hall at  
Plumstead

Plumstead in 1864 had consequences little dreamed of in this island at the time of its occurrence. The American Civil War was then in full blast; and, deeply impressed by the earthquake-like shock produced in England by the explosion of 100,000 lbs. of powder, General B. F. Butler, then in command of the Federal expedition sent to take Fort Fisher, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River in North Carolina, conceived the idea that he could shake down the entire cliff which supported the fort, and the lighthouse to which that fort gave protection. Both were naturally objects of great detestation to the Federals, seeing that almost all blockade-running vessels were guided by the lighthouse into the mouth of the river upon which Wilmington stands. With great secrecy General Butler, says Mr. Henry Stacke, in his 'Story of the American War,'—

'caused 210 tons of gunpowder to be placed in the bottom of the Federal ship "Louisiana," rigged like a blockade-runner to deceive the Confederate soldiers on guard at Fort Fisher. The Federal armada blockading the port was ordered twelve miles out to sea, and at midnight upon December 23, 1864, the seeming blockade-runner approached the fort, where the Confederates, not dreaming of her intent, made signals to her to come on. When close under Fort Fisher, the crew set fire to the train, and left the doomed vessel by a boat. Long before they reached the fleet in the offing, a frightful explosion shook earth and water, and the whole scene for miles round was lighted up by a dreadful illumination. Strange to say, however, Fort Fisher was not injured in the slightest degree.'

Upon that memorable night, several clerks, connected with an English firm engaged in the blockade-running business, happened to be sleeping at Wilmington. The distance of the house in which they slept from the exploding vessel was from ten to eleven miles, and so frightful was the concussion, that every one in the house, and, it might be added, in all its neighbours, woke up under the impression that a mine had been sprung within the grimy little town of Wilmington itself. The failure of the largest volume of gunpowder ever exploded in one mass to do as much damage as was expected, admits of easy explanation. The thin deck of the 'Louisiana' burst upwards instantaneously, and allowed the whole fiery mass to rush harmlessly into the air. Had it been possible for General Butler to explode his gunpowder laterally, by placing enormous weights upon the 'Louisiana's' deck, a very different result might have been attained. Anyhow, the explosion close under an overhanging cliff of 210 tons of dynamite, or still better, of blasting gelatine, would, if directed by an expert, probably have chipped off a rood or two from the ribs of North Carolina.

Carolina. The possible effects of these tremendous modern explosives upon the issues of some big future war by sea and land, and the manifold uses to which they may be put, have not been thought out as yet even by the largest minds.

It will readily be understood, then, that with gunpowder for king—a king, too, who for five centuries and more had brooked no rival—it proved to be no easy matter to discover and to perfect another explosive fit in every way to push him from his throne. In a paper ‘On Modern Blasting Agents,’ read by Mr. Alfred Nobel before the Society of Arts in the May of 1875, he put the difficulties of disestablishing gunpowder in the clearest light.

‘It is not sufficient,’ he said, ‘that a substance is explosive, and even powerfully explosive, to render it useful for practical purposes. There are a great many questions which have to be considered: in the first place, whether it compares favourably with those substances already in use which it has to compete with; again, if the same power can be lodged in the same bulk, what the cost of manufacture is, and what dangers or difficulties attend it; whether it offers the necessary chemical stability in all climates; whether its carriage and use are not too dangerous for its practical utilisation; whether it is hygroscopic, and how it is affected by contact with water; and, finally, what influence the gases or fumes produced by the explosion may have on the health of the miners. This explains why it is so hard, even with more powerful explosives at command, to supersede gunpowder. That old mixture possesses a truly admirable elasticity, which permits its adaptation to purposes of the most varied nature. Thus, in a mine, it is wanted to blast without propelling; in a gun, to propel without blasting; in a shell, it serves both purposes combined; in a fuse, as in fireworks, it burns quite slowly without exploding. Its pressure, exercised in these numerous operations, varies between one ounce to the square inch in a fuse, and 85,000 lbs. to the square inch in a shell. But, like a servant of all work, it lacks perfection in each department; and modern science, armed with better tools, is gradually encroaching on its old domain.’

We know nothing more instructive and interesting, to scientific and unscientific minds alike, than the history of the various original discoveries made by chemists of many different nations during the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth decades of this century—discoveries out of which have been evolved those Titanic forces, or sleeping giants, which we are accustomed to sum up generically under the name of ‘Explosives.’ These discoveries remind us of the slow and steady steps, enumerated by Dr. Samuel Smiles in his ‘Lives of George and Robert Stephenson,’ which were tentatively taken, generation after generation, by that ingenious band of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Americans, who

who were engaged in working out their crude conceptions of the locomotive steam-engine. We all know that their researches ended by giving our fathers in 1832 the celebrated 'Rocket,' the invention of George Stephenson's persistent and far-seeing mind, and that out of the 'Rocket' have grown those multitudinous railway lines which led Mr. John Fowler, the President of the British Association, to remark at its annual meeting, held at Southampton in August last, that 'the book which above all others would have astonished and perplexed our ancestors is the little one known to all the civilized world as "Bradshaw."' It would be far beyond the scope of this article to rehearse even the names of the chemists, to whose cumulative labours we owe that coming king of explosives, blasting gelatine. Suffice it then to say that a student, whether amateur or professional, desiring to gauge the labours of the patient and obscure workers who, bit by bit, have brought modern blasting explosives nearly to perfection, will find the historical section of the German work of Doctors Upmann and E. von Meyer full of valuable information upon this subject. It will there be found that France has been peculiarly rich, not alone politically, but also scientifically, in what may be called explosive minds; that Braconnot of Nancy, Pelouze of Paris, and his assistant A. Sobrero—an Italian by birth—carried their inventive researches into many substances and liquids, receptive or absorbent of that concentrated nitric acid, which, under the action of heat, evolves the only fundamental active force in every explosive compound, nitrous gas. Sobrero, who is reported to have engaged himself in the first instance to Pelouze as an ordinary assistant, but whose ability, resource, and boldness, soon recommended him to his new master as a chemist and analyst of no ordinary merit, deserves that his name should never be mentioned by his modern successors and imitators, without their offering it the tribute of their sincere gratitude and admiration. For the first time in his life, the amateur who, so to speak, follows Pelouze and Sobrero into their laboratory, may haply find himself studying glycerine, 'that well-known, sweet, viscous liquid,' as, in his book on 'Rock Blasting' Mr. George G. André, C.E., calls it, 'which is separated from oils and fats in the processes of candle-making.' The neophyte, moreover, will soon learn that an explosion is simply the effect of the pent-up gases evolved by the rapid oxidation of carbon and hydrogen, and that, in order to make an explosive, it is necessary to bring together in a manageable and convenient form the combustible, carbon or hydrogen, and the oxygen required to oxidize it.

Bearing in mind the names of Pelouze, Sobrero, Schönbein of Bâle,

Båle, and Baron Lenck of Austria, who, to use an Americanism, 'spread themselves' upon Schönbein's invention, gun-cotton, and communicated the infection to Professor Abel, who even now has not altogether abandoned belief in discs of wet pyroxylene, we now approach the time when a Swedish engineer was about to put into harness that mighty agent nitro-glycerine, the child of Sobrero. Before speaking of Mr. Alfred Nobel, the greatest inventor and maker of blasting agents in the world, we may dismiss for all practical purposes that class of explosives invented by Dr. Hermann Sprengel, and which is mainly produced by dissolving substances rich in carbon in liquids rich in oxygen, of which latter nitric acid is the most important.

'These mixtures,' says Mr. Nobel, 'are perhaps not very likely to come into practical use, owing mainly to the corrosive character of strong nitric acid and its ready solubility in water, which is a great drawback in a blasting agent; but the idea is of startling novelty, and Dr. Sprengel has embodied it in a remarkable pamphlet. In spite, however, of the great multiplicity of explosive compounds proposed or tried, only two have hitherto proved of real utility, viz. gun-cotton, or pyroxylene, and nitro-glycerine with its compounds.'

It is hardly necessary to regard gun-cotton as being any longer in the race. In confirmation of its want of chemical stability—or, in other words, of its dangerous tendency towards spontaneous decomposition—the fearful explosion which took place at the Stowmarket gun-cotton factory, in 1871, signed the death-warrant of the new agent. Despite the pretence that the so-called 'patent safety gun-cotton' was explosive only by detonation, and not by ignition, the catastrophe at Stowmarket, arising spontaneously, killed twenty-four persons, including the two Messrs. Prentice, the managers, and wounded some sixty others.\* The little Suffolk town looked as though it had sustained a bombardment, and the people living in the neighbourhood still speak with horror of gun-cotton, as of an ogre dwelling far outside the bounds of human control. Dismissing pyroxylene from our minds, we are left face to face with the nitro-glycerine family of explosives.

We have already said that glycerine is a viscous liquid,

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\* The Stowmarket tragedy was caused by a box of gun-cotton which accidentally took fire. The flames soon extended to a large pile of boxes containing the same dangerous compound. The Messrs. Prentice caught hold of a box, which they drew away from the pile, in order to prevent the conflagration from spreading, and, thinking that gun-cotton would only explode from detonation, they threw down this box, greatly heated by the contiguous flames, from a height of some feet. It struck the ground violently, and exploded, killing them both. A few minutes later, the pile of gun-cotton boxes also exploded spontaneously, from the intensity of the self-generated flame.

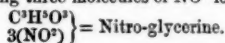
sweet to the taste, as its name implies. Let us now add that, chemically, glycerine consists of carbon 39.1 per cent., hydrogen 8.7 per cent., and oxygen 52.2 per cent.\* When glycerine is treated with strong nitric acid, a portion of the hydrogen is displaced and peroxide of nitrogen substituted for it. The result is nitro-glycerine, the creation of Sobrero. When the molecule of nitro-glycerine is broken up by the action of heat, the oxygen combines with the carbon and the hydrogen, and sets free the nitrogen, in the form of a smokeless but fearfully destructive gas.

We borrow from Mr. André, C.E., the following explanatory words:—

‘In the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, the acids, consisting of one part of strong nitric acid and two parts of strong sulphuric acid, are mixed together in an earthenware vessel. The glycerine, when quite cold, is run slowly into this mixture, which is kept in a state of agitation; as heat is developed in the process, and as the temperature must not rise above 48° of Fahrenheit, the vessels are surrounded with iced water. When enough glycerine has been run into the mixture, the latter is poured into a tub of water. The nitro-glycerine, being much heavier than the dilute acid mixture, sinks to the bottom. The acid liquid is then poured off and more water added, the process being repeated until the nitro-glycerine is quite free from acid. At ordinary temperature, nitro-glycerine is a clear, nearly colourless, oily liquid, with a sweet pungent taste if placed on the tongue. Below 40° of Fahrenheit it solidifies into crystals.’

We have deemed it desirable to describe in some detail the chief blasting agent known to science at the moment when Mr. Alfred Nobel first came upon the scene. This sweet-tasting, oily, colourless liquid was not long in showing that it was in the highest degree dangerous to use. Although discovered by Sobrero in 1847, it was not until 1864 that Mr. Nobel set about employing it as an explosive. It revenged itself upon the rash empiric, who essayed to handle it, by blowing up his factory near Stockholm in 1868, and by killing nearly a score of persons. In December of the previous winter, while the frost was intense, the Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne undertook to bury in the town moor some frozen nitro-glycerine, with which no one knew what to do. Struck by a spade, one of the frozen morsels exploded, and killed seven persons. Were anything to be gained, it would be easy to recapitulate many

\* The chemical formula of glycerine is as follows:  $\text{OC}^2\text{H}^2\text{O}^2\text{H}^2$ . Nitro-glycerine is formed by substituting three molecules of  $\text{NO}^2$  for  $\text{H}^2$ , thus:—



similar

similar accidents which have happened in North, South, and Central America. The liquid was found moreover to be liable, under certain conditions, to spontaneous decomposition. Mr. Nobel therefore resolved to discontinue its manufacture, and to betake himself to hunting for an absorbent capable of drinking up enough nitro-glycerine for blasting purposes, and turning it into a comparatively harmless solid.

Such an absorbent he found in a kind of silicious earth, with a low specific gravity, and composed of the remains of infusorial insects. Its German name is 'Kieselguhr,' and it abounds in many parts of Continental Europe, and notably in Hanover. In the United States it is found, according to Mr. Drinker, in the State of New Jersey, while we learn from Mr. McRoberts that large beds of it abound in Aberdeenshire, whence he draws the supplies that he uses up in Ayrshire and Stirlingshire. So great is the absorbent power of this earth, that when in a pulverized condition Mr. Nobel claims for it the power of taking up three times its weight of liquid nitro-glycerine, while still retaining the form of a powder. Its use at Birmingham on the 8th of April is a case now familiar to all; nor can we refer to that operation without a word of praise for the 'civil courage,' as great as in many an act which has won the Victoria Cross, displayed by Dr. Hill, Mr. Macfarlane, and their assistants. To the new agent the name of 'dynamite' was given in Europe, of 'giant powder' in the United States. In 1867 and 1868 Mr. Nobel took out patents for it all over the world, and within the last few years, and until the appearance of blasting gelatine, it came to be regarded as the champion blasting agent of the world. In colour it is brownish, resembling moist-brown sugar. The cartridges or sausages made of it are pliable, and easily squeezed into bore-holes by the application of wooden pushers.

It will be understood, then, that dynamite is a weakened solidification of liquid nitro-glycerine. Mixed with a porous earth nitro-glycerine takes the form of dynamite, and as such becomes capable of safe transportation, and easily manageable. In storing it the exudation of the dangerous liquid must be scrupulously guarded against, and if frozen, the greatest care must be taken in thawing it, although it is less explosive in its frozen than in its normal state. To explode it in small quantities, heat and strong percussion are needed. It is therefore prepared for blasting by the insertion of a strong cap or exploder of fulminating powder, which may be fired either by a fuse or by the electric current. In fact, the general judgment of Europe and America had decided (until a couple of years since blasting gelatine, the invention of Mr. Alfred Nobel, began

to cast its shadows before) that, where great tearing strength and safety of transport and handling are needed, 'No. 1 Dynamite' was practically the best blasting agent known to commerce.

We now know for certain that the cartridge, which exploded last month at Whitehall, was fabricated of inferior dynamite made by private hands, and most probably in Birmingham. It is stated, indeed, that in his official report upon the Whitehall explosion, Colonel Majendie has expressed his belief that a tin canister containing about twenty-five pounds of dynamite was set down by some miscreant behind the balustrade and on the sill of the window in the building of the Local Government Board. To this tin canister a Bickford fuse, two or three feet long, and with a detonator attached, was probably affixed, and into this fuse the imitator of Guy Fawkes may have thrust a lighted Vesuvian. The whole transaction would not need more than half a minute for its execution, and the slow-burning fuse would give its igniter a minute or so of grace to walk quietly away from the scene of action. We owe to Dr. Campbell Brown's acuteness the detection of the far more ingenious fuse employed in the explosion of the 'Times' office, in which the deflagrating produced by the action of sulphuric acid on a mixture of chlorate of potash and sugar is regulated as to time by varying thicknesses of paper interposed.

So simple seems the process, that timid persons may well be scared at the thought, that any day in the week men or women may pass them in the street carrying in their hands a seemingly harmless black bag, weighing not more than a couple of stone, and holding a dynamite sausage, which, if rightly applied, rightly exploded, and made the most of, would tear a big hole in the Rock of Gibraltar.

Let us reassure such alarmists, if we can, by repeating arguments often employed by Professor Abel and Mr. Nobel, by Dr. Dupré, the Chemist of the Home Office, and Professor Dewar of the Royal Institution (who also holds the Chair of Chemistry in the University of Cambridge), by Captain Noble, R.A., Lieutenant-Colonel Abbot, of the Engineer Corps of the United States Army, and many others. If, in addition to the words and writings of the above-named eminent experts, the scared reader stands in need of further comfort, he will find it in an agreeable little French tractate, published in Paris some eight years since.\* From this and from many other kindred sources, he will learn, first, that a child may take hold of a dynamite cartridge in one hand and set fire to it with the other; the result

\* It is entitled '*Études théorétiques et pratiques sur la Nitro-glycérine et la Dynamite*,' par A. Brüll, Ingénieur Civil.

being

being that the single cartridge burns as quietly and inexploratively as a bit of dry peat: secondly, that, in the words of M. Brüll, 'Un flacon de nitro-glycérine qui tombe à terre peut, dans certains cas, amener une explosion formidable. La dynamite, au contraire, peut être écrasée, frappée, projetée de grandes hauteurs, sans faire explosion;' thirdly, that dynamite, when deftly applied and made the most of by a practised hand, has not more than from five to seven times the explosive force of gunpowder. To show the value of these three consolatory propositions, let us quote from Mr. Nobel as follows:—

'There are four sources of danger from explosives, viz. the contact with fire or heated surfaces, concussion or percussion, want of chemical stability, and the poisonous character of the fumes produced by their explosion. These sources of danger have to be considered, all but the last, in their bearing on the manufacture, storage, transit, and use of explosives; but clearly the nature of the fumes only concerns underground consumers.\*

These words, and the inferences to be drawn from them, which may be found *passim* in the writings and lectures of all the living men of science to whom we have already alluded, should prove of a reassuring character to any reasonable mind. Who that has ever been over a powder-factory, that has been required to put india-rubber goloshes over his boots, and to walk slowly and gently, while forbidden to speak except with bated breath when entering the 'mixing-house,' can have failed to realize that he was in the presence of an imprisoned giant, whom the slightest spark, or a flash of lightning from the clouds, or an escape of that electric flame which resides in every material substance, would release, to the instantaneous destruction of all living animals within a circle constantly extending in proportion to the increasing amount of gunpowder exploded? In presence of the manufacture of dynamite, on the other hand, danger all but disappears; the only ingredient in it which might possibly explode under certain circumstances being nitro-glycerine, which since 1873 has been handled with such safety in the various factories engaged in manufacturing explosives, that in them the loss of life has been numerically insignificant. We have, then, in dynamite, an explosive which, when its utmost forces are got out of it, exceeds gunpowder from five to sevenfold in power, but, unlike gunpowder, can be exploded only by a fulminating detonator; unlike powder, can be thrown in a barrel or box from a height, to light upon

\* That is, in ordinary circumstances; but the police and spectators at Birmingham had painful experience of nitrous acid fumes.

a rocky surface below, without the least danger of accident; unlike gunpowder, can long resist climatic influences, and storage in a damp vault, with impunity.

The time has already come, however, when the porous, silicious, infusorial earth called *Kieselguhr*, to which and to Mr. Nobel we owe dynamite, will cease to possess much further interest for mankind. Dynamite is about to be displaced by blasting gelatine. The former explosive, as we have already shown, is made by toning down and weakening liquid nitro-glycerine by mixing it with *Kieselguhr*. Blasting gelatine, on the other hand, 'consists of nitro-cotton' (itself an explosive), 'combined with thoroughly purified nitro-glycerine, and containing not less than seven parts of such nitro-cotton in every 100 parts of blasting gelatine, the whole to be of such character and consistency as not to be liable to liquefaction or exudation. The nitro-cotton is to consist of nitro-cellulose' (which is a mixture of nitric acid with the fibre of soft wood), 'carefully washed and purified, and of such composition that not less than 70 per cent. of the dry material shall be soluble in nitro-glycerine.'

'Who shall decide when doctors disagree?' Dr. Dupré, the chemical adviser of the Home Office, has recently come to the conclusion that under certain extremely sudden and violent changes of temperature, ranging between 14 and 80 degrees of Fahrenheit, the No. 1 Blasting Gelatine, which for two years has been manufactured with perfect safety, 'shows symptoms of exudation and liquefaction.' On the other hand, Professor Abel, the chemist of the War Department, delivered a Lecture on the 1st of last March before the 'Glasgow Science Lectures Association,' in which he could hardly find words strong enough to express his approval of blasting gelatine. He called it the cheapest, strongest, and safest blasting agent, yet known to chemistry; said that it resisted cold better than dynamite, while exploding quite as readily; and added, finally, that 'it seemed in every respect the most perfect of explosives, as it did not decompose when wetted;' in proof of which he exhibited some blasting gelatine, which had been immersed for four years, and still retained its energy.

For the present, blasting gelatine has failed to satisfy Dr. Dupré; and Her Majesty's Inspectors of Explosives, that it can be manufactured, stored, and employed with safety. They have come to this conclusion by having recourse to a test, involving a range from 14 to 80 degrees of Fahrenheit, which its manufacturers contend ought never to have been applied: such a range of temperature within twenty-four hours, and still

more

more within a much shorter time, being impossible in a climate such as ours.

In the meantime it will interest our readers to know that it is owing to two remarkable men, more than to any others, that the science of explosives has been brought to its present high level. In 1873 Mr. Alfred Nobel, a Swede by birth, and one of the ablest of living chemists, associated himself with a young Scotch chemist, named Mr. George McRoberts, who, being then little more than thirty years old, took command of the factory established by Messrs. A. Nobel and Co. at Ardeer, near Irvine, in Ayrshire. The annals of this factory, since Mr. McRoberts began to convert nitro-glycerine into dynamite there, reveal indeed the advance made during the last decade in the science of explosives. Until last year, all the dynamite sold in this country since 1873 was made under the supervision of Mr. McRoberts in Ayrshire and in Stirlingshire, and he has converted Ardeer into the largest factory of that kind in the world.

Meantime, while the British Home Office, with, no doubt, the best intentions, is delaying the production in this country of the cheapest, strongest, and safest of explosives, the manufacture of the new agent is proceeding rapidly in foreign lands. In the empire of Austria—richer in mines than any country in Europe, Great Britain alone excepted—the use of dynamite has been entirely abandoned for it, and, in addition, blasting gelatine is now employed to make all the tunnels of Central Europe. We entertain no doubt that before long the Government, with a keen eye to commerce and its requirements, will, after enforcing all due securities, again set Mr. McRoberts free from his shackles, and that Ardeer will be as celebrated for its blasting gelatine in the future as it has been for its dynamite in the past. For the present, Ardeer is producing nitro-glycerine, dynamite, nitro-cotton or bi-nitro-cellulose, and nitric acid. At the West-Quarter Factory in Stirlingshire, Mr. McRoberts superintends the manufacture of sulphuric acid, fulminate of mercury, electric fuses, and detonators.

It will be evident to every reader that within the space at our command it would be impossible to do more than touch the fringe of the wide subject we have taken in hand. Many details of undoubted importance must be passed by altogether, while to others only a few words can be given. But it will be reassuring to the public to know that in no other country are one-half—we might almost say one-quarter—the pains taken to guard against the dangers with which explosives of all kinds are indiscriminately credited, that are now taken in the United Kingdom. Students of Colonel Majendie's little 'Guide-book  
to

to the Explosives Act of 1875' will see how minute, and in some cases even vexatious, are the regulations which prescribe under what conditions licences to manufacture explosives will be granted; where and in what quantities, appraised according to the proximity of the nearest habitation, the formidable agents are to be stored when completed; how the boxes containing them are to be transported; under what precautions they are to be exported and imported; what processes of manufacture are permissible by law; to what substances and preparations the Explosives Act is to apply; how the establishment of factories cannot be permitted on licence of the Secretary of State, unless with the consent of the local authorities, not to be gained without advertisements inserted in the newspapers; under what circumstances and in what positions firework factories are to be licensed; how it is forbidden to hawk fireworks, or to expose them in shop windows, or to sell them to children; what steps are to be taken before explosives can be stored on board vessels moored in a river; how it is made penal not to report any explosion or accident in a factory to the Home Office; what powers of search and enquiry are to vest in Her Majesty's Inspectors of Explosives, and much more to the same effect. Every precaution seemed, in fact, to have been taken, not so much with a view to protecting the public against gunpowder, the most demoralizing of explosives, as against the nitro-glycerine compounds, each of which, being inexplusive except by application of a Bickford fuse and of a detonating fulminate to ignite the dynamite, will bear transportation, either by land or sea, with a small amount of danger.

Sixty years since, Sydney Smith wrote that no legislation was ever consented to by country gentlemen in England, unless it in no degree affected or relaxed the Game Laws. Gunpowder has for many centuries been necessary to sportsmen, and custom has therefore sanctioned its being carried by mail coach, canal boat, or railway. In consequence, however, of a general belief that a stick of dynamite no bigger than a candle would, if exploded, blow down great blocks of buildings, few are aware that custom forbids our railways to transport any explosive, other than gunpowder, manufactured in this country. The consequence is, that British manufacturers of blasting agents are obliged to carry them from the factory in their own vessels round the coast, and to land them at harbours, whence, at great cost, they have to be conveyed inland for more than a hundred miles by cart or waggon.

Despite the characteristic disbelief of Englishmen that practical  
sagacity

sagacity and sound common sense are to be found among our lively neighbours across the Channel, the French Law of the 8th of March, 1875, passed under the Presidency of Marshal MacMahon, and regulating the manufacture, transport, and handling of 'combinations of nitro-glycerine with absorbents of any kind,' is a model of simplicity, clearness, and courage, as compared with our intricate 'Explosives Act of 1875.' In like manner the French Railways, being the property of the State, are instructed in a short Act, to which the last touches were put at Versailles on January 10, 1879—Léon Say being Minister of Finance, General Borel of War, and M. de Freycinet of Public Works—to carry explosives under conditions and precautions of a simple kind, which have thus far been amply sufficient for the public safety.

In his Report, written at Madras in 1880, Major Morant, R.E., gives many instances of the superiority of dynamite over gunpowder as regards safety:—

'Boxes of dynamite,' he says, 'have been thrown from a great height with a tremendous shock without exploding. They have been placed on an open fire, where the dynamite burnt slowly away without exploding. Dynamite has been in railway collisions, and though the van and boxes containing it were smashed, no explosion took place. In Bombay, a piece of iron 250 lbs. in weight, was dropped forty feet on a box of fifty pounds of dynamite; the box was broken, the dynamite scattered, but not exploded. At Bombay, again, one pound of gunpowder was scattered over a five-pound package of dynamite, and exploded; no explosion of dynamite. There are already fourteen dynamite factories in various parts of the world, and since the opening of the first factory in 1866, not a single accident has ever taken place with dynamite, either during carriage or storage. Experience has proved, down to the present time, that the danger of dynamite in its carriage by rail, ship, or cart, becomes absolutely nil, so long as the detonators by which it is exploded do not travel with it in the same carriage.'

All that is here said about dynamite applies with equal truth to the coming king of explosives, blasting gelatine. In the existing condition of public opinion it is more desirable, however, to reassure timid minds as to the facilities, or the reverse, with which strangers can enter one of the offices open in London, and in many other parts of the kingdom, for receiving orders to supply dynamite to customers, and can succeed in purchasing small parcels, worth but a few shillings, and containing, let us say, from 10 to 20 lbs. of blasting powder.

The stranger who thinks he can easily buy a few pounds of dynamite in London will soon find he is reckoning without his host. To begin with, he will be asked, on application, for what purpose he wants it. If he replies that he is a country gentleman

gentleman who is anxious to blow up a few stumps of trees in his park, he will, upon verification of his identity, be courteously treated and allowed to buy the 10 or 15 lbs. of dynamite necessary for his purpose. Instructions will also be given him, either by word of mouth, or in writing, as to the best method of employing the explosive, and not improbably a printed slip of paper will be handed to him, headed, 'Experience of His Grace the Duke of Sutherland with Dynamite in Land Clearing,' to which is appended an extract from His Grace's evidence (May 22nd, 1874) before the Select Committee on Explosives, when he said, 'I may mention, with regard to the blowing up of tree-roots, we found that we could do for 7*d.* what it cost us 6*s.* to do in tearing the root out by engine power and manual labour.'

Assume, however, that the stranger is a rough-looking customer, with a strong Irish brogue and an American soft felt hat upon his head, and that the query, 'What do you want with 20 lbs. of dynamite?' elicits from him the surly counter-query, 'What's that to you?' In that case he will very possibly be told that with dynamite in the abstract he may do what he pleases, even to the blowing off his own head therewith; but that the office at which he is applying cannot supply him with a single pound. It was not with any explosive bought in London that a hole was blown into the Local Government Board building on the 15th of March last. The compound then used was privately made, as there is nothing easier than to buy a chemistry book for a shilling or two, and, in conformity with its instructions, to make dynamite or other derivatives of nitro-glycerine, perhaps of an inferior quality, but strong enough to cause a very alarming explosion. The startling revelations at Birmingham are, at all events, very reassuring as to the licensed manufacture of dynamite; and Mr. Nobel's aid was called in to prevent a fearful catastrophe. The established character of the authorized manufacture gives us all the more freedom to deal severely with the illicit maker, dealer, and possessor.

In all the great mining districts of this country,—such as the West Riding of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Durham, Northumberland, Somersetshire, Cornwall, North and South Wales, and the Lowlands of Scotland,—nothing is more common than for petty mining contractors to apply for small parcels of dynamite, weighing, let us say, from 5 to 50 lbs., at the offices or agencies established in various places by the manufacturers of explosives. The agents in charge of these provincial offices are under the

strictest

strictest orders to issue dynamite to no purchaser unless he be well known to the vendor. In like manner all the agents and travellers employed by the manufacturers have been furnished with copies of the Explosives Act of 1875, together with the Orders in Council, the Orders of the Secretary of State, and the abstracts of the Act, made in the Home Office, which have sprung out of that Act; and finally with Colonel Majendie's little key to this storehouse of otherwise incomprehensible knowledge. In addition to allowing no dynamite to fall into the hands of unknown customers, the agents are likewise forbidden to sell it to men likely to use it for seditious or illegitimate purposes.

Nevertheless, it may reasonably be doubted whether the extreme stringency \* of Orders Nos. 3 and 4 of the Secretary of State is not calculated to intensify rather than to diminish the dangers to which the transport of dynamite in small parcels naturally exposes the travelling public. As a rule, the manufacturers do not deliver dynamite or detonators to customers at the places where it is intended to use or store these explosives. The purchasers are therefore obliged to send to the magazines or stores established by the manufacturers in different local places. Now these magazines are, almost without exception, situated in out-of-the-way and desolate spots, with no towns, villages, or human habitations near them. Thus it comes to pass that people lawfully requiring small lots of dynamite have to send long distances for it, and to transport it at considerable cost in their own vehicles over roads that are generally rough. Who can say, moreover, through how many hands the stuff may pass before it reaches its destination? What, again, is there to prevent a small contractor who wants 20 lbs. of dynamite from purchasing 40 lbs., and allowing some fair-spoken stranger who tempts him with a 5*l.* note added to the cost of the dangerous material, to have a moiety of his purchase? There is little difficulty in buying small parcels of dynamite abroad, and two or three conspirators carrying ten or fifteen pounds apiece in their pockets could arrive in London, Manchester, or Liverpool, at any time, without exciting suspicion. Again, with one British factory turning out more than ten tons

\* Orders Nos. 3 and 4 of the Secretary of State may be found in Colonel Majendie's 'Guide-book' at pages 308 and 305. Order No. 3 'adapts general rules to the packing for conveyance of explosives other than gunpowder;' and Order No. 4 'makes bye-laws as to the conveyance of explosives on roads and in certain special cases.' Both Orders seem unwittingly to be so framed as to tempt poor men who, in order to get their daily bread, stand in need of small parcels of dynamite, to transport them surreptitiously in bags or satchels, which, as passengers by railway, they carry in their hands, with the knowledge that they will be severely fined if detected.

of dynamite per diem, how is it possible for Government, by any Explosives Act that the wit of man can devise, to prevent a parcel of twenty or thirty pounds from getting into the hands of some miner who may be disposed to use it mischievously? But it may tend to prevent unnecessary alarm, to bear in mind the following statement respecting the effects of exploded nitro-glycerine and dynamite, which Mr. McRoberts has recently published :—

‘Nitro-glycerine and dynamite do not, when exploded, exert such a force as is popularly believed. To speak precisely, the power developed by the explosion of a ton of dynamite is equal to 45,675 tons raised one foot, or 45,675 foot-tons. One ton of nitro-glycerine similarly exploded will exert a power of 64,452 foot-tons, and one ton of blasting gelatine, similarly exploded, 71,050 foot-tons. These figures, although large, are not enormous, and need not excite terror. Seventy-one thousand tons of ordinary building stone, if arranged in the form of a cube, would measure only 96 feet on the side, and if it were possible to concentrate the whole force of a ton of blasting gelatine at the moment of explosion on such a mass, the only effect would be to lift it to the height of a foot. The power exerted by an explosion on surrounding objects is in the inverse ratio of the cube of the distance from the point of explosion. Thus, at 100 feet from the explosion the power is only the cube of  $\frac{1}{100}$ , or  $\frac{1}{1,000,000}$ th part of what it is at a distance of only one foot from that point; or, in other words, if the power at one foot from the spot be represented by 1,000,000, at the distance of 100 feet it will be but 1. It is thus seen that the effects are intensely local, but comparatively trifling at even short distances. If a ton of dynamite or nitro-glycerine were exploded in a London street the effects would be felt severely in the immediate neighbourhood only of the explosion, and beyond that they would be confined to the mere breakage of windows. Indeed, it would be impossible by a single explosion, however large, to do damage to any considerable extent beyond the immediate neighbourhood in which the explosion took place. On one occasion I happened to witness the explosion of over a ton of nitro-glycerine from a distance of only 60 yards. The nitro-glycerine was about 10 feet beneath the level of the ground, which was of sand and covered with water. Beyond the breakage of windows and the bursting of a few doors in the surrounding buildings, there was no damage done. A little sand was thrown over me, but I received no personal injury. Vague statements have been from time to time promulgated to induce the belief that there are stronger explosives than nitro-glycerine and nitro-glycerine preparations, and that the wretched men who have been guilty of the late attempts on public buildings, &c., are in possession of more powerful explosives than any known to chemists. The public may rest assured that such is not the case. Nitro-glycerine and its preparations form the strongest explosives yet known. The strongest of these is the material known as blasting gelatine.

gelatine. It consists of nitro-glycerine combined with a certain proportion of nitrated cotton. It is much more difficult to prepare than either nitro-glycerine or dynamite, and cannot be made by unskilled persons. If the power of dynamite be represented by 1000, that of nitro-glycerine will be 1411, and of blasting gelatine 1555.

'The  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. of nitro-glycerine seized by the police the other day would, if exploded, exert a force of only 4833 foot-tons, and if converted into dynamite it would represent a force of only 4567 foot-tons. The conversion of nitro-glycerine into dynamite reduces the power of the former, but renders it more easy and safe to handle and use. The power given above is comparatively insignificant, and as it is the *maximum* effect that could be produced under the most favourable circumstances on the very spot of explosion, it never could be obtained in practice. It is therefore absurd to say that the explosion of such a quantity of nitro-glycerine would blow up the whole of London. In fact, the explosion could scarcely be heard over London, and the damage done by it would be strictly local.

'I have often, by way of experiment, exploded a pound of dynamite suspended from the end of a fishing-rod by a string about 6 ft. long, holding the rod in my hand the while. As there was no solid matter to project I received no injury, and the end of the fishing-rod was not even scratched. About 3 ft. of the string at the end of the rod was always left uninjured.

'It will be seen from the foregoing that the scoundrels who attempt to destroy public buildings are powerless to do much harm by their operations. They cannot by any means at their disposal lay a whole city in ruins—not even a street. They may injure special buildings, but that is the most they can do.'

The truth is—and let us turn with comfort to the thought—that explosives constitute neither the only nor even the worst danger against which it is the lot of humanity, in all ages, to keep watch and ward. Fire, for instance, has wrought incomparably more damage to man from the beginning of creation than any other agent, although water is a good second; and, in the propagation of fire, benzoline, naphtha, methylated spirits, petroleum, and every unctuous liquid in existence, are a thousand times more efficacious than gunpowder, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, and all other explosives, which are, indeed, often used to check conflagrations by blowing-up houses, in order to prevent their feeding and spreading the flames.

Take, for instance, but one solitary case. About 9 P.M., on Sunday, October 8, 1871, a cow kicked over a lighted kerosene lamp in a wooden stable, situated in the south-western portion of the city of Chicago. The spirit ran out upon the ground, was touched by the lighted wick, and in a second the stable was ablaze. A strong wind was blowing from the south-west, and  
quicker

quicker than thought the lumber yards on the west bank of the Chicago river were wrapped in flames. The conflagration, which began at 9 P.M. on Sunday, raged through the whole of that night and during the whole of next day, at the expiration of which it had travelled over an area of ground about four miles in length, and one and a half in breadth. The number of buildings destroyed was 17,450; 98,860 persons were made homeless; and 250 persons either perished in the flames or lost their lives by exposure. Many fugitives were forced to rush into Lake Michigan and to stand up to their chins in water to save their lives. The total loss of property amounted to about 200 millions of dollars, or 40,000,000*l*. In presence of such a catastrophe, caused by the overthrow of one little spirit lamp, what is there in all the explosives, including gunpowder, turned out in all parts of the world, to justify panic?

Hitherto we have said little as to the detonating fuses, without which neither dynamite, nor blasting gelatine, nor any other offshoots of the nitro-glycerine family, ought, if rightly manufactured and handled, to be explosible. More than fifty years have passed since 'The Miners' Patent Safety Fuse' was invented by William Bickford, of Tuckingmill, in Cornwall, and patented by him on September 6th, 1831. The inventor has left on record that his first object was 'to provide a means of conveying fire to the charge in blasting which would obviate the dangers then inseparable from that operation, and thus avoid the distressing accidents constantly occurring from the premature explosion of the charges.' He lived to attain his main object to a degree far beyond his expectations, and to find his invention almost universally patronized, partly on account of its safety, but still more because of its greater certainty and economy as compared with every other method of blasting. In addition to its general adoption by miners and engineers, Bickford's Fuse has long been employed by the War Office, the Admiralty, and other Government departments; while such is the demand for it in the Colonies and abroad, that the proprietors have successively established eight factories for its manufacture in Europe and the United States.\*

\* Bickford's Patent Safety Fuse is thus described in Dr. Ure's 'Dictionary of Mines.' Edited by Robert Hunt, F.R.S., Keeper of Mining Records, vol. ii., page 527. 'The safety fuse is an instrument manufactured for the purpose of conveying fire to the charge in blasting. It is made of yarns, with a column of fine gunpowder in its centre, and appears like a hard varnished cord. To use it, one end of the required length is placed in the charge, and the hole is tamped with any soft substance which will not cut the fuse. Fire must be applied to the fuse itself, which slowly and surely burns to the charge, if care has been taken to select that kind of fuse which the operation requires; it then affords the very best means of blasting ever devised, combining certainty, economy, and safety.'

Special attention has been paid to the adaptation of this 'rat's tail,' as the miners sometimes call it, for use with the nitro-carbons which have lately come into fashion. When intended for use with dynamite, litho-fracteur, tonite, blasting gelatine, and similar compounds, the fuse is made suitable to the detonators employed with these explosions. One end of the required length of fuse is placed in the cartridge, and the hole is tamped with water, or sand, or any soft and unyielding substance which will not cut the fuse. 'Fire is applied to the fuse itself, which slowly and surely burns to the charge, if care has been taken to select that quality which the operation demands.'

That Bickford's fuse is not dangerous, either in storage or carriage, and that it is liable neither to spontaneous combustion, ignition by friction, nor explosion, may be inferred from the following quotation:—

'Major Majendie, R.A., Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Explosives, stated in his examination before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, May 8th, 1874, "That he considered these goods to be safe from all danger of explosion or spontaneous ignition, and that they should not be placed under any restriction whatever as regarded transit and storage, except that they should be perhaps packed in a particular way."'

Thus it follows that Bickford's fuses are carried everywhere by railway (if marked on the outside of the package as the law requires), and also that they are never stopped at any English port. On the other hand, the position of dynamite, and of similar explosives, is thus laid down by a competent authority:—

'Since the passing of the Explosives Act a large number of the Harbour authorities in the United Kingdom have, with the sanction of the Board of Trade, prohibited all traffic in explosives within the limits of their jurisdiction; while many other Harbour authorities so restrict the traffic as practically to forbid it. Formerly a considerable number of railway companies used to give facilities for the transport of dynamite, but since the passing of the Explosives Act they have all given notice that they will carry the article no longer.'

Before concluding, we must not omit to mention the singularly erratic and capricious effects, both as regards sound and destructiveness, produced by the explosion of Thursday evening, the 15th of March. The experiences gained upon that memorable occasion add, indeed, little to our knowledge of the inscrutable causes which make a loud noise audible for several miles in one direction, and utterly inaudible in another direction at a distance of a few hundred yards from the centre of disturbance.

turbance. It is by no means sufficient dogmatically to affirm that the set of the wind and of the upper air-currents is enough to explain the remarkable phenomena of sound which have long perplexed philosophers in many different parts of the globe. Sometimes upon still days the roar of Niagara is heard all round the horizon, at a distance of from forty to fifty miles from the mighty cascade; while upon other still days, differing little, so far as man can perceive, from their resonant predecessors, not a sound is audible five miles away from the tumbling waters. Who, again, that has seen much of active warfare, can have forgotten that the din of a great battle is sometimes heard far better up than down the wind? The explanation of this seeming anomaly, hazarded during the American Civil War (which witnessed the greatest battles engaged in by men since the mighty shock of Leipsic in 1813), was that the concussion caused by the discharge of numberless field-pieces carried upwards the sound produced by them into a stratum or current of air, which is tending in a direction precisely opposite to that followed or taken by the wind or air which sweeps the surface of the earth. Many similar instances might be adduced to show how little men really know respecting acoustics, or about the rationale of sound. How are we to explain, for instance, that, upon the evening of the 15th of last month, the Charles Street explosion should have been unheard by the guests who chanced at that moment to be in the dining hall of the Westminster Palace Hotel, and that it should have been distinctly audible at Sydenham, Norwood, Penge, Anerley, and Tulse Hill?

Upon that eventful evening, Dr. C. W. Siemens was lecturing at the Institution of Civil Engineers in Great George Street, Westminster. The back-windows of the building in which the Civil Engineers hold their meetings look out upon the southern façade of the Local Government Board. As Dr. Siemens was proceeding with his lecture upon 'The Electrical Transmission and Storage of Power,' he came to the following sentence:— 'The enormous difference between the values here given shows sufficiently what scope there is for the development of the dynamo-machine. For instance, in one machine one pound of copper produces only 17 Watts, and in another, the last which has been introduced, the effect is 48. You observe'— At this word a roar, as loud and more instantaneous than that produced by the discharge of a Titanic cannon, arrested the voice of the lecturer, and the pen of the short-hand reporter of his words. The sun-light suspended from the dome of the sky-light on high trembled and quivered upon its long slender stem, but did not fall.

fall. No pane in the sky-light itself was broken: had the explosive used been gunpowder, instead of dynamite, a heap of shattered glass would have fallen into the lecture-hall below—but high above Dr. Siemens's head. One half of a semi-circular window was smashed. So sudden and alarming was the sound, that at first every one in that densely crowded room believed the explosion to have taken place within the building itself.

As for the strange effects produced by the shock of from twenty to thirty pounds of exploding dynamite upon the parallelogram of brick, bounded by Parliament Street on the east, King Street on the west, Whitehall on the north, and Palace Yard on the south, it would require the master hand, which traced the whimsical eccentricities of the 'idle wind' in 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' to do them full justice. Suffice it to say that the explosion was first felt below men's feet, and that it began by breaking a number of cellar or basement windows. Rising then into the upper air, it darted hither and thither with bizarre and capricious irregularity. After breaking nearly every window of the Whitehall Club in Parliament Street, it left the neighbouring house on the southern side wholly untouched. While almost every window on the east side of King Street was smashed, and many on the west side, others scarcely less exposed in Parliament Street were spared. While every window on the north front of our brick parallelogram was shattered, the shutters just inside were not disturbed. One phenomenon, peculiarly unintelligible to the unscientific and uninitiated, which has often been observed in connection with similar explosions, was repeated here, as will appear when we mention that the glass broken by the shock fell in most cases outwards, instead, as might have been expected, of being driven inwards by the blast. The same thing was conspicuous in the houses bordering Regent's Park, especially in those facing to Primrose Hill, upon the occasion of the explosion in 1874. The explanation is that, while the pressure of the first shock is resisted by the air pent up in the houses, the secondary undulation in the reverse direction leaves an empty or exhausted cavity, into which the pressure of the air inside the window pushes the broken fragments of glass.

Since these pages were in type, the hands of the Government have been strengthened by the 'Explosive Substances Act (1883),' which passed both Houses *nem. con.* on the 9th of this present April, and became law—by a coincidence worth noting—on the thirty-fifth anniversary of the threatened Chartist rising of April 10th, 1848. The leading principle of the new Act

Act is to reverse the *onus probandi*, and to make the offence a felony, with penalties graduated to the degrees of guilt. But it must be clearly understood, as Sir William Harcourt took care to remind the House, that the old law remains untouched, and that any death caused by an unlawful and malicious explosion involves the same guilt of murder, for which the last criminal hanged in front of the Old Bailey answered for that Clerkenwell explosion in 1868,—an explosion, as we have been told, that taught England to bring Irish questions ‘within the range of practical politics;’—a lesson which a space of fifteen years has perfected! Now, first, a like deed, not followed by the destruction of life or property which it endangers, subjects the offender to penal servitude for life. Secondly, any act done unlawfully and maliciously, with the intent of causing an explosion dangerous to life or property, is to be visited with penal servitude up to twenty years. This clause takes in subjects of Her Majesty abroad—a provision of which the need is attested by every telegram from America; nor less needful and important is the inclusion of accessories, instigators, and those who provide means or solicit money for such intent. Thirdly, the maker or possessor of explosives, under circumstances of reasonable suspicion, is liable to fourteen years penal servitude, unless he can prove a reasonable intent. An emergency incident to that facility of private manufacture, which has been revealed as the greatest source of danger and most ready aid to guilt, is met by the application of the penalty to all explosives included in the wide definition of ‘any materials for making any explosive substance; also any apparatus, machine, implement, or materials used, or intended to be used, or adapted for causing, or aiding in causing, any explosion in or with any explosive substance; also any part of any such apparatus, machine or implement.’ We have it on Sir William Harcourt’s responsibility, that without such a clause as this the Act would be inoperative; the result of which will be that the possessor, not only of a flask of gunpowder or a cartridge of dynamite, but of a bottle of nitric or sulphuric acid, or glycerine, a piece of cotton wadding or a bag of sawdust, a train of clockwork or box of vesuvians, will have this sword of Damocles hung up over his head. Nor is it quite satisfactory to the innocent sportsman, miner, or carpenter, surgeon or chemical student, boy with chapped hands or lady at her toilet,—that the Act can only be set in motion by the *fiat* of the Attorney-General, on the ground of reasonable suspicion.

With such stringent clauses, containing the reversal of some of the most important rules of our criminal law, it is to be regretted the

the Government did not yield to the appeal of Sir Richard Cross to make the Act temporary, which in similar cases has always been done. Under these circumstances, Lord Salisbury was fully justified in the protest which he made; and it was ridiculous for Lord Kimberley to assume an indignant tone when the Leader of the Opposition in the Upper House was only discharging an act of public duty. It was admitted by Lord Salisbury that some of the provisions of the Bill were necessary; but as the Government brought it forward in a state of alarm, not to say of panic, it was all the more advisable that the measure should have been of a temporary and not a permanent character.

The new law applies, as we have said, to acts done and conspiracies formed by any person 'within, or, being a subject of Her Majesty, *without Her Majesty's dominions.*' Such culprits and conspirators will, of course, be made amenable to its penalties if they are caught within the grasp of British jurisdiction. But it is surely time to ask whether the Rossas and Fords and Sheridans are any longer to be allowed to hatch, in open defiance of all social law, on the soil and under the shelter of a Power bound to us by amity and kindred, the nefarious plots which they send over their less guilty tools to execute? Is it not an outrage on common sense and good faith, to treat conspiracies for the wholesale murder of innocent men, women, and children as political enterprises? If it was in good faith that the United States invoked the law of nations, obtained a new reading of it in their favour, and received a compensation more liberal than they know how to dispose of, for losses traceable, at the worst, to our constructive and involuntary neglect, surely this is the occasion to justify their sincerity. What was it for us to allow the 'Alabama' to slip through our hands, when the order to detain her failed by a mere accident, compared with this open preparation of what is ostentatiously proclaimed as 'war' under the shelter of her flag? We ask but for that prevention which is far easier and better than cure or compensation; and we ask it too in the sacred cause of peace; for who can doubt that now, as in 1865 and the following years, it is a part of the nefarious Fenian schemes to provoke enmity between the two nations?

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- ART. IX.—1. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire and Report upon all matters relating to the settlement of the Transvaal Territory.* (Presented to Parliament, Feb. 1882.)
2. *Correspondence respecting the Affairs in the Transvaal.* (Presented to Parliament in February 1882, August 1882, November 1882, February 1883.)
3. *With the Boers in the Transvaal and Orange Free State.* By Charles Norris-Newman. London, 1882.
4. *Bechuanaland, the Transvaal, and England.* By the Rev. John Mackenzie. London, 1883.
5. *The Transvaal Boers.* By David Livingstone, LL.D. (Extracted from the Second Edition of the 'Personal Life of David Livingstone.' London, 1881.)

IT is never a pleasant task to speak of national mistakes and national failures, more especially when such mistakes and failures have been gratuitous, unnecessary, and inexcusable. It is still less pleasant when mistakes have been followed by humiliation, failures by disgrace. When, however, in addition, one has to speak of pledges broken, of solemn promises unredeemed, of faithful allies deserted, of national honour violated, it would seem as if the task were almost too bitter, the history almost too shameful for us to write, or for the English people to read.

The papers and Blue-books on the subject of the Transvaal now before us reveal a sad story, wholly unparalleled, we believe, in our annals. In the history of every great nation, among the brighter passages which have lightened it on its road to greatness, and there are very many such in the history of England, there must of necessity be some incidents on which the patriotic historian scarcely cares to dwell, which truth compels him to relate without colouring and without distortion, but of which he cannot speak without a feeling of shame. In the history of our chequered career as a nation during the last few hundred years, we hope and fully believe that these dark pages, which we would willingly forget, are rare, but verily our present Government has added one of the very blackest to the volume of our annals, one which will not be hastily forgotten, nor, we venture to predict, hastily forgiven to its authors.

For those of our readers, to whom the name Transvaal is but a geographical expression which of late years has cropped up with tedious frequency, it may be as well to say a few words regarding the past history and present condition of that country. The Cape Colony, nearly reaching at its south headland the parallel

parallel of 35°, forms an irregular but compact area, which may be roughly likened to a leg of mutton, with its broad end to the west, and its knuckle prolonged north-east along the Indian Ocean, to form the colony of Natal, and beyond it Zululand, as far as Delagoa Bay in 20° south latitude. From the Drakensberg Mountains, which bound this north-easterly extension, flow the two rivers (named Gariep), whose united stream, the Orange River, flows into the Atlantic, forming the north boundary of the Cape Colony. The oblong or oval space between the two Garieps (about 300 miles long from south-west to north-east) is occupied by the Orange River Free State; and further to the north and north-west, beyond the northern Gariep or *River Vaal*, the Transvaal extends beyond the Tropic, being—as will be seen from this description—completely detached from the English colonies, and lying between Zululand and Kaffraria on the east, and the Bechuanas and kindred tribes on the west. The Transvaal, or ‘South African Republic,’ as the Boers persist in calling it, is situated between 22° and 28° of south latitude, and between 26° and 32° of east longitude. The area is estimated at about 120,000 square miles; the extent from north to south is about 450 miles, and from east to west about 400 miles; while the greatest distance from point to point, namely from Griqualand West to the junction of the Limpopo and Letsobo Rivers, is about 570 miles. The Limpopo, rising in the heart of the Transvaal, makes a circuit to form its boundary on the north-west and north, and then flows south into the Indian Ocean just above Delagoa Bay. The Transvaal territory lies entirely inland, although at one point, opposite Delagoa Bay, it is only about 30 miles distant from the sea. On the north this region is bounded, as we have just said, by the Limpopo River; formerly on the west the frontiers were extremely undefined, but they were distinctly laid down and marked by the Commission of 1881. As, however, native chiefs are the neighbours on this side, these boundaries have been utterly disregarded by the Boers, and have already been considerably advanced. On the south-west and south lie Griqualand West, and the Orange Free State; on the south-east and east, Zululand, Swaziland, and the Portuguese territory of Delagoa Bay. No census has been taken either of the coloured or the white population in this wide-spreading region; it is, however, stated on apparently good authority that the former number about 800,000. So far also as can be ascertained from the official muster of citizens capable of bearing arms, who in 1876 were returned at 7326, there are in the country about 45,000 whites. Of these, about 37,000 or 38,000 are farmers, solely engaged in agricultural pursuits, and are as a

rule Dutch-speaking and of Dutch extraction. The remaining 7000 or 8000 live in towns, are engaged in trade, and are or were for the most part English. The above calculations were made prior to the annexation of April 1877. During the four years while the Transvaal was part of the British Empire, there was a great influx of white population. Many English and Dutch farmers, attracted by the fine climate and soil, both superior to what can be found in most parts of Natal and the Orange Free State, bought farms either for themselves or for other members of their families. Traders also flocked from all sides, having a full belief in the permanence of the English rule, in accordance with the repeated declaration of both the Conservative and Liberal Governments. Thus hamlets became villages, and villages almost attained the dignity of towns, and with increasing population came increasing prosperity. We find it stated in the evidence given before the Royal Commission that during the English occupation 'the value of property increased three-fold.' Since, however, the Transvaal was handed over to the Boers, there has been a considerable falling off in the white population, and it is needless to add also in prosperity. Even so early as January 1882, we find the British Resident at Pretoria saying in a despatch, 'I regret to have to state that the industrial and commercial condition of the country is in a most depressed state: not only is there no activity in business life, but every trade seems paralysed; the money market is in a very delicate position, and is daily growing weaker.'

The circumstances, moreover, of the surrender of the country were so disgraceful and humiliating, and the attitude of the Boers so overbearing and hostile, both to the English-speaking race and to those of their own countrymen who had remained loyal to England, that Englishmen, who before the war lived in perfect harmony with their Dutch neighbours, now found their position quite insupportable. Farmers parted with their farms at an enormous sacrifice, while traders and the inhabitants of towns, if they saw an opening elsewhere, took the first opportunity of migrating. Even in June 1881, before the transfer of the country was finally made, Sir Evelyn Wood reports to Lord Kimberley that a party of Boers with their families were 'treking' southwards, as in 'consequence of their loyalty to the British Government they had been rather harshly treated by the Boers, and did not wish to remain under the new Government.' Of the treatment of the loyal natives we shall have occasion to speak presently. It may be here remarked that the Transvaal, so far from being a barren and worthless tract, as  
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many suppose, is on the contrary extremely rich, both in agricultural and in mineral wealth, and, if properly governed and administered, would even now produce a considerable revenue and eventually become a most valuable possession.

The history of the Transvaal is not a very eventful one, and only dates back as far as about 1849 or 1850. In short, to quote the words of Dr. Livingstone, the history of the Transvaal Boers 'is simply that of a company of Christian emigrants placed in contact with tribes of comparatively defenceless savages, and it contains the usual displays of bloodthirstiness, selfishness, and sensuality which form prominent features in all histories.' It will probably be a surprise to many of our readers to learn that this region was only entered by the first Boers so late as 1835 or 1836, and that it was not until 1843 that any large body of Dutchmen permanently occupied it. Both in the Cape Colony and in Natal the Dutch were the pioneers, then arrived English settlers; there was a struggle for supremacy between the two nations, and the latter proved victorious. Whereupon a large portion of the Dutch accepted the situation, and became loyal subjects of the British Crown; while others, preferring their own ideas of native slavery, personal freedom, and non-payment of taxes, moved on to other regions where, to use a common South African expression, 'each man was at liberty to whop his own nigger.' The number of these emigrants has also been recruited from time to time by adventurers and bad characters, who had rendered other countries too hot to hold them: these naturally preferred a land where practically there was but little of either law or government. It was not until 1849 that the existence or independence of the Transvaal farmers was even indirectly acknowledged. In that year Sir Harry Smith, having in August 1848 defeated the Boers at Bloemplatz, proclaimed Her Majesty's dominion, in the region named the Orange River Sovereignty, to be bounded by the Drakensberg, the Vaal River, and the Orange River, thus tacitly acknowledging the independence of those who lived beyond these limits. When this was announced, some disaffected Boers crossed the Vaal and joined their brethren, who had migrated previously under Pretorius. It was not, however, until 1852 that these farmers were in any way recognized as an independent state. At this time another Liberal Government, in which Lord Grey was the Colonial Minister of the day, having been engaged in a Kaffir war, which was not entirely successful or satisfactory in its result, bethought themselves of limiting imperial responsibility by abandoning territory which they had already annexed and occupied. Accordingly, the sovereignty of the

the Orange Free State<sup>7</sup> was given up, and hence the difficulties and troubles of dealing with the native tribes adjoining that country, more especially with a Basuto chief named Mosesh, were shifted from the shoulders of the Imperial Government on to those of the farmers and settlers. Thus, as remarked by Mr. Noble,\* 'the old and warmly cherished policy of England, based on the great and noble principle that she was responsible for the conduct of her subjects towards the aboriginal races among whom they settled—the protector of the weak, the civilizer of the barbarian, and the preacher of righteousness to the heathen—was thus suddenly reversed.'

Apart, however, from sentiment, it appears, as recent events have proved only too clearly in the case of the Transvaal, that whatever may have been the wisdom of the original policy in extending our frontiers, there can be no question as to the fatal error in drawing back, unless under the most absolute compulsion or necessity, from any quarter to which we have once deliberately gone, or of shirking responsibilities which we have once solemnly undertaken. It was but right that settlers should bear the burden of their own defence, but as they did this without difficulty when independent, they could equally have done so when under our flag. We believe it to be the almost unanimous opinion of those best acquainted with South Africa, that of the many mistakes we have made in that country, perhaps the greatest and in the end the most expensive—always excepting, of course, the recent fiasco—was the abandonment of the Orange Free State. Our prestige was much lowered in a country where everything depends on prestige, not only with the natives, who are an ever-present source of danger, but also with the white population. When, in any colony, the dominant race is much outnumbered by those whom they have originally conquered, nothing but the influence and prestige of the mother country can ensure harmony between the two races.

In January 1852 the independence of the farmers 'over the Vaal' was first formally recognized by what is known as the Sand River Convention. The details of this treaty it is here unnecessary to give: suffice it to say that some of the conditions, more especially one prohibiting slavery, have proved an endless source of dispute ever since between the British Government and the Boers. So soon after this treaty as February and September 1853, we find the Duke of Newcastle addressing despatches to Sir George Cathcart, then Governor of the Cape,

\* 'Descriptive Handbook of the Cape Colony; its Condition and Resources. By John Noble.' London, 1875.

regarding the recent 'attacks of the Transvaal Boers upon certain native tribes, and their hostility towards missionaries.' From an equally trustworthy source, that of Dr. Livingstone, we have ample testimony as to the slavery habitually practised at this period by the Transvaal Boers, and their inhumanity towards the natives. In October and November 1854 an entire Kaffir tribe, said to number several thousands, were either slaughtered, burnt, or starved to death in caves by a party of Boers under Pretorius. A graphic account of this incident is given in the 'Times' newspaper of March 16th, 1855. A few years later, in 1861, 1865, 1867, and 1868, the treatment of the natives by the Boers was brought to the notice of the Imperial Government, and vivid descriptions given of the atrocities constantly practised.\* It appeared to have been the custom to make up expeditions against Kaffir tribes, sometimes for real or imaginary offences, often indeed without even such a pretext. The men were routed or shot down, while all the live-stock and children were carried off as booty, the latter being apprenticed as slaves. In a country where labour could not be procured, and is all-important, it may well be believed that children were by far the most valuable part of the spoil. In a land so remote, so little visited, so wide in extent, and with such scanty means of communication, either internally or with the outside world, where moreover there was every motive for concealment, every inducement to shirk enquiry, when such facts as we have mentioned actually came to light, the internal condition of the country can scarcely have been very satisfactory, nor can the Bible-loving Boers, in their capacity of rulers, be entitled to that respect and admiration which, for party purposes, their Radical admirers in this country have accorded them. It is, however, only fair to state that, however much the more respectable Boers may have possessed the will, they entirely lacked the power to check their so-called subjects. At this period the Government of the Transvaal was a government only in name; the country, even more than now, was a refuge for outcasts from society, escaped criminals, and adventurers of the lowest class, who, up to the present time, have far too great liberty for the indulgence of their propensities, and far too great an influence in the councils of their adopted country.

The real character of the Transvaal Boers is but little understood or appreciated in England; nor is this surprising, since we believe that it would be wholly impossible to find any race of European origin that has made so little progress, or

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\* Parliamentary Papers, 1868 and 1869, vol. xliii. p. 649.

that has so little profited by civilization, in the last hundred years. Dr. Livingstone gives a vivid description of their fanaticism, religious superstition, and strange eccentricities, thirty years ago; since then they have altered somewhat, and it is to be hoped improved, but the main features of their character remain the same. They are the same unprogressive, obstinate, ignorant people, having a strange mixture of credulity and shrewdness, with much that is good about them—kind and hospitable to each other, but cruel and unfeeling towards the black races by whom they are surrounded. They resemble somewhat the Puritans of old, having the rifle in the one hand, the Bible in the other—simultaneously plundering and praying—cattle-lifting, and thanking the Lord for delivering the cattle of the heathen into their hands. Their leading men, it is true, are in some respects more enlightened; but as they depend for their position on popular favour, their influence varies according as they go with or against the tide. It would be impossible to find any race, not absolutely uncivilized, that could with less safety be trusted to carry out disagreeable conditions of a treaty made with an enemy whose troops they had vanquished in the field, and whose generosity they only regarded as a sign of weakness.

In addition to the native question, there was for many years another fertile matter for disagreement between the English Government and the Boers, namely, the subject of boundaries. Apparently there seemed no limit in the distance to which the Transvaal Government desired to push their territory. There were annexed by proclamation large tracts of country, from which, either previously or subsequently to the proclamation, the native inhabitants were forcibly dispossessed. At last, after years of correspondence, an arrangement was arrived at in 1871. By this it was mutually agreed that the frontiers, which were the subject of dispute between the Boers and the natives, more especially on the south-west frontier—the region of the Baralongs, the Batlapins, and the Bechuanas—should be submitted to the arbitration of Mr. Keate, the Governor of Natal. Mr. Keate's award was first acquiesced in by the Boers, was then repudiated, and ever since up to the present time has been systematically disregarded. The disputes about boundaries were continued at intervals until 1876, when the Boers found themselves engaged in a war on their eastern frontier with a chief named Secocoeni. This quarrel arose, like others, from aggressions on native lands, more especially on Zululand, and, from the alliance between Ketchawayo and Secocoeni, threatened to be most serious. The Transvaal Government first turned  
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their attention to the latter chief, and waged war against him, with apparently all the resources then at the disposal of the Republic. However, the result was disastrous, and the expedition ended with an ignominious failure. After this, the Boer Government seemed to relapse into a hopeless condition of disorganization and anarchy. To quote the words of one of the loyal inhabitants of the Transvaal, as used before the Royal Commission:—

‘The finances and credit of the Republic were alike exhausted; the cruel policy of the Boers towards the natives, and the inherent rottenness of the whole fabric of the Government, were fast bringing the nation to grief. . . . A million natives were pressing round the borders. Ketchawayo, the Zulu king, threatened to harry the country. The Government was without funds. The country was flooded with adventurers of the worst class, the people were without union, and everything was in disorder.’

Under these circumstances Lord Beaconsfield’s Ministry, in which Lord Carnarvon was then Colonial Secretary, decided to annex the Transvaal, which was done on April 12th, 1877. Into the policy or impolicy of this annexation it is not our intention here to enter. We will merely state our conviction, which is shared, we believe, by all those best acquainted with South Africa, including the Boers themselves, that had the Radical party, headed by the present Prime Minister, not treated the annexation as a party question, denouncing it violently when out of office and still utterly failing to redress any of the grievances of the Boers when they themselves came into power, no war of independence would ever have taken place, and the Transvaal at the present moment would be a prosperous and contented province of the British Empire. It must be remembered that, although the majority of the white population were doubtless opposed to our rule, and that these comprised not only the old Dutch settlers, but also the desperadoes and adventurers whose propensities under English administration would not have been indulged, yet there was a large and rapidly increasing minority, including some of the richest and most respectable of the inhabitants, who fully appreciated the material prosperity and security of British Government. This was fully proved by the protests raised, and by the evidence given before the Royal Commission, at the time when the country was given back.

At the time of the annexation but feeble steps were taken by the Boers to oppose it. They contented themselves with a protest, and subsequently with sending delegates to England in the autumn of 1877. As this deputation produced no effect on the  
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Home Government, another was sent in the following year, 1878, which also returned, having been wholly unsuccessful. About the same time Mr. Gladstone, then in Opposition, openly denounced the Government for the annexation of the Transvaal, and the Boers received so much sympathy and support from the Radical party in England, that they plucked up new courage and commenced open agitation for the abolition of the English rule. In April 1879, Sir Bartle Frere, then Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner for South Africa, visited the Transvaal and had a conference with the Boer leaders, which resulted in a temporary cessation of openly expressed discontent. At the same time a memorial was forwarded to England, accompanied by a memorandum from Sir Bartle himself, containing the outline of a constitution, which he considered should be granted to the Boers in accordance with the spirit of promises made to them at the time of annexation. Unfortunately these suggestions were not heeded by the Government of the day, while the Opposition did not cease to encourage the Boers in their agitation by sympathetic and inflammatory speeches. In his Midlothian addresses of November 25th and November 26th, 1879, Mr. Gladstone violently denounced the annexation of the Transvaal, saying 'that of 8000 persons qualified to vote in that Republic, 6500 were opposed to it.' Again, on December 29th, he referred to the same topic in the same sense, and lastly on March 18th, 1880, just before his own return to power, he made the following remarks:—

'Lord Beaconsfield omitted Africa, and did not say that the Radicals had created any difficulties for him there. But there he has contrived, without, so far as I am able to judge, the smallest necessity or excuse, to spend five millions of your money in invading a people (the Zulus) who had done him no wrong; and now he is obliged to spend more of your money in establishing the supremacy of the Queen over a community Protestant in religion, vigorous, obstinate, and tenacious in character, even as we are ourselves, namely the Dutchmen of the Transvaal.'

It requires no great stretch of imagination to picture to oneself the fervid eloquence with which, had it suited his purpose, he would have denounced these very same Dutchmen, of whom Mr. Gladstone has only now to say that they are 'vigorous, obstinate, tenacious in character, even as we ourselves.' In what vivid colours the slavery, the atrocities, the starving of natives in caves, and their many other enormities, would have been depicted! It would have been shown that it was the sacred mission of England to put an end to such horrors. We may also be very sure that the million or so of natives now inhabiting the  
Transvaal

Transvaal and its borders, to whom the country really belongs, if time of possession is considered any title, would not have been ignored. Their wishes and their interests would have been as much regarded as those of the 6500 Boers, for whose feelings the Prime Minister, when out of office, was so extremely solicitous.

These brave words, however, although they had the effect of still further confirming the Boers in their resistance, were not followed by corresponding action when the time came to redeem them. The Liberal party came into office in the spring of 1880, but no action was taken as regards giving back the Transvaal. Lord Kimberley, as Colonial Secretary, stated in the House of Lords, and also in a despatch to Sir Owen Lanyon, that the sovereignty of the Queen over the Transvaal could not be relinquished. Also on June 8th, 1880, Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a memorial of the Boers, spoke in much the same sense. There was even no change in the high-handed policy with which the Boers were being treated. There seems no doubt that this policy was a terrible mistake, and the choice of the administrator, namely Sir Owen Lanyon, to carry it into effect, appears to have been peculiarly unfortunate. While the troops kept in the country were utterly insufficient to maintain our rule by force, no attempt apparently was made to redress the grievances of the malcontents, or personally to conciliate their leaders. Although the fullest preparation for a rising had long been openly made, our officials lived in a fool's paradise, so that, when the outbreak actually came, it took the English Government by surprise, the Colony was almost denuded of troops, and no preparation had been made to meet an insurrection. An interesting and fairly clear account of the events in South Africa at this time will be found in Mr. Norris-Newman's book. He writes, however, with a strong bias in favour of the Boers, acting as apologist even for their conduct towards the natives.

The independence of the Transvaal was proclaimed at Heidelberg on Dec. 16th, 1880, and on Dec. 20th a party of the 94th Regiment, 246 in number, when marching from Lydenburg to Pretoria, were surprised by a superior force of Boers, and were either shot down or taken prisoners. At the time no war had been declared, and in other respects some of the usages of civilized war were on this occasion certainly not regarded. The English garrison in the Transvaal were besieged by the Boers, but otherwise no further action took place until Jan. 28th, 1881. Previously, however, on Jan. 22nd, in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, when speaking of the reversal of the annexation of the Transvaal, then

then under discussion, said that, 'though the annexation at the time may have been impolitic and undesirable, its reversal was now quite impossible.' Also, in the Queen's Speech on the opening of Parliament, it was stated that steps were being taken to subdue those in arms against the Queen's authority, or words to that effect.

There is no occasion here for recounting the details of the military disasters which caused the present Government to execute so suddenly and completely their well-known feat of tergiversation. Suffice it to say that the numbers engaged in these miserable actions were so small that, if it had not been for the lamentable effect they produced on the councils of Mr. Gladstone and his Ministry, and the consequent loss of character and influence which resulted to the English flag and name, these reverses would have been regarded indeed as unfortunate and to be regretted, if only on account of the gallant lives needlessly sacrificed, but at the same time utterly insignificant. The first of these actions, namely the attack on Laing's Neck, took place on January 28th, and the last, Majuba Hill, when Sir George Colley was killed, on February 27th. Strong reinforcements had already been ordered out to South Africa, both from England and India, before the final reverse. On this occurring, still more were despatched, and Sir Frederick Roberts, with a numerous staff, was sent out to command them. The vigorous policy then apparently adopted by the Government received the full support of the country and of both Houses of Parliament. Unfortunately, however, for the honour of England, and the interests equally of our colonists abroad and ultimately of our taxpayers at home, a change came over their councils. Sir Evelyn Wood, after the death of Sir George Colley, and until the arrival of Sir Frederick Roberts, had succeeded to the duties both of Civil Administrator and General commanding the troops. On March 6th, he concluded an armistice of eight days with the Boer leaders; this was prolonged by periods of four and three days, until March 21st and 23rd, when the preliminaries of peace were signed and ratified, the arrangement of details being left to a Royal Commission.

It will probably never be known how far Sir Evelyn Wood acted as a free agent, or how far he was tied down by orders from home. But whatever may have been his instructions, there can be no question that, in concluding an armistice under such circumstances, with an enemy still occupying positions in Natal, and in being a party to so disgraceful a peace, which has already borne such disastrous fruits, he made a mistake, injurious alike to his own reputation and to the interests of the political party whose  
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views he shared. The fact that two other Generals, senior to himself, were then actually on their way to South Africa, and that, in consequence of peace being signed, they were summarily recalled from Capetown, leaving him supreme both as Civil Administrator and Military Commandant, rendered his conduct all the more open to animadversion and remark. No matter what his instructions, it would have been far better had he followed the example of Nelson, who put up his glass to his blind eye and said he could not see the signal to retire. We believe that the English public has never realized the actual situation at the moment when this astounding peace was signed. It is true detachments of our troops had been worsted in three engagements, but in not one of these had more than 500 men actually come into action. Our garrisons still gallantly held their own in the Transvaal, and, with the exception of Potchefstroom, could have held out for many weeks to come. An army of about 10,000 men, well provided with artillery and with a considerable force of cavalry, were actually at Sir Evelyn Wood's disposal within striking distance of his enemy; while about 10,000 more, with a due proportion of the three arms—infantry, cavalry and artillery, and thoroughly provided with all the appliances of war—had either actually landed in South Africa, or would shortly have done so. On the other hand, if we turn to the Boers, we find a very different picture: a force of undisciplined farmers, ill-provided with tents or other means of shelter, without artillery, commissariat, transport suited for rapid movements, or medical appliances; whose total strength of citizens capable of bearing arms in the whole country only numbered 7,326. Of these a large proportion were occupied by our garrisons, many were loyal to us, and, notwithstanding the pressure put on them, would not fight; while at least some members of every family were forced to remain at home to tend the flocks and herds and look after the farms. It may be said that, taking the most liberal estimate, and making full allowance for the recruits they received from the Orange Free State and from disaffected Dutch farmers elsewhere, 3000 men were the very outside number that could have been placed in line at one time. If the reports of the Boer leaders are in any way trustworthy, only a few hundred were present at each of the actions where our troops were worsted. It is well known now, that at the time of the armistice the force encamped on Laing's Neck, having been already in the field nearly two months in very severe weather, was suffering much, and could only with difficulty even then be kept together by its chiefs. Had our forces adopted the Fabian tactics of masterly inactivity, the

**Boers**

Boers would either have been forced to attack our entrenched positions, with the certainty of defeat and great loss of life, or else the farmers would gradually have returned to their homes, and the Boer army would have melted away. According to Sir Evelyn Wood, the former alternative would have been adopted, and it had been decided to attack Mount Prospect on the first foggy morning, had peace not been concluded. From every point of view—economical, as well as political—this peace was one of the most gigantic blunders ever perpetrated. In his speech in the House of Commons of March 16th of this year, Mr. Gladstone stated that the military operations in the Transvaal cost 2,750,000*l.* We observe, also, an additional estimate of 400,000*l.* for expenses incurred for administration between March 31st, 1881, and March 31st, 1882. It cannot be supposed that this vast sum represents the cost of the few hundred men whom poor Sir George Colley led to disaster. The money was mainly spent in despatching reinforcements which were never used, and in maintaining a perfectly equipped army of 15,000 men massed on the borders of the Transvaal until the Commission had concluded their unfortunate labours. After the preliminaries of peace had been signed, on March 23rd, part of the reinforcements were sent back, while the remainder were marched up country, and were there kept, at famine prices, ready to take the field, fully equipped with transport and all requisites, to enforce, if necessary, so it was said, the decision of the Royal Commission. One-half of this army, if properly handled, would have sufficed to march from one end of the Transvaal to the other. Quite apart, therefore, from all considerations of prestige, or of the tranquillity and well-being of our South-African colonies in future years, it would have been actually far cheaper at the time to have made use of the troops which already, at great cost to the country, had arrived on the spot. The war could have been over in a few days, and as regards blood-guiltiness, the fear of which so sadly and suddenly oppressed the Prime Minister, it is fair to conclude that the loss of life would have been most trifling, since, as was the case after Bloemplatz, and, as invariably occurs with all undisciplined armies after the first serious check, the Boers would never have rallied; nor had they a single fortress or stronghold into which they could have retired.

The Royal Commission for the final arrangement of the conditions of peace was composed of Sir Hercules Robinson, Sir Evelyn Wood, and the Chief Justice of the Cape, Sir H. de Villiers. The sittings of this Commission lasted from the beginning of May until the 3rd of August, when the Convention

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was signed. The bulky reports of their deliberations are now before us, and it would be difficult to conceive more unsatisfactory documents, except perhaps the subsequent correspondence on the subject of the Transvaal which has been presented to Parliament. Acting, we presume, on instructions from home, the majority of the Commission—that is Sir Hercules Robinson and Sir H. de Villiers—conceded every single point at issue to the Boers. Some of these points had been specially reserved in the preliminaries of peace, and the judgment of Sir Evelyn Wood, in making a formal protest against the decision of his colleagues, has been fully justified by subsequent events. The first important matter of dispute was the separation from the Transvaal of the territory east of the line of 30° of longitude, with the view to create a barrier between Boer marauders and the native tribes. In the first instance this arrangement had practically been agreed to by the insurgent leaders, but, on their objecting to it before the Commission, it was at once abandoned. The importance of this provision has already been demonstrated, as will be seen hereafter by the evidence of Mr. Osborne, the British Resident in Zululand. Another point of difference between Sir Evelyn Wood and his brother Commissioners was the manner in which persons accused of the murders of Captain Elliott, Dr. Barbour, and Mr. Malcolm, should be tried. The circumstances connected with at least two of these murders were so disgraceful, that it became a point of honour that the guilty should be brought to justice. In the preliminaries of peace this was specially insisted on. To place, however, Boers on their trial before Boers would be much the same, so far as the ends of justice were concerned, as to try Moonlighters by active members of the Land League. Nevertheless, this was what Sir Hercules Robinson and Sir H. de Villiers agreed to, and against which Sir Evelyn Wood formally protested. The result need scarcely be told: the trials were practically a farce, and the guilty, although we understand they were well known, were not convicted.

The Convention is a lengthy document, containing 33 articles. As, however, within a year and a half the duties and influence of the British Resident have proved a dead letter, and as, judging from Mr. Gladstone's speech of March 16th of this year, there may be some difference of opinion as to the nominal powers both of the Suzerain and the Resident, it may be interesting to quote Article 18, which refers to them:—

‘The following will be the duties and functions of the British Resident:—

1. He

'1. He will perform the duties and functions analogous to those of a *Chargé d'Affaires*.

'2. In regard to natives within the Transvaal State he will (a) report to the High Commissioner, as representative of the Suzerain, as to the working and observance of the provisions of this Convention; (b) report to the Transvaal authorities any cases of ill-treatment of natives, or attempts to incite natives to rebellion, that may come to his knowledge; (c) use his influence with the natives in favour of law and order; and (d) generally perform such other duties as are by this Convention entrusted to him, and take such steps for the protection of the person and property of natives as are consistent with the laws of the land.

'3. In regard to natives not residing in the Transvaal (a) he will report to the High Commissioner and the Transvaal Government any encroachments reported to him as having been made by the Transvaal residents upon the land of the natives, and, in case of a disagreement between the Transvaal Government and the British Resident as to whether encroachment has been made, the decision of the Suzerain will be final; (b) the British Resident will be the medium of communication with the native chiefs outside the Transvaal, and, subject to the approval of the High Commissioner as representing the Suzerain, he will control the conclusion of treaties between them; and (c) he will arbitrate upon every dispute between Transvaal residents and natives outside the Transvaal as to acts committed beyond the boundaries of the Transvaal, which may be referred to him by the parties interested.

'4. In regard to communications with Foreign Powers, the Transvaal Government will correspond with Her Majesty's Government through the British Resident and High Commissioner.'

It is only fair to point out that this and other articles were objected to by the Volksraad, and were only ratified under protest and by compulsion. Advantages were taken of a loophole, given most foolishly by the English Government in their reply, in which it was said that no alterations in the Convention could be entertained until *experience had shown their necessity*, or words to that effect. These alterations the Boers themselves have already carried out without leave asked or obtained. In fact, it is acknowledged by her Majesty's Government that no attempt whatever has been made by the Transvaal authorities to observe the Convention, and some of their replies to the remonstrances made by our Resident at Pretoria are, as Lord Kimberley very justly states, 'the most impudent he had ever the lot to read.' Before quitting the Report of the Commission and turning to the subsequent correspondence, it is impossible to avoid recording the painful impression which we are sure a perusal of their proceedings must cause to every patriotic Englishman.

lishman. We are convinced that, if the majority of the English public had read the appeals and arguments of the loyal inhabitants of the Transvaal, as well as the entreaties of the unfortunate natives, who protested vehemently and, it may be said, almost unanimously against the re-establishment of Boer rule, the present Government would not have been supported by the votes of the House of Commons, any more than we believe they really were by the general feeling of the country, in their change of policy after the disgrace of Majuba Hill.

The troubles between the Boers and the natives, which have again brought the affairs of the Transvaal into prominence, commenced as soon as the English troops had moved over the frontier. In May 1881 differences had arisen between two Bechuana chiefs, named Montsioa and Moshette, the former of whom had been an ally of the British and the latter of the Boers. The quarrel, however, was temporarily arranged by arbitration, but again broke out in October. We find that on October 19th, 1881, Montsioa addressed a despatch to Sir Evelyn Wood, complaining that he had been attacked by the chiefs Matchabi and Moshette, assisted by armed Boers. He adds, 'The treaty you made with the Boers is no peace; they break it every day. . . . Therefore I apply once more to your Excellency to see if the English Government intend to have the Convention carried out.' On this an officer named Captain Nourse was sent from Pretoria to investigate and report on this matter, and representations were made by the Resident to the Transvaal Government. Captain Nourse, on returning from his mission, reports, on November 12th, that he had been too late to prevent hostilities, that Montsioa had suffered more than Moshette, that the former acknowledged the boundaries of the Convention, while the latter did not, and that he saw twenty-six armed Boers assisting Moshette. Apparently hostilities between these and other Kaffir chiefs continued at intervals for some months; large parties of freebooters—in some instances five hundred in number, including more than a hundred deserters from the English army—assisting Moshette and Massiow, formerly Boer allies; and the Transvaal Government taking no effective steps to stop its subjects, but conniving at their actions. The following passages from a despatch of Sir Hercules Robinson, of date July 6th, 1882, explain the situation:—

'The parties to these feuds had for some time been restrained from breaking out into open warfare by the annexation of the Transvaal, and by the belief which was entertained by the various chiefs that they were in some indirect way amenable to British jurisdiction and control. When, however, the retrocession of the Transvaal took

place, and the British troops were removed from the province, this feeling of restraint was removed, the chiefs having been informed that it was not the intention of Her Majesty's Government to exercise any jurisdiction over the chiefs and tribes inhabiting the territory beyond the new Transvaal boundary line, and that their independence was fully recognized. Hostilities soon commenced between the Baralong chiefs Moshette and Montsioa, and between the Koranna and Batlapin chiefs Massouw and Gasibone, on the one side, and Mankoroane and Mathlabani on the other. All these chiefs were left by the Convention in independence outside the boundary of the Transvaal, and if they had been allowed to settle their disputes and rival claims among themselves, their differences would probably before long have been adjusted. But unfortunately a number of Transvaal burghers, influenced by the desire for the plunder of cattle and for the acquisition of land, took the part of Moshette against Montsioa, and of Massouw and Gasibone against Mankoroane and Mathlabani, in open violation of the proclamation of neutrality issued by the Transvaal State.

'During the hostilities, Montsioa, Mankoroane, and Mathlabani, have scrupulously respected the Transvaal boundary line as laid down by the Convention. Not so their opponents, Moshette, Massouw, and Gasibone, who, aided by Boer freebooters, have had the advantage of the Transvaal territory as a place for organizing marauding expeditions, for procuring ammunition, and for disposing of captured stock.'

It must be remarked that these chiefs who respected the frontier were our firm allies, and, as shown by despatches of Sir George Colley, recently cited by Mr. Forster in the House of Commons, rendered an important service at the time of the Boer outbreak. Their country had been purposely left outside the Transvaal, to protect them from reprisals. In the same despatch of July 6th, 1882, Sir H. Robinson gives a lamentable account of how another of our allies, a chief named Ikalafyn, has been despoiled and ruined by the Transvaal Government, for no other reason than a presumed 'intention' to assist Montsioa. Apparently a 'commando' was despatched against him, he was fined 3500 head of cattle by Mr. Piet. Joubert, and then privately plundered until 'a clean sweep had been made of everything in his country larger than a domestic fowl.' We quite agree with the opinion of Sir Hercules Robinson, as expressed in the following passage:—

'Such being the treatment to which native chiefs within the Transvaal are liable, it certainly would be a cruelty and an injustice if we were to assent to the Batlapin and Baralong chiefs, who have always been our firm allies, and whose independence we have explicitly recognized, being forced to become Transvaal subjects against their will. I think, therefore, the boundary laid down by the

the Convention, which is the best and fairest, should be firmly adhered to.'

We could multiply instances from the Blue-books before us of the disgraceful manner in which natives have been treated by the Boers, with the connivance, as Lord Derby does not deny, of the Transvaal Government. From the last volume, presented to Parliament so lately as February in this year, it would appear that matters, in place of improving, are getting worse. Thanks mainly to the exertions of Mr. Rutherford, the secretary to our Resident at Pretoria, the state of affairs has been brought to light. We find here an account of atrocities which vie with those of Bulgaria, of defenceless prisoners massacred in cold blood, of women and children slaughtered, and other unsavoury details which it is here unnecessary to recount. It must not be supposed that the natives have not made many pathetic appeals to us for assistance, or that our Resident at Pretoria has not made remonstrances to the Boers. The Blue-books are full of these appeals, remonstrances, and replies to the remonstrances. As remarked by Lord Salisbury, if we wish to see contempt 'pathetically expressed' we have only to read the appeals of the natives; or, to see it 'openly expressed,' to read the replies of the Boer Government to the despatches of our Resident. We will quote one or two instances in illustration. It appears that somewhat early in the negociation Sir Hercules Robinson suggested a joint intervention of the Imperial and Colonial Governments, the Transvaal Government, and the Orange Free State:—this proposal was absolutely declined. We also find that complaints had been made regarding encroachments by Boer farmers on pasture land in Zululand. That these complaints were well founded is proved by a despatch from Mr. Osborne, our Resident in Zululand, in which he says that he has personally visited the northern part of Zululand, and encloses a list of the Boers who are permanently living south of the Transvaal boundary line, having squatted there in the winter of 1881. On these irregularities being reported to the Transvaal Government, and an enquiry being made as to what steps they intend to take to 'prevent a recurrence of these encroachments,' the reply comes from Mr. Bok, the Secretary to the Government, stating that 'this Government do not intend to take any steps, considering that the information obtained by them does not all agree with the information supplied by Sir Henry Bulwer to Sir Hercules Robinson.' Apparently these encroachments have not been limited to the Zulus on the east, or the Bechuanas on the south-west, whose case has been well stated in Mr. Mac-

kenzie's pamphlet, but have extended in other directions. On the north a chief named Mapoch, hitherto independent, and from all accounts harmless, has been gratuitously attacked. He rendered valuable assistance to us against Secocoeni, but his reward has not been great, since as we write we see a telegram from Durban, of date April 5th, in which it is stated that this chief has expressed a desire for peace, offering to pay a 'large war indemnity and tribute for the future,' but that the Boers have 'demanded his unconditional surrender, and that hostilities have been resumed.'

It appears that a deputation of natives came to Pietermaritzburg from the Transvaal, begging that the country might be reannexed to England. On this comes a peremptory demand from the Boer Government that these natives and the white persons implicated should be arrested and sent as prisoners to Pretoria. It was laid down as one of the special conditions of the Convention, that no treaty should be made by the Transvaal Government with the native chiefs unless through the medium of the Suzerain. Nevertheless we find that the unfortunate chief, our former ally, Montsioa, was forced to sign a treaty surrendering his territory to the Boers, without the slightest reference to the so-called Suzerain. It is true that Lord Derby, in a despatch of January 27th this year, while 'expressing the surprise and regret of Her Majesty's Government at the manner in which the remonstrances of the Resident had been received by the Transvaal Government,' stated that he could not recognize the treaty between Montsioa and Moshette, 'as it had not been conducted through the British Resident.' Much good, however, will be this non-recognition to the wretched chief who has been robbed of his territory and despoiled of his goods. The manner in which the financial part of the Convention has been fulfilled would be laughable, were it not so humiliating. It may be believed that, if only on account of their supposed inability to pay, the Boers were let down as easily as possible as regards the debt for which they were held liable, and as regards the manner in which they were to discharge it. Sir Evelyn Wood recorded his protest against their being freed from the charge of the successful expedition against Secocoeni, which added much to their revenue. However, without entering into details, we may say that out of a debt of 265,000*l.* they agreed in the first instance to pay 100,000*l.* by August 8th, 1882. So far from honourably discharging this liability as they had promised, when the time for payment drew nigh they sent in a counter-claim for 176,755*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*, which they begged might be deducted from the original debt. As regards this claim Sir  
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Hercules Robinson says, 'it is difficult to conceive that it can have been seriously put forward,' and he estimates the amount of debt due from the Transvaal State to the British Government up to August 1882, including claims for compensation, advances, &c., at 400,000*l*. It is scarcely necessary to add that not one farthing of this sum has been paid; whether it ever will be paid remains to be seen. Apparently the Boers conceive that there is no limit to the manner in which they may presume on the folly and weakness of Mr. Gladstone's Government.

We have laid before our readers a sketch, based on official documents and other undoubted authority, of the past policy of the present Government in the matter of the Transvaal, and its immediate results. It has happened, we all know, that England has engaged in needless wars, and has thus absolutely wasted large sums of money. But, so far as we remember, never before has any Government, however incapable, expended upwards of three millions to purchase humiliation and disgrace for the present, with endless responsibilities and complications for the future. It was justly remarked by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, that the conduct of our Government after our defeats precluded all chance of the Boers observing the Convention. Then the question arises, Did Mr. Gladstone and his Government really believe that the Convention was valid, or did they know, what they were so often told, that it was a sham and a delusion? If the former is the case, they have been fooled and deluded in a way which shows that they are wholly unfit to control the destinies of a great nation; if, on the other hand, the latter alternative is the true one, they have grossly deceived the English nation by waving in their faces a sham Convention in order to cover the cowardly surrender to the Boers.

If anything could be more lamentable than the past policy of the Government, it is their present attitude. The facts of the case they cannot deny, nor do they attempt to palliate them. They content themselves apparently with dilating on the difficulties to be encountered, and the expenses to be incurred, if we fulfil our engagements; they then turn to Parliament and ask 'What is to be done?' As remarked by Lord Salisbury, there is no policy easier than to get into a scrape and then ask Parliament, 'What is to be done?' Mr. Gladstone suggests, with that hair-splitting facility for which he is celebrated, that by the Convention we 'acquired a right,' 'reserved a title' to interfere on behalf of the natives, but did 'not incur an obligation.' Our readers can judge for themselves from Article 18 of the Convention, which we have quoted above *in extenso*, how far this description agrees with the terms of the treaty. Perhaps one of the  
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worst features of the situation is the fact, that matters will and must be made worse by the speeches of the leaders of the Government. Will the Boers heed remonstrances, when it has been distinctly announced beforehand that they will not, under any circumstances, be enforced?

No one could regard another African war otherwise than as an unmitigated evil, to be avoided at all hazards consistently with honour; but these utterances are best calculated to make such a war possible. Had the Ministry which declared the Crimean War not previously announced that they never would make war, the country would now be many millions richer, and an infinity of suffering would have been spared the human race, since that war would never have been necessary. The question, however, is not confined to South Africa only, but involves the interest of the entire British Empire. If we are to affirm and accept the principle, now boldly and unblushingly asserted by the chiefs of our Government, that our allies may be deserted, that our engagements may be repudiated, that our promises need not be fulfilled, should we find it somewhat inconvenient or expensive to act as every honourable man in private life would act, what is to be the end? Can it be supposed that in any portion of our vast Empire we shall retain the smallest respect, influence, or authority? We cannot believe that the people of England will endorse the policy which undoubtedly is tending to, and, if unchecked, would certainly result in, the dismemberment of the Empire. As regards South Africa, it has been openly advocated in more than one Radical publication, that our best course would be practically to abandon it. Sir Bartle Frere has most opportunely shown, in his able and convincing letter to the 'Times,' from economical grounds only, the fallacy of such a policy, whose selfishness is apparently its great recommendation to the Radicals of the day. We scarcely think that any Government would venture even to suggest the possibility of such a surrender. Still it is only right to face and to recognize the truth that, through the selfish and short-sighted policy of our present rulers serious troubles are in store for us—troubles the magnitude of which no human foresight can predict. The three millions spent by Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues in the purchase of disgrace may prove a debt which their successors can only wipe out at an enormous sacrifice; and the course now chosen in the name of economy and expediency may be as expensive as it is unsafe, imperilling the Cape, and India, and the very foundations of credit and character on which our Empire stands.

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ART. X.—*Democracy Across the Channel.* By A. Gallenga. London, 1883.

THE blindness of the privileged classes in France to the Revolution which was about to overwhelm them furnishes some of the best-worn commonplaces of modern history. There was no doubt much in it to surprise us. What King, Noble, and Priest could not see, had been easily visible to the foreign observer. 'In short,' runs the famous passage in Chesterfield's letter of December 25th, 1753, 'all the symptoms which I ever met with in history previous to great changes and revolutions in government now exist and daily increase in France.' A large number of writers of our day, manifesting the wisdom which comes after the event, have pointed out that the signs of a terrible time ought not to have been mistaken. The Court, the aristocracy, and the clergy, should have understood that, in face of the irreligion which was daily becoming more fashionable, the belief in privilege conferred by birth could not be long maintained. They should have noted the portents of imminent political disturbance in the intense jealousy of classes. They should have been prepared for a tremendous social upheaval by the squalor and misery of the peasants. They should have observed the immediate causes of revolution in the disorder of the finances and in the gross inequality of taxation. They should have been wise enough to know that the entire structure, of which the keystone was a stately and scandalous Court, was undermined on all sides. 'Beautiful Armida Palace, where the inmates live enchanted lives; lapped in soft music of adulation; waited on by the splendours of the world; which nevertheless hangs wondrously as by a single hair.'\*

But although Chesterfield appeals to history, the careful modern student of history will perhaps think the blindness of the French nobility and clergy eminently pardonable. The Monarchy, under whose broad shelter all privilege grew and seemed to thrive, appeared to have its roots deeper in the past than any existing European institution. The countries which now made up France had enjoyed no experience of popular government since the rude Gaulish freedom. From this, they had passed into the condition of a strictly administered, strongly-governed, highly taxed, Roman province. The investigations of the young and learned school of historians rising in France leave it questionable whether the Germans, who are sometimes

\* Carlyle, 'French Revolution,' i. 4.

supposed to have redeemed their own barbarism by reviving liberty, brought anything like freedom to Gaul. There was little more than a succession of German to Roman privileged classes. German captains shared the great estates, and assumed the rank of the half-official, half-hereditary nobility, who abounded in the province. A King, who was in reality only a Roman general bearing a barbarous title, reigned over much of Gaul and much of Central Europe. When his race was supplanted by another in its kingship, the new power got itself decorated with the old Roman Imperial style; and when at length a third dynasty arose, the monarchy associated with it gradually developed more vigour and vitality than any other political institution in Europe. From the accession of Hugh Capet to the French Revolution, there had been as nearly as possible 800 years. During all this time, the French Royal House had steadily gained in power. It had wearied out and beaten back the victorious armies of England. It had emerged stronger than ever from the wars of religion which had humbled English kingship in the dust, dealing it a blow from which it never thoroughly recovered. It had grown in strength, authority, and splendour, till it dazzled all eyes. It had become the model for all princes. Nor had its government and its relation to its subjects struck all men as they seem to have struck Chesterfield. Eleven years before Chesterfield wrote, David Hume, a careful observer of France, had thus written in 1742, 'Though all kinds of government be improved in modern times, yet monarchical government seems to have made the greatest advance to perfection. It may now be affirmed of civilized monarchies, what was formerly said of republics alone, that they are a government of laws, not of men. They are found susceptible of order, method, and constancy, to a surprising degree. Property is there secure; industry is encouraged; the arts flourish; and the Prince lives among his subjects like a father among his children.' And Hume expressly adds that he saw more 'sources of degeneracy' in free governments like England than in France, 'the most perfect model of pure monarchy.'\*

Nevertheless, Hume was unquestionably wrong in his conclusion, and Chesterfield was as unquestionably right. The French privileged classes might conceivably have foreseen the great Revolution, simply because it happened. The time, however, which is expended in wondering at their blindness, or in pitying it with an air of superior wisdom, is as nearly as

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\* Hume, Essay XII., 'Of Civil Liberty.'

possible wasted. Next to what a modern satirist has called 'Hypothetics'—the science of that which might have happened but did not—there is no more unprofitable study than the investigation of the possibly predictable, which was never predicted. It is of far higher advantage to note the mental condition of the French upper classes as one of the most remarkable facts in history, and to ask ourselves whether it conveys a caution to other generations than theirs. This line of speculation is at the least interesting. We too, who belong to Western Europe towards the end of the nineteenth century, live under a set of institutions which all, except a small minority, regard as likely to be perpetual. Nine men out of ten, some hoping, some fearing, look upon the popular government which, ever widening its basis, has spread and is still spreading over the world, as destined to last for ever, or, if it changes its form, to change it in one single direction. The democratic principle has gone forth conquering and to conquer, and its gainsayers are few and feeble. Some Catholics, from whose minds the diplomacy of the present Pope has not banished the Syllabus of the last, a fairly large body of French and Spanish Legitimists, and a few aged courtiers in the small circles surrounding exiled German and Italian princes, may still believe that the cloud of democracy will pass away. Their hopes may be as vain as their regrets; but nevertheless those who recollect the surprises, which the future had in store for men equally confident in the perpetuity of the present, will ask themselves whether it is really true that the expectation of virtual permanence for governments of the modern type rests upon solid grounds of historical experience as regards the past, and of rational probability as regards the time to come. We will endeavour to examine the question in a spirit different from that which animates most of those who view the advent of democracy either with enthusiasm or with despair.

Out of the many names commonly applied to the political system prevailing or tending to prevail in all the civilized portions of the world, we have chosen 'popular government' as the name which, on the whole, is least open to objection. But what we are witnessing in West European politics is not so much the establishment of a definite system, as the continuance, at varying rates, of a process. The truth is that, within two hundred years, the view taken of government, or (as the jurists say) of the relation of sovereign to subject, of political superior to political inferior, has been changing, sometimes partially and slowly, sometimes generally and rapidly. The character of this change has been described by John Stuart Mill

Mill in the early pages of his 'Essay on Liberty,' and more recently by Mr. Justice Stephen, who in his 'History of the Criminal Law of England' very strikingly uses the contrast between the old and the new view of government to illustrate the difference between two views of the law of seditious libel. We will quote the latter passage as less coloured than the language of Mill by the special preferences of the writer:—

'Two different views may be taken,' says Sir James Stephen, 'of the relation between rulers and their subjects. If the ruler is regarded as the superior of the subject, as being by the nature of his position presumably wise and good, the rightful ruler and guide of the whole population, it must necessarily follow that it is wrong to censure him openly, and, even if he is mistaken, his mistakes should be pointed out with the utmost respect, and that, whether mistaken or not, no censure should be cast on him likely or designed to diminish his authority. If, on the other hand, the ruler is regarded as the agent and servant, and the subject as the wise and good master, who is obliged to delegate his power to the so-called ruler because, being a multitude, he cannot use it himself, it must be evident that this sentiment must be reversed. Every member of the public who censures the ruler for the time being exercises in his own person the right which belongs to the whole of which he forms a part. He is finding fault with his own servant.'\*

The States of Europe are now regulated by political institutions answering to the various stages of the transition from the old view, that 'rulers are presumably wise and good, the rightful rulers and guides of the whole population,' to the newer view, that 'the ruler is the agent and servant, and the subject the wise and good master, who is obliged to delegate his power to the so-called ruler because, being a multitude, he cannot use it himself.' Russia and Turkey are the only European States which completely reject the theory that governments hold their powers by delegation from the community, the word 'community' being somewhat vaguely understood, but tending more and more to mean at least the whole of the males of full age living within certain territorial limits. This theory, which is known on the Continent as the theory of national sovereignty, has been fully accepted in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Greece, and the Scandinavian States. In Germany it has been repeatedly repudiated by the Emperor and his powerful Minister, but it is to a very great extent acted upon. England, as is not unusual with her, stands by herself. There is no country in which the newer view of government is more thoroughly applied

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\* Stephen's 'History of the Criminal Law of England,' ii. 299.

to practice, but almost all the language of the law and constitution is still accommodated to the older ideas concerning the relation of ruler and subject.

But, although no such inference could be drawn from English legal phraseology, there is no doubt that the modern popular government of our day is of purely English origin. When it came into existence, there were Republics in Europe, but they exercised no moral and little political influence. Although in point of fact they were most of them strict oligarchies, they were regarded as somewhat plebeian governments, over which monarchies took rightful precedence. 'The Republics in Europe,' writes Hume in 1742, 'are at present noted for want of politeness. The good manners of a Swiss civilized in Holland is an expression for rusticity among the French. The English in some degree fall under the same censure, notwithstanding their learning and genius. And, if the Venetians be an exception, they owe it perhaps to their communication with other Italians.' If a man then called himself a Republican, he was thinking of the Athenian or Roman Republic, one for a while in a certain sense a democracy, the other from first to last an aristocracy, but both ruling a dependent empire with the utmost severity. In reality, the new principle of government was solely established in England, which Hume always classes with Republics rather than with Monarchies. After tremendous civil struggles, the doctrine that governments serve the community was, in spirit if not in words, affirmed in 1689. But it was long before this doctrine was either fully carried out by the nation or fully accepted by its rulers. William III. was merely a foreign politician and general, who submitted to the eccentricities of his subjects for the sake of using their wealth and arms in foreign war. On this point the admissions of Macaulay are curiously in harmony with the view of William taken in the instructions of Louis XIV. to his diplomatists which have lately been published. Anne certainly believed in her own quasi-divine right; and George I. and George II. were humbler kings of the same type as William, who thought that the proper and legitimate form of government was to be found, not in England, but in Hanover. As soon as England had in George III. a king who cared more for English politics than for foreign war, he repudiated the doctrine altogether; nor can it be said that it was really admitted by any English sovereign until, possibly, the present reign. But even when the horror of the French Revolution was at its highest, the politician, who would have been in much danger of prosecution if he had toasted the People as the  
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'sole legitimate source of power,' could always save himself by drinking to 'the principles which placed the House of Hanover on the throne.' These principles in the meantime were more and more becoming the actual rule of government, and, before George III. died, they had begun their victorious march over Europe.

Popular government, as first known to the English, began to command the interest of the Continent through the admiration with which it inspired a certain set of French thinkers, towards the middle of the last century. At the outset, it was not English liberty which attracted them, but English irreligion, one of the most fugitive phases through which the mind of a portion of the nation passed, but one which so struck the foreign observer that, at the beginning of the present century, we find Napoleon Bonaparte claiming the assistance of the Pope as rightfully his because he was the enemy of the British misbeliever. Gradually the educated classes of France, at whose feet sat the educated class of all Continental countries, came to interest themselves in English political institutions; and then came two events, one of which greatly encouraged, while the other in the end greatly discouraged, the tendency of popular government to diffuse itself. The first of them was the foundation of the United States. The American Constitution is distinctively English; this might be proved alone, as Mr. Freeman has acutely observed, by its taking two Houses, instead of one, or three, or more, as the normal structure of a legislative assembly. It is in fact the English Constitution carefully adapted to a body of Englishmen who had never had much to do with an hereditary king and an aristocracy of birth, and who had determined to dispense with them altogether. The American Republic has greatly influenced the favour into which popular government grew. It disproved the once universal assumptions, that no Republic could govern a large territory, and that no strictly Republican government could be stable. But at first the Republic became interesting for other reasons. It now became possible for Continental Europeans to admire popular government without submitting to the somewhat bitter necessity of admiring the English, who till lately had been the most unpopular of European nations. Frenchmen in particular, who had helped and perhaps enabled the Americans to obtain their independence, naturally admired institutions which were indirectly their own creation; and Frenchmen who had not served in the American war saw the American freeman reflected in Franklin, who pleased the school of Voltaire because he believed nothing, and the school of Rousseau

Rousseau because he wore a Quaker coat. The other event, strongly influencing the fortunes of popular government, was the French Revolution, which in the long run rendered it an object of horror. The French, in their new Constitutions, followed first the English and then the American model, but in both cases with large departures from the originals. The result in both cases was miserable miscarriage. Political liberty took long to recover from the discredit into which it had been plunged by the Reign of Terror. In England, detestation of the Revolution did not cease to influence politics till 1830. But, abroad, there was a reaction to the older type of popular government in 1814 and 1815; and it was thought possible to combine freedom and order by copying, with very slight changes, the British Constitution. From a longing for liberty, combined with a loathing of the French experiments in it, there sprang the state of opinion in which the constitutional movements of the Continent had their birth. The British political model was followed by France, by Spain and Portugal, and by Holland and Belgium, combined in the kingdom of the Netherlands; and, after a long interval, by Germany, Italy, and Austria.

The principle of modern popular government was thus affirmed less than two centuries ago, and the practical application of that principle outside these islands and their dependencies is not quite a century old. What has been the political history of the commonwealths in which this principle has been carried out in various degrees? The enquiry is obviously one of much importance and interest; but, though the materials for it are easily obtained, and indeed are to a large extent within the memory of living men, it is very seldom or very imperfectly prosecuted. We undertake it solely with the view of ascertaining, so far as our space permits, how far actual experience countenances the common assumption of our day, that popular government is likely to be of indefinitely long duration. We will first take France, which began with the imitation of the English, and has ended with the adoption of the American model. Since the introduction of political freedom into France, the existing government, nominally clothed with all the powers of the State, has been three times overturned by the mob of Paris, in 1792, in 1830, and in 1848. It has been three times overthrown by the Army; first in 1797, on the 4th of September (18 Fructidor), when the majority of the Directors with the help of the soldiery annulled the elections of forty-eight departments, and deported fifty-six members of the two Assemblies, condemning also to deportation two of their own colleagues. The second military revolution was effected by the elder Bonaparte

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on the 9th of November (18 Brumaire) 1799; and the third by the younger Bonaparte, on December 2nd, 1851. The French Government has also been three times destroyed by foreign invasion, in 1814, 1815, and 1870; the invasion having been in each case provoked by French aggression, sympathized in by the bulk of the French people. In all, putting aside the anomalous period from 1870 to 1883, France, since she began her political experiments, has had forty-one years of liberty and thirty-five of stern dictatorship. But it has to be remembered, and it is one of the curiosities of this period of history, that the elder Bourbons, who in practice gave very wide room to political freedom, did not expressly admit the modern theory of popular government; while the Bonapartes, who proclaimed the theory without qualification, maintained in practice a rigid despotism.

Popular government was introduced into Spain just when the fortune of war was declaring itself decisively in favour of Wellington and the English army. The Extraordinary Cortes signed at Cadiz a Constitution, since then famous in Spanish politics as the Constitution of 1812, which proclaimed in its first article that sovereignty resided in the nation. Ferdinand VII., on re-entering Spain from France, repudiated this Constitution, denouncing it as Jacobinical; and for about six years he reigned as absolutely as any of his forefathers. But in 1820, General Riego, who was in command of a large force stationed near Cadiz, headed a military insurrection in which the mob joined; and the King submitted to the Constitution of 1812. In 1823 the foreign invader appeared; the French armies entered Spain at the instigation of the Holy Alliance, and re-established Ferdinand's despotism, which lasted till his death. Popular government was, however, reintroduced by his widow as Regent for his daughter, no doubt for the purpose of strengthening Isabella's title to the throne against her uncle, Don Carlos. It is probably unnecessary to give the subsequent political history of Spain in any detail. There are some places in South America where the people date events, not from the great earthquakes, but from the years in which, by a rare intermission, there is no earthquake at all. On the same principle, we may note that, during the nine years following 1845, and the nine years following 1857, there was comparative, though not complete, freedom from military insurrection in Spain. As to the residue of her political history, our calculation is that, between the first establishment of popular government in 1812 and the accession of the present King, there have been forty military risings of a serious nature, in most of which the mob took part. Nine of them were perfectly successful, either overthrowing

overthrowing the Constitution for the time being, or reversing the principles on which it was administered. We need hardly say that both the Queen Regent, Christina, and her daughter Isabella, were driven out of Spain by the army or the fleet, with the help of the mob; and that the present King, Alfonso, was placed on the throne by a military *pronunciamiento*. It is generally thought that he owes his retention of it since 1874 to statesmanship of a novel kind. As soon as he has assured himself that the army is in earnest, he changes his Ministers.

The real beginning of popular or parliamentary government in Germany and the Austrian dominions, other than Hungary, cannot be placed earlier than 1848. The interest of German politics from 1815 to that year consists in the complaints, ever growing fainter, of the German communities who sought to compel the Princes to redeem their promises of constitutions made during the War of Independence, and of the efforts of the Princes to escape or evade their pledges. Francis the Second expressed the prevailing feeling in his own way, when he said to the Hungarian Diet, '*totus mundus stultizat, et vult habere novas constitutiones.*' With insignificant exceptions, there were no parliamentary institutions in Germany till the King of Prussia conceded, just before 1848, the singular form of constitutional government which did not survive that year. But as soon as the mob of Paris had torn up the French constitutional charter, and expelled the constitutional King, mobs, with their usual accompaniment the army, began to influence German and even Austrian politics. National Assemblies, on the French pattern, were called together at Berlin, at Vienna, and at Frankfort. All of them were dispersed in about a year, and directly or indirectly by the army. The more recent German and Austrian constitutions are all of royal origin. Taking Europe as a whole, the most durably successful experiments in popular government have been made either in small States, too weak for foreign war, such as Holland and Belgium, or in countries, like the Scandinavian States, where there was an old tradition of political freedom. The ancient Hungarian constitution has been too much affected by civil war for any assertion about it to be safe. Portugal, for a while scarcely less troubled than Spain by military insurrection, has been free from it of late; and Greece has had the dynasty of her kings once changed by revolution.

If we look outside Europe and beyond the circle of British dependencies, the phenomena are much the same. The civil war of 1861-65, in the United States, was as much a war of revolution

revolution as the war of 1775-1782. It was a war carried on by the adherents of one set of principles and one construction of the constitution, against the adherents of another body of principles and another constitutional doctrine. The view set aside in the forum of arms had been on the whole the view favoured by the majority of American judicial and juridical authorities; while the opposite view had in its support that 'higher law' which has been so often the watchword of revolution. It would be absurd, however, to deny the relative stability of the Government of the United States, which is a political fact of the first importance; but the inferences which might be drawn from it are much weakened, if not destroyed, by the remarkable spectacle furnished by the numerous republics set up from the Mexican border-line to the Straits of Magellan. It would take many pages of this Review even to summarize the whole history of these communities. There have been entire periods of years during which some of them have been disputed between the multitude and the military, and again when tyrants, as brutal as Caligula or Commodus, reigned over them, like a Roman Emperor in the name of the Roman people. It may be enough to say of one of them, Bolivia, which has recently been heard of through her part in the war on the Pacific coast, that out of fourteen Presidents of the Bolivian Republic thirteen have died assassinated or in exile.\* There is one partial explanation of the inattention of English and European politicians to a most striking, instructive, and uniform body of facts: Spanish—though, next to English, it is the most widely diffused language of the civilized world—is little read or spoken in England, France, or Germany. There are, however, other theories to account for the universal and scarcely intermitted political confusion which at times has reigned in all Central and South America, save Chili and the Brazilian Empire. It is said that the people are to a great extent of Indian blood, and that they have been trained in Roman Catholicism. Such arguments would be intelligible, if they were used by persons who maintained that a highly special and exceptional political education is essential to the successful practice of popular government; but they proceed from those who believe that there is at least a strong presumption in favour of democratic institutions everywhere. If we are to trust with 'self-government' the natives of India, who are divided into religions and sects each of which imposes it as the highest of duties on its adherents that they

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\* Arana, '*Guerre du Pacifique*,' i. 33.

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should loathe the professors of every other faith, it should at least be remembered that the Roman Catholic Church, whatever else it may be, is a great school of equality.

We have now given shortly the actual history of popular government since it was introduced, in its modern shape, into the civilized world. We state the facts, as matter neither for congratulation nor for lamentation, but simply as materials for opinion. It is manifest that, so far as they go, they do little to support the assumption, that popular government has an indefinitely long future before it. Experience rather tends to show that it is characterized by great fragility, and that, since its appearance, all forms of government have become more insecure than they were before. The true reason why the extremely accessible facts which we have noticed are so seldom observed and put together, is that the enthusiasts for popular government, particularly when it reposes on a wide basis of suffrage, are actuated by much the same spirit as the zealots of Legitimism. They assume their principle to have a sanction antecedent to fact. It is not thought to be in any way invalidated by practical violations of it, which merely constitute so many sins the more against imprescriptible right. The convinced partisans of democracy care little for instances which show democratic governments to be unstable. These are merely isolated triumphs of the principle of evil. But the conclusion of the sober student of history will not be of this kind. He will rather note it as a fact, to be considered in the most serious spirit, that, since the century during which the Roman Emperors were at the mercy of the Prætorian soldiery, there has been no such insecurity of government as the world has seen since rulers became delegates of the community.

Is it possible to assign any reasons for this singular modern loss of political equilibrium? We think that it is possible to a certain extent. It may be observed that two separate national sentiments have been acting on Western Europe since the beginning of the present century. To call them by names given to them by those who dislike them, one is Imperialism and the other is Radicalism. They are not in the least purely British forms of opinion, but are co-extensive with civilization. Almost all men in our day are anxious that their country should be respected of all and dependent on none, that it should enjoy greatness and perhaps ascendancy; and this passion for national dignity has gone hand in hand with the desire of the many, ever more and more acquiesced in by the few, to have a share of political power under the name of liberty and to govern by rulers who are their delegates. The two newest and most striking

of political creations in Europe, the German Empire and the Italian Kingdom, are joint products of these forces. But for the first of these coveted objects, Imperial rank, great armies and fleets are indispensable, and it becomes ever more a necessity that the men under arms should be nearly co-extensive with the whole of the males in the flower of life. It has yet to be seen how far great armies are consistent with popular government resting on a wide suffrage. No two organizations can be more opposed to one another, than an army scientifically disciplined and equipped, and a nation democratically governed. The great military virtue is obedience; the great military sin is slackness in obeying. It is forbidden to decline to carry out orders, even with the clearest conviction of their inexpediency. But the chief democratic right is the right to censure superiors; public opinion, which means censure as well as praise, is the motive force of democratic societies. The maxims of the two systems flatly contradict one another, and the man who would loyally obey both finds his moral constitution cut into two halves. It has been found by recent experience that, the more popular the civil institutions, the harder it is to keep the army from meddling with politics. Military insurrections are made by officers, but not before every soldier has discovered that the share of power which belongs to him as a unit in a regiment is more valuable than his fragment of power as a unit in a constituency. Military revolts are of universal occurrence; but far the largest number have occurred in Spain and the Spanish-speaking countries. There have been ingenious explanations of the phenomenon; but the manifest explanation is Habit. An army which has once interfered with politics is under a strong temptation to interfere again. It is a far easier and far more effective way of causing an opinion to prevail, than going to a ballot-box, and far more profitable to the leaders. We may add that, violent as is the improbability of military interference in some countries, there is probably no country except the United States in which the Army could not control the government, if it were of one mind and if it retained its military material.

Popular governments have been repeatedly overturned by the Army and the Mob in combination; but on the whole the violent destruction of these governments in their more extreme forms has been effected by the Army, while in their more moderate shapes they have had the Mob for their principal assailant. It is to be observed that in recent times Mobs have materially changed both their character and their method of attack. A Mob was once a portion of society in a state of dissolution, a collection of people who for the time had broken loose from the ties

ties which bind society together. It may have had a vague preference for some political or religious cause, but the spirit which animated it was mainly one of mischief, or of disorder, or of panic. But mobs have now come more and more to be the organs of definite opinions. Spanish mobs have impartially worn all colours; but the French mob which overthrew the government of the elder Bourbons in 1830, while it had a distinct political object in its wish to defeat the aggressive measures of the King, had a further bias towards Ultra-Radicalism or Republicanism, which showed itself strongly in the insurrectionary movements that followed the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne. The mob, which in 1848 overthrew the government of the younger Bourbons, aimed at establishing a Republic, but it had also a leaning to Socialism; and the frightful popular insurrection of June, 1848, was entirely Socialistic. At present, whenever in Europe there is a disturbance like those created by the old mobs, it is in the interest of the parties which style themselves Irreconcilable, and which refuse to submit their opinions to the arbitration of any governments, however wide be the popular suffrage on which they are based. But besides their character, Mobs have changed their armament. They formerly wrought destruction by the undisciplined force of sheer numbers, but the mob of Paris, the most successful of all mobs, owed its success to the Barricade. It has now lost this advantage; and a generation is coming to maturity, which perhaps will never have learned that the Paris of to-day has been entirely constructed with the view of rendering for ever impossible the old barricade of paving-stones in the narrow streets of the demolished city. Still more recently, however, the mob has obtained new arms. During the last quarter of a century, a great part, perhaps the greatest part, of the inventive faculties of mankind has been given to the arts of destruction; and among the newly-discovered modes of putting an end to human life on a large scale, the most effective and terrible is a manipulation of explosive compounds quite unknown till the other day. The bomb of nitro-glycerine, and the parcel of dynamite, are as characteristic of the new enemies of government as their Irreconcilable opinions.

There can be no more formidable symptom of our time, and none more menacing to popular government, than the growth of Irreconcilable bodies within the mass of the population. Church and State are alike convulsed by them; but, in civil life, Irreconcilables are associations of men who hold political opinions as men once held religious opinions. They cling to their creed with the same intensity of belief, the same immunity

from doubt, the same confident expectation of blessedness to come quickly, which characterizes the disciples of an infant faith. They are doubtless a product of democratic sentiment; they have borrowed from it its promise of a new and good time at hand, but they insist on the immediate redemption of the pledge, and they utterly refuse to wait until a popular majority gives effect to their opinions. Nor would the vote of such a majority have the least authority with them, if it sanctioned any departure from their principles. It is possible and indeed likely that, if the Russians voted by universal suffrage to-morrow, they would confirm the Imperial authority by enormous majorities; but not a bomb nor an ounce of dynamite would be spared to the reigning Emperor by the Nihilists. The Irreconcilables are of course at feud with governments of the older type, but these governments make no claim to their support; on the other hand, they are a portion of the governing body of democratic commonwealths, and from this vantage ground they are able to inflict deadly injury on popular government. There is in reality no closer analogy than between these infant political creeds and the belligerent religions which are constantly springing up even now in parts of the world—for instance, that of the Tae-pings in China. Even in our own country we may observe that the earliest political Irreconcilables were religious or semi-religious zealots. Such were both the Independents and the Jacobites. Cromwell, who for many striking reasons might have been a personage of a much later age, was an Irreconcilable at the head of an army; and we all know what he thought of the Parliament which anticipated the democratic assemblies of our day.

Of all modern Irreconcilables, the Nationalists appear to be the most impracticable, and of all governments, popular governments seem least likely to cope with them successfully. Nobody can say exactly what Nationalism is, and indeed the dangerousness of the theory arises from its vagueness. It seems full of the seeds of future civil convulsion. As it is sometimes put, it appears to assume that men of one particular race suffer injustice if they are placed under the same political institutions with men of another race. But Race is quite as ambiguous a term as Nationality. The earlier philologists had certainly supposed that the branches of mankind speaking languages of the same stock were somehow connected by blood; but no scholar now believes that this is more than approximately true, for conquest, contact, and the ascendancy of a particular literate class, have quite as much to do with community of language as common descent. Moreover, several of the communities  
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claiming the benefit of the new theory are certainly not entitled to it. The Irish are an extremely mixed race, and it is only by a perversion of language that the Italians can be called a race at all. The fact is that any portion of a political society, which has had a somewhat different history from the rest of the parts, can take advantage of the theory and claim independence, and can thus threaten the entire society with dismemberment. Where royal authority survives in any vigour, it can to a certain extent deal with these demands. Almost all the civilized States derive their national unity from common subjection, past or present, to royal power; the Americans of the United States, for example, are a nation because they once obeyed a king. Hence too it is that such a miscellany of races as those which make up the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy can be held together, at all events temporarily, by the authority of the Emperor-King. But democracies are quite paralysed by the plea of Nationality. There is no more effective way of attacking them than by admitting the right of the majority to govern, but denying that the majority so entitled is the particular majority which claims the right.

The difficulties of popular government, which arise from the modern military spirit and from the modern growth of Irreconcilable parties, could not perhaps have been determined without actual experience. But there are other difficulties which might have been divined, because they proceed from the inherent nature of democracy. In stating some of them, we will endeavour to avoid those which are suggested by mere dislike or alarm: those which we propose to specify were in reality noted more than two centuries ago by the powerful intellect of Hobbes, and it will be seen what light is thrown on some political phenomena of our day by his searching analysis.

Political liberty, said Hobbes, is political power. When a man burns to be free, he is not longing for the 'desolate freedom of the wild ass;' what he wants is a share of political government. But, in wide democracies, political power is minced into morsels, and each man's portion of it is almost infinitesimally small. One of the first results of this political comminution is described by Mr. Justice Stephen in a work\* of earlier date than that which we have quoted above. It is that two of the historical watchwords of Democracy exclude one another, and that, where there is political Liberty, there can be no Equality.

\* 'Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality.' By Sir James Stephen. 1873. P. 239.  
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‘The man who can sweep the greatest number of fragments of political power into one heap will govern the rest. The strongest man in one form or another will always rule. If the government is a military one, the qualities which make a man a great soldier will make him a ruler. If the government is a monarchy, the qualities which kings value in counsellors, in administrators, in generals, will give power. In a pure democracy, the ruling men will be the wire-pullers and their friends; but they will be no more on an equality with the people than soldiers or Ministers of State are on an equality with the subjects of a Monarchy. . . . In some ages, a powerful character, in others cunning, in others power of transacting business, in others eloquence, in others a good hold upon commonplaces and a facility in applying them to practical purposes, will enable a man to climb on his neighbours’ shoulders and direct them this way or that; but under all circumstances the rank and file are directed by leaders of one kind or another who get the command of their collective force.’

There is no doubt that, in popular governments resting on a wide suffrage, either without an army or having little reason to fear it, the leader, whether or not he be cunning, or eloquent, or well provided with common-places, will be the Wire-puller. The process of cutting up political power into petty fragments has in him its most remarkable product. The morsels of power are so small that men, if left to themselves, would not care to employ them. In England, they would be largely sold, if the law permitted it; in the United States, they are extensively sold in spite of the law; and in France, and to a less extent in England, the number of ‘abstentions’ shows the small value attributed to votes. But the political *chiffonnier* who collects and utilizes the fragments is the Wire-puller. We think, however, that it is too much the habit in this country to describe him as a mere organizer, contriver, and manager. The particular mechanism which he constructs is no doubt of much importance. It has been very truly observed, that the mechanism recently erected in this country has a close resemblance to the system of the Wesleyan Methodists; one system, however, exists for the purpose of keeping the spirit of Grace a-flame, the other for maintaining the spirit of Party at a white heat. The Wire-puller is not intelligible unless we take into account one of the strongest forces acting on human nature—Party feeling. Party feeling is probably far more a survival of the primitive combativeness of mankind than a consequence of conscious intellectual differences between man and man. It is essentially the same sentiment which in certain states of society leads to civil, inter-tribal, or international war; and it is as universal as humanity. It is better studied in its more irrational manifestations than in those

those to which we are accustomed. It is said that Australian savages will travel half over the Australian Continent to take in a fight the side of combatants who wear the same Totem as themselves. Two Irish factions who broke one another's heads over the whole island are said to have originated in a quarrel about the colour of a cow. In Southern India, a series of dangerous riots are constantly arising through the rivalry of parties who know no more of one another than that some of them belong to the party of the right-hand and others to that of the left-hand. Once a year, large numbers of English ladies and gentlemen, who have no serious reason for preferring one University to the other, wear dark or light-blue colours to signify good wishes for the success of Oxford or Cambridge in a cricket-match or boat-race. Party differences, properly so-called, are supposed to indicate intellectual, or moral, or historical preferences; but these go a very little way down into the population, and by the bulk of partizans they are hardly understood and soon forgotten. 'Guelf' and 'Ghibelline' had once a meaning, but men were under perpetual banishment from their native land for belonging to one or other of these parties long after nobody knew in what the difference consisted. Some men are Tories or Whigs by conviction; but thousands upon thousands of electors vote simply for yellow, blue, or purple, caught at most by the appeals of some popular orator.

It is through this great natural tendency to take sides that the Wire-puller works. Without it he would be powerless. His business is to fan its flame; to keep it constantly acting upon the man who has once declared himself a partizan; to make escape from it difficult and distasteful. His art is that of the Nonconformist preacher, who gave importance to a body of commonplace religionists by persuading them to wear a uniform and take a military title, or of the man who made the success of a Temperance Society by prevailing on its members to wear always and openly a blue ribbon. In the long run, these contrivances cannot be confined to any one party, and their effects on all parties and their leaders and on the whole ruling democracy must be in the highest degree serious and lasting. The first of these effects will be, we think, to make all parties very like one another, and indeed in the end almost indistinguishable, however leaders may quarrel and partizan hate partizan. In the next place, each party will probably become more and more homogeneous; and the opinions it professes, and the policy which is the outcome of those opinions, will less and less reflect the individual mind of any leader, but only the ideas which seem to that mind to be most likely to win  
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favour with the greatest number of supporters. Lastly, the wire-pulling system, when fully developed, will infallibly lead to the constant enlargement of the area of suffrage. What is called universal suffrage has greatly declined in the estimation, not only of philosophers who follow Bentham, but of the *à priori* theorists who assumed that it was the inseparable accompaniment of a Republic, but who found that in practice it was the natural basis of a tyranny. But extensions of the suffrage, though no longer believed to be good in themselves, have now a permanent place in the armoury of parties, and are sure to be a favourite weapon of the Wire-puller. The Athenian statesmen who, worsted in a quarrel of aristocratic cliques, 'took the people into partnership,' have a close parallel in the modern politicians who introduce household suffrage into towns to 'dish' one side, and into counties to 'dish' the other.

Let us now suppose the competition of Parties, stimulated to the utmost by the modern contrivances of the Wire-puller, to have produced an electoral system under which every adult male has a vote, and perhaps every adult female. Let us assume that the new machinery has extracted a vote from every one of these electors. How is the result to be expressed? It is, that the average opinion of a great multitude has been obtained, and that this average opinion becomes the basis and standard of all government and law. There is hardly any experience of the way in which such a system would work, except in the eyes of those who believe that history began since their own birth. The universal suffrage of white males in the United States is about fifty years old; that of white and black is less than twenty. The French threw away universal suffrage after the Reign of Terror; it was twice revived in France, that the Napoleonic tyranny might be founded on it; and it was introduced into Germany, that the personal power of Prince Bismarck might be confirmed. But one of the strangest of vulgar ideas is that a very wide suffrage could or would promote progress, new ideas, new discoveries and inventions, new arts of life. Such a suffrage is commonly associated with Radicalism; and no doubt amid its most certain effects would be the extensive destruction of existing institutions; but the chances are that, in the long run, it would produce a mischievous form of Conservatism, and drug society with a potion compared with which Eldonine would be a salutary draught. For to what end, towards what ideal state, is the process of stamping upon law the average opinion of an entire community directed? The end arrived at is identical with that of the Roman Catholic Church, which attributes a similar sacredness to the average opinion

opinion of the Christian world. 'Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,' was the canon of Vincent of Lerins. 'Securus judicat orbis terrarum,' were the words which rang in the ears of Newman and produced such marvellous effects on him. But did any one in his senses ever suppose that these were maxims of progress? The principles of legislation at which they point would probably put an end to all social and political activities, and arrest everything which has ever been associated with Liberalism. A moment's reflection will satisfy any competently instructed person that this is not too broad a proposition. Let him turn over in his mind the great epochs of scientific invention and social change during the last two centuries, and consider what would have occurred if universal suffrage had been established at any one of them. Universal suffrage, which to-day excludes Free Trade from the United States, would certainly have prohibited the spinning-jenny and the powerloom. It would certainly have forbidden the threshing-machine. It would have prevented the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar; and it would have restored the Stuarts. It would have proscribed the Roman Catholics with the mob which burned Lord Mansfield's house and library in 1780, and it would have proscribed the Dissenters with the mob which burned Dr. Priestley's house and library in 1791.

There are possibly many persons who, without denying these conclusions in the past, tacitly assume that no such mistakes will be committed in the future, because the community is already too enlightened for them, and will become more enlightened through popular education. But without questioning the advantages of popular education under certain aspects, its manifest tendency is to diffuse popular commonplaces, to fasten them on the mind at the time when it is most easily impressed, and thus to stereotype average opinion. It is of course possible that universal suffrage would not now force on governments the same legislation which it would infallibly have dictated a hundred years ago; but then we are necessarily ignorant what germs of social and material improvement there may be in the womb of time, and how far they may conflict with the popular prejudice which hereafter will be omnipotent. There is in fact just enough evidence to show that even now there is a marked antagonism between democratic opinion and scientific truth as applied to human societies. The central seat in all Political Economy was from the first occupied by the theory of Population. This theory has now been generalized by Mr. Darwin and his followers, and, stated as the principle of the survival of the fittest, it has become the central truth

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of all biological science. Yet it is evidently disliked by the multitude, and thrust into the background by those whom the multitude permits to lead it. It has long been intensely unpopular in France and the United States; and, among ourselves, proposals for recognizing it through the relief of distress by emigration are visibly being supplanted by schemes founded on the assumption that, through legislative experiments on society, a given space of land may always be made to support in comfort the population which from historical causes has come to be settled on it.

It is perhaps hoped that this opposition between democracy and science, which certainly does not promise much for the longevity of popular government, may be neutralized by the ascendancy of instructed leaders. Possibly the proposition would not be very unsafe, that he who calls himself a friend of democracy because he believes that it will be always under wise guidance is in reality, whether he knows it or not, an enemy of democracy. But at all events the signs of our time are not at all of favourable augury for the future direction of great multitudes by statesmen wiser than themselves. The relation of political leaders to political followers seems to us to be undergoing a twofold change. The leaders may be as able and eloquent as ever, and some of them certainly appear to have an unprecedentedly 'good hold upon commonplaces and a facility in applying them;' but they are manifestly listening nervously at one end of a speaking-tube which receives at its other end the suggestions of a lower intelligence. On the other hand, the followers, who are really the rulers, are manifestly becoming impatient of the hesitations of their nominal chiefs and the wrangling of their representatives. We are desirous of keeping aloof from questions disputed between the two great English parties; but it certainly seems to us that all over Continental Europe, and to some extent in the United States, parliamentary debates are becoming ever more formal and perfunctory, they are more and more liable to being peremptorily cut short, and the true springs of policy are more and more limited to clubs and associations deep below the level of the highest education and experience. There is one State or group of States, to whose political condition we invite particular attention. This is Switzerland, a country to which the student of politics may always look with advantage for the latest forms and results of democratic experiment. About forty years ago, just when Mr. Grote was giving to the world the earliest volumes of his '*History of Greece*,' he published '*Seven Letters on the Recent Politics of Switzerland*,' explaining that his  
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interest in the Swiss Cantons arose from their presenting 'a certain analogy nowhere else to be found in Europe' to the ancient Greek States. Now, if Grote had one object more than another at heart in writing his History, it was to show, by the example of the Athenian democracy, that wide popular governments, so far from meriting the reproach of fickleness, are sometimes characterized by the utmost tenacity of attachment, and will follow the counsels of a wise leader, like Pericles, at the cost of any amount of suffering, and may even be led by an unwise leader, like Nicias, to the very verge of destruction. But he had the acuteness to discern in Switzerland the particular democratic institution, which was likely to tempt democracies into dispensing with prudent and independent direction. He speaks with the strongest disapproval of a provision in the Constitution of Lucerne, by which all laws, passed by the Legislative Council, were to be submitted for veto or sanction to the vote of the people throughout the Canton. This was originally a contrivance of the ultra-Catholic party, and was intended to neutralize the opinions of the Liberal Catholics, by bringing to bear on them the average opinion of the whole Cantonal population. A year after Mr. Grote had published his 'Seven Letters,' the French Revolution of 1848 occurred, and, three years later, the violent overthrow of the democratic institutions established by the French National Assembly was consecrated by the very method of voting which he had condemned, under the name of the *Plébiscite*. The arguments of the French Liberal party against the *Plébiscite*, during the twenty years of stern despotism which it entailed upon France, have always appeared to us to be arguments in reality against the very principle of democracy. After the misfortunes of 1870, the Bonapartes and the *Plébiscite* were alike involved in the deepest unpopularity; but it seems impossible to doubt that Gambetta, by his agitation for the *scrutin de liste*, was attempting to recover as much as he could of the plebiscitary system of voting. Meantime, it has become, in various shapes, one of the most characteristic of Swiss institutions. Article 120 of the Federal Constitution runs: 'Lorsque cinquante mille citoyens Suisses ayant droit de voter demandent la revision, la question de savoir si la Constitution Fédérale doit être révisée est soumise à la votation du peuple Suisse, par oui ou par non.' This provision that, when a certain number of thousands of voters demand a particular measure, it shall be forthwith put to the vote of the whole country, seems to us to have a considerable future before it in democratically governed societies. When Mr. Labouchere told the House of Commons in the last Session

Session of Parliament that the people were tired of the deluge of debate, and would some day substitute for it the direct consultation of the constituencies, he had more facts to support his opinion than his auditors were perhaps aware of.

Here then we have one great inherent infirmity of popular governments, an infirmity deducible from the principle of Hobbes, that liberty is power cut into fragments. Popular governments can only be worked by a process which incidentally entails the further subdivision of the morsels of political power; and thus the tendency of these governments, as they widen their electoral basis, is towards a dead level of commonplace opinion, which they are forced to adopt as the standard of legislation and policy. The evils likely to be thus produced are rather those vulgarly associated with Ultra-Conservatism than those of Ultra-Radicalism. So far indeed as the human race has experience, it is not by political societies in any way resembling those now called democracies that human improvement has been carried on. History, said Strauss—and, considering his actual part in life, this is perhaps the last opinion which might have been expected from him—History is a sound aristocrat. There may be oligarchies close enough and jealous enough to stifle thought as completely as an Oriental despot who is at the same time the pontiff of a religion; but the progress of mankind has hitherto been effected by the rise and fall of aristocracies, by the formation of one aristocracy within another, or by the succession of one aristocracy to another. There have been so-called democracies, which have rendered services beyond price to civilization, but they were only peculiar forms of aristocracy. The short-lived Athenian democracy, under whose shelter art, science, and philosophy shot so wonderfully upwards, was only an aristocracy which rose on the ruins of one much narrower. The splendour which attracted the original genius of the then civilized world to Athens was provided by the severe taxation of a thousand subject cities; and the skilled labourers who worked under Phidias, and who built the Parthenon, were slaves.

The infirmities of popular government, which consist in its occasional wanton destructiveness, have been frequently dwelt upon and require less attention from us. In the long run, the most interesting question which they suggest is, to what social results does the progressive overthrow of existing institutions promise to conduct mankind? We will again quote Mr. Labouchere, who is not the less instructive because he may perhaps be suspected of taking a certain malicious pleasure in stating roundly what many persons who employ the same political

tical watchwords as himself are reluctant to say in public, and possibly shrink from admitting to themselves in their own minds.

‘Democrats are told that they are dreamers, and why? Because they assert that, if power be placed in the hands of the many, the many will exercise it for their own benefit. Is it not a still wilder dream to suppose that the many will in future possess power, and use it not to secure what they consider to be their interests, but to serve those of others? . . . Is it imagined that artizans in our great manufacturing towns are so satisfied with their present position that they will hurry to the polls, to register their votes in favour of a system which divides us socially, politically, and economically, into classes, and places them at the bottom with hardly a possibility of rising? . . . Is the lot (of the agricultural labourer) so happy a one that he will humbly and cheerfully affix his cross to the name of the man who tells him that it can never be changed for the better? . . . We know that artizans and agricultural labourers will approach the consideration of political and social problems with fresh and vigorous minds. . . . For the moment, we demand the equalization of the franchise. . . . Our next demands will be electoral districts, cheap elections, payment of members, and abolition of hereditary legislators. When our demands are complied with, we shall be thankful, but we shall not rest. On the contrary, having forged an instrument for democratic legislation, we shall use it.’—‘Fortnightly Review,’ March 1st, 1883.

The persons who charged Mr. Labouchere with dreaming because he thus predicted the probable course, and defined the natural principles, of future democratic legislation, seem to us to have done him much injustice. His forecast of political events is extremely rational; and we cannot but agree with him in thinking it absurd to suppose that, if the hard-toiled and the needy, the artizan and the agricultural labourer, become the depositaries of power, and if they can find agents through whom it becomes possible for them to exercise it, they will not employ it for what they may be led to believe are their own interests. But in an enquiry whether, independently of the alarm or enthusiasm which they excite in certain persons or classes, democratic institutions contain any seed of dissolution or extinction, Mr. Labouchere’s speculation becomes most interesting just where it stops. What is to be the nature of the legislation by which the lot of the artizan and of the agricultural labourer is to be not merely altered for the better, but exchanged for whatever station and fortune they may think it possible to confer on themselves by their own supreme authority? Mr. Labouchere’s language, in the above passage and in other parts of his paper, like that of many persons who agree with him

him in the belief that government can indefinitely increase human happiness, undoubtedly suggests the opinion, that the stock of good things in the world is practically unlimited in quantity, that it is (so to speak) contained in a vast storehouse or granary, and that out of this it is now doled in unequal shares and unfair proportions. It is this unfairness and inequality which democratic law will some day correct. Now we are not concerned to deny that, at various times during the history of mankind, narrow oligarchies have kept too much of the wealth of the world to themselves, or that false economical systems have occasionally diminished the total supply of wealth, and, by their indirect operation, have caused it to be irrationally distributed. Yet nothing is more certain, than that the mental picture which enchains the enthusiasts for benevolent democratic government is altogether false, and that, if the mass of mankind were to make an attempt at redividing the common stock of good things, they would resemble, not a number of claimants insisting on the fair division of a fund, but a mutinous crew, feasting on a ship's provisions, gorging themselves on the meat and intoxicating themselves with the liquors, but refusing to navigate the vessel to port. It is among the simplest of economical truths, that far the largest part of the wealth of the world is constantly perishing by consumption, and that, if it be not renewed by perpetual toil and adventure, either the human race, or the particular community making the experiment of resting without being thankful, will be extinguished. Here then is the great question about democratic legislation. How will it affect human motives? What motives will it substitute for those now acting on men? The motives, which at present impel mankind to the labour and pain which produce the resuscitation of wealth in ever-increasing quantities, are such as infallibly to entail inequality in the distribution of wealth. They are the springs of action called into activity by the strenuous and never-ending struggle for existence, the beneficent private war which makes one man strive to climb on the shoulders of another and remain there through the law of the survival of the fittest.

These truths are best exemplified in the part of the world to which the superficial thinker would perhaps look for the triumph of the opposite principle. The United States have justly been called the home of the disinherited of the earth; but, if those vanquished under one sky in the struggle for existence had not continued under another the same battle in which they had been once worsted, there would have been no such exploit performed as the cultivation of the vast American territory from  
end

end to end and from side to side. There could be no grosser delusion than to suppose this result to have been attained by democratic legislation. It has really been obtained through the sifting out of the strongest by natural selection. The Government of the United States rests on universal suffrage, but then it is only a political government. It is a government under which coercive restraint, except in politics, is reduced to a minimum. There has hardly ever before been a community in which the weak have been pushed so pitilessly to the wall, in which those who have succeeded have so uniformly been the strong, and in which in so short a time there has arisen so great an inequality of private fortune and domestic luxury. And, at the same time, there has never been a country in which, on the whole, the persons distanced in the race have suffered so little from their ill-success. All this beneficent prosperity is the fruit of recognizing the principle of population, and the one remedy for its excess in perpetual emigration. It all reposes on the sacredness of contract and the stability of private property, the first the implement, and the last the reward, of success in the universal competition. These, however, are all principles and institutions which the friends of the 'artizan' and 'agricultural labourer' seem not a little inclined to treat as their ancestors did agricultural and industrial machinery. The Americans are still of opinion that more is to be got for human happiness by private energy than by public legislation. The Irish, however, even in the United States, are of another opinion, and the Irish opinion is manifestly rising into favour here. But on the question, whether future democratic legislation will follow the new opinion, the prospects of popular government to a great extent depend. There are two sets of motives, and two only, by which the great bulk of the materials of human subsistence and comfort have hitherto been produced and reproduced. One has led to the cultivation of the territory of the Northern States of the American Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The other had a considerable share in bringing about the industrial and agricultural progress of the Southern States, and, in old days, it produced the wonderful prosperity of Peru under the Incas. One system is economical competition; the other consists in the daily task, perhaps fairly and kindly allotted, but enforced by the prison or the scourge. So far as we have any experience to teach us, we are driven to the conclusion, that every society of men must adopt one system or the other, or it will pass through penury to starvation.

We have thus shown that popular governments of the modern type have not hitherto proved stable as compared with other

other forms of political rule, and that they include certain sources of weakness which do not promise security for them in the near or remote future. Our chief conclusion can only be stated negatively. There is not at present sufficient evidence to warrant the common belief, that these governments are likely to be of indefinitely long duration. But is there no positive conclusion to be drawn from the considerations we have been placing before our readers? Here we find ourselves a little in the position of M. Taine, who, after describing the conquest of all France by the Jacobin Club, declares that his inference is so simple and commonplace, that he hardly ventures to state it. 'Jusqu'à présent, je n'ai guère trouvé qu'un (principe) si simple qu'il semblera puéril et que j'ose à peine l'énoncer. Il consiste tout entier dans cette remarque, qu'une société humaine, surtout une société moderne, est une chose vaste et compliquée.' This observation, that 'a human society, and particularly a modern society, is a vast and complicated thing,' is in fact the very proposition which Burke enforced with all the splendour of his eloquence and all the power of his argument; but, as M. Taine says, it may now seem to some too simple and commonplace to be worth putting into words. We too feel that, in stating what our enquiry has suggested to us, we shall be uttering what will appear to some a commonplace of extreme triviality. It is, that the British Constitution is, if not (as some call it) a holy thing, a thing unique and remarkable. A series of undesigned changes brought it to such a condition, that satisfaction and impatience, the two great sources of political conduct, were both reasonably gratified under it. In this condition it became, not metaphorically but literally, the envy of the world, and the world took on all sides to copying it. The imitations have not been generally happy. One nation alone, consisting of Englishmen, has practised a modification of it successfully, amidst abounding material plenty. It is not too much to say, that the only evidence worth mentioning for the duration of popular government is to be found in the success of the British Constitution during two centuries under special conditions, and in the success of the American Constitution during one century under conditions still more peculiar and more unlikely to recur. Yet, so far as our own Constitution is concerned, that nice balance of attractions, which caused it to move evenly on its stately path, is perhaps destined to be disturbed. One of the forces governing us may gain dangerously at the expense of the other; and the British political system, with the national greatness and material prosperity attendant on it, may yet be launched into space and find its last affinities in silence and cold.

## INDEX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIFTH VOLUME OF THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

## A.

Aldborough, Lady, anecdote of her passport, 140.  
 Alison, Sir Archibald, his autobiography, 134—parentage, 135—taste for etching and engraving, 136—passion for books, 137—begins his university course, *ib.*—studies political economy, 138—his legal studies, 139—at Paris, *ib.*—describes the Duke of Wellington's reception in Paris, 140—Talma and Mars, *ib.*—his dinner to the Russian officers, 141—tour in Switzerland and the Tyrol, and return to Edinburgh, 142—the Whig coterie, *ib.*—the wretchedness and poverty of Ireland, 143—at Venice, 144—Byron, *ib.*—supper with Canova, *ib.*—self-complacency, 145—thirst for travel, 146—marriage, *ib.*—birth of his son, *ib.*—Buckland, Miss Edgeworth, 147—Hallam, 148—finishes his book on Population and begins the History of the French Revolution, 149, 150—reception of his work, 151, 152—first public speech, 153—sheriff of Lanarkshire, 154—continues the history, 154, 155—the cotton strike of 1837, 155—secret information, *ib.*—the Secret Committee captured, 156, 157—before the Committee of the House of Commons, 157—education of the poor, 158—'Principles of Population,' 158—160—concludes his history, 160, 161—inaccurate account of the Battle of Waterloo, 161—moral platitudes, 162—essay on the currency, 163—Carlyle, 164—Dickens, 165—Lord Shaftesbury, *ib.*—continues the History, 166, 167—created a baronet, 167—receives the degree of D.C.L., 168—Mr. Gladstone, 168, 169—Lord Palmerston, 170—pride in his sons, *ib.*—a member of the Athenæum Club,

171—Life of Marlborough, and Lives of the Marquesses of Londonderry, *ib.*—interview with Queen Victoria, 172.  
 André, M., on the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, 512.  
 ——— Kim, the first Korean ordained priest, his martyrdom, 192.  
 Anne of Austria's affection for Card. Mazarin, 80—her voluminous correspondence with him, 82—lavish presents, 83.  
 Archer, Mr., on the intellectual culture of the English drama, 380.  
 St. Augustine, early years, 426—at Carthage, 427—conversion, 428—his son, 429—Ary Scheffer's picture of him and his mother, *ib.*  
 Aztecs, the, 'Calendar Stone,' 331, 350—buildings and system of government, 336—religious faith, 337—mode of computing time, 350.

## B.

Beaconsfield, Lord, on the Conservative policy, 284, 285.  
 Benson, Bp., his appointment to the Archbishopric, 3—article on St. Cyprian, 31.  
 Betterton, the actor, 364—his triumph over his personal disadvantages, 365.  
 Bickford's safety fuse, 524, 525.  
 Bigelow, Mr. John, his account of travelling in Mexico, 331—ignorance of the people, 334.  
 Blanche of Castile described by M. Henri Martin, 430—discipline with her son, 431—Regency, 432.  
 Boers, the Transvaal, their real character, 535, 536.  
 Bracegirdle, Anne, described by Colley Cibber, 367.  
 Brienne, Mme. de, on Anne of Austria's intimacy with Card. Mazarin, 81.

- Brocklehurst, Mr. T. U., his 'Mexico To-day,' 327, *f.*—sketches of American scenes and antiquities, 331—old Catholic chant books, 335.  
 Brown, Mr. Ch. Brockden, the early American novelist, 204.  
 Burnett, Mrs., her 'Louisiana,' 209-211.  
 Butler, Gen., failure of his attempt to blow up Fort Fisher, 508.  
 Byron, Lord, described by Sir A. Alison, 144.

## C.

- Cable, Mr. George W., his 'Grandis-simes,' 224—'Mme. Delphine,' 225, 226.  
 Campbell, Lord, on the finish of the French stage, 374.  
 Canning, Lord, his magnanimity, 320, 321.  
 Carlyle, described by Sir A. Alison, 164.  
 Chamberlain, Mr., on the assimilation of the Borough and County franchise, 272—essentially a 'smart man,' 276—his influence for evil on English public life, 277.  
 Charitable Corporation, the, 116—wholesale misery caused by it, 117.  
 Cherif Pasha, the head of the National Party in Egypt, 233, 234.  
 Cholula, site of, 348—atrocities committed by Cortes, 349.  
 Colbert's letters to Card. Mazarin, 94, 95—scrupulous attention in the management of his estate, 95—earnest remonstrances, 96.  
 Colvin, Sir A., his report of the first *émeute* in Egypt, 238, 239.  
 Cookson, Mr., contrasts the conduct of Cherif and Arabi, 239—warns Lord Granville to provide for the protection of the British merchants in Alexandria, 250.  
 Cooper, Fenimore, influence of his novels, 209.  
 Corea, 173—situation, 174—rivers, climate, flora, 175, 176—carnivora, 176—first inhabitants, *ib.*—early history, 177, 178—personal appearance of the Coreans, 179—character, 180—government, army, slavery, *ib.*—women, 181—nobles, *ib.*—marriages, 182—family affection, 183—mourning, *ib.*—dress of the men, *ib.*—of the women, 184—food, *ib.*—described by a Japanese correspondent, 185, 186—language, 186—national literature, 187—trade with Japan, 188—the great fair at Kienwan, 189—revival of Christianity, *ib.*—persecutions and restrictions, 190—martyrdoms, 191—André Kim, 192—the last persecution in 1870, 193—the first treaty concluded, 195—outbreak against the Japanese, 196—execution of the three criminals, 196, 197—early civilization, 197—invention of metallic types, 198—dislike to foreigners, 199—export trade, 200—emigration, *ib.*  
 Cortes, his conquest of Mexico, 338—disastrous retreat, 338, 339—atrocities at Cholula, 349.

## D.

- Dalhousie, Lord, his friendship for Lord Lawrence, 305.  
 Dickens, Charles, mentioned by Sir A. Alison, 165.  
 Dilke, Sir Charles, on the progress of the Radicals, 266—his speech at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 282—at Chelsea, 283.

## E.

- Eastwick, Captain, his tribute to Lord Lawrence, 325.  
 Edgeworth, Miss, mentioned by Sir A. Alison, 147.  
 Edwardes, Sir Herbert, his share in the 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence,' 290.  
 Eggleston, Ed., his 'Hoosier School-master,' 227.  
 Egyptian War, the, was it necessary?, 229—Lord Salisbury's speech at Edinburgh, 230-232, 252, 253—Ismail Khedive and Napoleon III., 232, 233—Cherif Pasha the head of the National Party, 233—dismissal of Osman Rifki, *ib.*—Cherif's programme for a new Constitution, 234—Sir E. Malet on the cause of Arabi's earliest revolt, 234-236—M. St. Hilaire on Egyptian aspirations for self-government, 236—Sheik Abdu on the war being a National one, 236, 237—the first *émeute*, 238, 239—Cherif, Prime Minister, 240—insult offered to the Porte by the Cabinet Ministers, 241—their inability to comprehend the actual situation of Egypt, 242—the two ironclads sent to Alexandria, *ib.*—the Joint Note, 242, 243—representations of Sir E. Malet and his French colleague, 244, 245—the Khedive's appeal, 246—massacre of the Christians at Alexandria, 247—supineness of the Cabinet, 248—Mr. Cookson's warning to the Government, 250—

forbearance of the Egyptians with regard to the Suez Canal, 251—Lord Granville's official declaration of policy, 252—Lord Salisbury on our 'military credit,' 253—Arabi's disregard of Admiral Seymour's warning, 253, 254—terms proposed, 255—difficulties of our position, 258.

Eldon, Lord, anecdote of his early poverty, 118.

Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, on Anne of Austria's intimacy with Card. Mazarin, 81.

Explosives, 501—invention of gunpowder, 505—discovery of nitro-glycerine, 506—gunpowder explosions, 507—Gen. Butler's attempt to blow up Fort Fisher, 508—advantages of gunpowder, 509—Sobrero, 510—Dr. H. Sprengel, 511—gun-cotton catastrophe at Stowmarket, *ib.*—manufacture of nitro-glycerine, 512—dynamite, 513—compared with gunpowder, 515—blasting gelatine, 516—Mr. McRoberts's factory in Ayrshire, 517—minute regulations for the manufacture in England, 518—in France, 519—facilities and difficulties of purchasing dynamite, 519—521—effects of exploded nitro-glycerine, 522, 523—Bickford's fuse, 524—the explosion in Charles-street, 526, 527—the 'Explosive Substances Act,' 527.

## F.

Fechter, Charles, his freshness and originality, 376.

Ferry, M. Jules, proposes the famous Article 7, 468—on moral instruction, 477, 478.

Fraser, William, 296—his remarkable courage, 297—monument at Delhi, 297.

French Republic, the, in 1883, 459—death of M. Gambetta, *ib.*—Prince Napoleon's manifesto, 460—the Orleans Princes, 461—Gambetta's consistent position, 463—his moderating influence, 464—*couche sociale* and clericalism, *ib.*—evolution of Radical ideas, 466—transformation of parties in the French Parliament, 467—M. Jules Simon's denunciations, *ib.*—the liberty of instruction, 468—the Jesuit Societies dissolved, 469—abolishing the judicial oath, 471—suppression of all religious emblems, 472—the name of God banished from all speeches in schools, 473—universal suffrage, 474—state of the

public finances, 475—the Tunisian expedition, 476—moral instruction, 477, 478—Ultramontanes and Revolutionaries, 479, 480—a 'Revisionist' league, 481.

## G.

Gambetta, M., founder of the 'Republican Union,' 463—his policy of 'opportunism,' 464—cause of his popularity, 465.

Garriek, 370—raises the tone and status of his profession, 371—hard study and Protean power, 372—influence on the actor's art, 373.

George, Mr. Henry, his 'Progress and Poverty,' 35—character and intellect, 38—on material progress, 39—theory of wages, 40—proposal to take all landholders' properties, 43—his fundamental truth, 50—untenableness of his position, 71.

Gladstone, Mr., described by Sir A. Alison, 169—on the annexation of the Transvaal, and the Zulu War, 538.

Goethe, Mme., her interview with Mme. de Staël, 444.

Grant, the brothers, described by Nasmyth, 410–412.

Granville, Lord, on the policy of Her Majesty's Government towards Egypt, 252.

## H.

'Haluka,' the, effect of, in Jerusalem, 67.

Hamel, Hendrik, his detention in Corea, and escape, 188.

Hamilton, Archdeacon, his anecdote of his father, 299.

Harcourt, Lord, compares Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Siddons, 366.

—, Sir Wm., on the 'old red flag of the Tories,' 260.

Harte, Bret, 220—his phases of Californian life, 221—the 'Tennessee's Partner,' 222.

St. Hilaire, M., on the Egyptian aspirations for self-government, 236.

Howells, Mr., his 'Modern Instance,' 217, 218.

## I.

Illustrious mothers, 420—Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, 421—Volumnia, 423—Olympias, 424—Monica, 425–429—Blanche of Castile, 430–432—Jeanne d'Albret, 432–434—Mme. de Sévigné, 434—Marie An-

- toinette, 434, 435—Mme. Necker and Mme. de Staël, 436-438—Napoleon's mother, 438-440—Mary Washington, 441, 442—Goethe's mother, 443-445—Lamartine's mother, 445-447—Mme. Hugo, 447, 448—Mme. Sismondi, 449, 450—Mme. Guizot, 450-452—Mme. Thiers, 452—Miss Catherine Porter, Gibbon's aunt, 453—Byron's mother, 454—Gray's mother, 455—Mme. Mirabeau, 455—Lord Brougham's grandmother, 456—Mme. de Chateaubriand, *ib.*—Pope's mother, 457.
- Imbert, Mgr., first bishop of Corea, 191—executed with his two coadjutors, 191
- Ireland in 1817, described by Sir A. Alison, 143.
- Irving, Mr., cause of his success, 381—his scenic effects, 382—on the rush of educated men and women to the stage, 383.

## J.

- James, Mr., the 'types' of his American portraits, 212—'Portrait of a Lady,' 213-216.
- Jameson, Mrs., on the actress's vocation, 387, 388.
- Jeanne d'Albret, 432—birth of her son Henry IV., 433—her auspicious death, 434.
- Juarez, Benito, his obscure origin, 342.
- Judd, Sylvester, his 'Margaret,' 207—description of a New England home, 207, 208.

## K.

- Kean, Charles, his Shakspearean revivals, 375.
- , Edmund, 373.
- Keeson, Mr. A., evidence before the Committee of 1870, on the Monts de Piété in France, 128, 130, 131.
- Kemble, Mrs. F., on the qualities of a good actor, 384-386.
- Kennedy, John P., author of 'Swallow Barn,' 208.
- Kinglake, Mr., on the display of self-glorification on the conclusion of the Egyptian war, 254, 255.

## L.

- Labouchere, Mr., on future democratic legislation, 573.
- Laveleye, M. E. de, on the amount of capital and wages in California, 47—on the value of land, 63.

- Lawrence, Lord, Life of, 289—birth and early years, 292—school experiences, 293—at Haileybury, 294—sails for India, *ib.*—at Delhi, *ib.*—at Paniput, 295—his remarkable stories, 296—removed to Gurgáon and Etáwa, 297—jungle fever and his determination not to die, 298—his furlough, and marriage, 299—appointed collector at Delhi and Paniput, *ib.*—the Sikh war, 300—resemblance to Cromwell, 301—love of fun, 302—his earliest assistants, *ib.*—the 'Residency' at Lahore, 303—Lord Dalhousie's friendship, 304—the 'Koh-i-nor' committed to his care, 308—differences between the brothers, 309-311—mutiny at Delhi, 312—his famous telegram, 313—life and force of his influence, 313, 314—moral and intellectual growth, 323—wit and humour, 324—deep-rooted religion, 325—death, 326.

—, Sir Henry, 289—his early training, 292—anecdote of the twin brothers Simpson, 292, 293—his 'Faithful Lieges,' 303—resigns his appointment, and is made President of the Board of Administration, 306—differences between the brothers, 308-311—departure from Lahore, 311—farewell kiss of the four soldiers, 309.

Lerdo, President of Mexico, his corruption and flight, 343.

Lombard merchants, the, in London, 111—their arms the three gold balls, 112—influence upon the history of England for four centuries, 113—the great money-lenders, 114.

Louis XIV.'s love for Marie Mancini, 98—project of marriage with Marguerite of Savoy, 99—Mazarin's letter of remonstrance, 100.

## M.

Macanlay, Lord, on Somers's plan for recoinage, 497, 498.

McRoberts, Mr., his factory at Ardeer for nitro-glycerine and dynamite, 517—on the effects of exploded nitro-glycerine and dynamite, 522, 523.

Majendie, Col., his 'Guide-book to the Explosives Act of 1875,' 503.

Malet, Sir E., on the causes of the discontent of the Egyptian officers, 234.

Malortie, Baron de, on the appointment of Cherif as Prime Minister, 240—Cherif's comments on the

'Joint Note,' 243—the Khedive's pitiable position, 246.  
 Mancini, Marie, becomes attached to Louis XIV., 98, 99—sent to Brouage, 100—her last interview with the king, 101—breaks off all correspondence with him, *ib.*  
 Marie Antoinette, 434—imprisonment and separation from the dauphin, 435.  
 Marriott, Mr., criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's tactics, 276, 277.  
 Mars, Mdle., described by Sir A. Alison, 140.  
 Martin, Lady, (Helen Faucit), Letters in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' 386.  
 Maudslay, Mr., described by Nasmyth, 407.  
 Mazarin, Card., private life of, 75—birth and early years, 76—passion for gambling, 77—sent to Spain with Jerome Colonna, *ib.*—studies civil law, 78—a protégé of Richelieu, *ib.*—nominated first minister by Anne of Austria, 79—his life and demeanour, *ib.*—scurrilous lampoons, 80—contemporary Mémoires, 81—marriage with Anne of Austria, 82—plan to assassinate him, *ib.*—building of his palace, 83—works of art, 83, 84—the 'Sponsalia Correggio,' 84—tapestries, 85—his wardrobe, *ib.*—parasol, 86—articles of virtù, *ib.*—library, 87—his patronage of literature, 88—fears for the destruction of his library, 88, 89—coarseness of thought and language in his time, 89—cheating at cards, 90—his avarice, *ib.*—unblushing bribery, 91—93—obliged to leave France, 94—embarrassed state of his affairs, 94, 95—petty meannesses, 95—prodigality, 96—his lottery, 97—the secret intrigues of women, *ib.*—arrival of his nieces, 98—presses on the marriage of Louis XIV. with Marguerite of Savoy, 99—firmness in sending away his niece, 100—letter of remonstrance to Louis XIV., 100, 101—last illness, 102—farewell to his pictures, library, &c., 103—death, 105—his heirs and gigantic fortune, *ib.*  
 Mazarinades, the, their scurrilous invective, 80.  
 Merivale, Mr. Herman, his 2nd vol. to the 'Life of Sir Henry Lawrence,' 290—on the state of the English drama, 380.  
 Mexico, 327—its wealth of gold, silver, &c., 328—the fate of Emperor Maximilian, 329—mode of electing

a President, 330—proposed 'through route' from New York, 332—railroads, *ib.*—the city, 333—charitable institutions, 334—human sacrifices, 335, 336—civilization, 336—religious faith, *ib.*—Toltec buildings, 337—the *Noche Triste*, 338—canals, 339—clearness of the atmosphere, *ib.*—effect on the buildings of the spongy nature of the soil, 340—hatred of Spain, *ib.*—filibustering, 341—Benito Juarez and Mr. Seward, 342—Lerdo's dictatorship, 343—Gen. Diaz, 344—the Monte de Piedad, *ib.*—existing debt to England, 345—insurance offices, 346—industries, *ib.*—pulque and tortillas, 347—the ruins of Teotihuacan, *ib.*—site of Cholula, 348—its pyramids and churches, 349—the 'Calendar Stone,' 350—worship of the goddess Coatli, 351—railroad to Puebla, *ib.*  
 Mint, the, and the Gold Coinage, 483—site of, 484—new machinery, 485—the 'blanks,' *ib.*—specimens in the waiting room, 486—coinage by contract, *ib.*—for the colonies, 487—weight of bronze coinage, 488—light coin, *ib.*—loss on payment of gold coin to the Bank of England, 489—increasing deficiency of weight in gold, 490—492—amount of gold coin at the Bank of England in 1881, 493—amount held by Scotch, Irish, and English banks, *ib.*—the Royal Proclamation in 1842, 494—amount of dirt on gold coins, 495—commercial panics, *ib.*—the standard issue weight, 496—Lord Macaulay on the plan recommended by Lord Keeper Somers, 497, 498—proposed charge on coinage of gold, 499.  
 Monte de Pietà, first institution of, 127—in Paris, 128—system of working, 128—130—in Mexico described, 344.  
 Montpensier, Mdle. de, her account of Cardinal Mazarin's prodigality and lottery, 96, 97.  
 Morant, Major, on the superiority of dynamite over gunpowder for safety, 519.

N.

Napier, Lord, of Magdala, his services in the Punjab, 307.  
 Napoleon, Prince, his manifesto, 460.  
 Nasmyth, Alexander, 393—his artistic skill, 394—the first steam vessel, *ib.*—studies in Italy, 395—marriage, *ib.*—club life and domestic hospitality

in Edinburgh, 396, 397—his 'resourcefulness,' 398—the 'Sunday rivet,' 399.

—James, 'Autobiography,' 389—his antecedents, 390—the family legend, motto, 391—his great-grandfather, 392—father, 393-399—early education, 400—at the Edinburgh High School, 401—training in practical engineering, 402—drawing-lessons, 403—models of the steam-engine, *ib.*—his brass-foundry, 404—steam-engine for George Douglass, 405—steam-carriage for the Scottish Society of Arts, 406—trip to London and introduction to Mr. Maudslay, *ib.*—appointed his assistant workman, 407—lives on ten shillings a week, 408—his cooking apparatus, 409—at Liverpool and Manchester, 410—the brothers Grant, 410, 411—on Norman architecture, 413—erects his Bridgwater foundry at Patricroft, *ib.*—his steam-hammer, 414, 415—pile-driving machine, 416—opposes the system of the Trade Unions, 417—retirement, 418—his work on the Moon, 419.

Naudé, M., on the advantages of Mazarin's library, 89—his letter of remonstrance on its being ordered to be sold, 88, 89.

Necker, Madame, her endeavour to form her daughter's character, 436—her wish for her to marry Mr. Pitt, 437.

Nicholson, John, 314—his imperious character, 315—report of an attempt to assassinate him, 315—march to Goordaspore, 316—mortally wounded, 317.

Nobel, Mr. A., on the difficulties of disestablishing gunpowder, 509—on the explosives invented by Dr. H. Sprengel, 511—his dynamite and blasting glycerine, 513—on the four sources of danger from explosives, 515.

Noche Trieste tree, the, 338.

Novels, American, 201—Ch. Brockden Brown, 204—Wm. Gilmore Simms, 205—Edgar Allan Poe, 206—Sylvester Judd, 207—John P. Kennedy's 'Swallow Barn,' 208—James K. Paulding, *ib.*—Fenimore Cooper, 209—'Democracy,' *ib.*—Mrs. Burnett's *Louisiana*, 209—211—James's 'Daisy Miller,' 212—his 'Portrait of a Lady,' 213-315—his 'International Episode,' 215, 216—Mr. Howells and his school, 216—his 'Modern Instance,' 217, 218—Mr.

Bret Harte, 220-222—his 'Tennessee's Partner,' 222—'Through one Administration,' 223—George W. Cable, 224—the 'Grandissimes,' *ib.*—'Madame Delphine,' 225, 226—Ed. Eggleston's 'The Hoosier School-master,' 227.

## O.

Oldfield, Mrs., 368—her grace of deportment, 369.

Olympia, Donna, her traffic in benefices, 91, 92.

Orleans Princes, the, deprived of their commissions, 461, 462.

Outram, Sir James, anecdote of, 320.

## P.

Pawnbroking, 106—no work written on its details, 108—alluded to in the Book of Job, 108—the Mosaic law of interest, 109—in China, *ib.*—repeal of the Usury Laws, 110—its antiquity, *ib.*—Jews the principal money-lenders, 111—the Lombard merchants, *ib.*—the three balls, 112—various explanations, 113—the crown jewels pawned by Edward III. and Henry V., *ib.*—opening of the Royal Exchange, 114—James I's Act against brokers, *ib.*—attempt to make Charles I. a pawnbroker, 115—City Guilds, *ib.*—the 'Charitable Corporation' in Queen Anne's time, 116, 117—Fielding's picture of a pawnbroker, 117—the Act of 1800, 118—its petty and vexatious regulations, 119—number of pledges in the year, *ib.*—the Pawnbrokers' Act of 1872, 120—the Stolen Goods Bill, 121—number of stolen pledges sold, 123—proposed limitation of the hours of business, 124—Mr. Telfer's evidence, 125-127—the Monte di Pietà, founded in Italy, *ib.*—Emperor Napoleon III.'s Act to facilitate pledging, 128—the system of the Monts de Piété in France, 128-130—English and French systems compared, 130—unredeemed pledges under ten shillings, 131—articles of higher value, 132—'up the spout,' 133.

Popular Government, the Prospects of, 551—rival opinions of Chesterfield and Hume, 552—the advent of democracy, 553—Mr. Justice Stephen on the relations between rulers and their subjects, 554—Hume on the Republics in Europe, 555—influence

of the American Republic, 556—the political experiments of France, 558—political history of Spain, 558, 559—of Germany and Austria, 559—the Civil Act of 1861–65 in the United States, 559—the Bolivian Republic, 560—Imperialism and Radicalism, 561—military revolts, 562—power of the mob, *ib.*—their arms, 563—the Irreconcilables, *ib.*—the Nationalists, 564—the Wirepullers, 566—party factions, 567—universal suffrage, 568, 569—theory of population, 569—the politics of Switzerland, 570, 571—the plebiscite, 571—Mr. Labouchere on democratic legislation, 573—the two systems for producing the materials of human subsistence, 575.

Position of Parties, the True, 259—the bye elections since 1880, 261—discontent in Scotland, 262—an independent candidate elected to the Birmingham School Board, *ib.*—dissensions in the Liberal party, 263—progress of the Radicals, 265—position of the House of Lords, 266—the Irish Land Bill, 268—the Arrears Bill, *ib.*—extension of county suffrage, 269—redistribution of seats, 270—consequences of universal household suffrage, 271, 272—increase of power to the Radical party, 273—'National Federations,' 275—the Aristocratic Radical School, *ib.*—Mr. Chamberlain, 276, 277—inaction of the Conservative party, 278—Lord Randolph Churchill, 279—Mr. Forwood's defeat at Liverpool, 280—Sir Charles Dilke's policy, 282—284—Lord Beaconsfield on the Conservative policy, 284, 285.

Pritchard, Mrs., her genius and intuitions, 370.

Progress and Poverty, by Henry George, 35—its one special proposal, 36—reception in America, *ib.*—in England, 37—poverty of the industrial classes, 39—current theory of wages, 40—and of population, 41—wealth absorbed in rent, 42—all landholders' property to be seized, 43—wages and rate of interest, 44—the beginning of wages illustrated, 45, 46—amount of capital and wages in California, 47—instance of shipbuilding, 48–50—contemporaneous labour, 51—failure of the crops in the San Joaquin valley, 52—the means of subsistence in proportion to the increase of population, 53—the limits of sub-

sistence, 54–58—appropriation of land, 59–62—its low return as an investment, 62—increase in rents, 63—effects of abolition of rent, 64—the 'Haluka' fund in Palestine, 67—middle men, 73.

Puebla, railroad to, 351—productions of the country, 352.

## R.

Ramsay, Col. Balcarres, anecdote of John Lawrence, 301.

Robinson, Sir Hercules, on the effect of the retrocession of the Transvaal, 545, 546—treatment of the native chiefs, 546.

## S.

Salisbury, Lord, his speech at Edinburgh on the Egyptian question, 230–232—on our military credit, 252, 253—England the predominant power in Egypt, 258.

Sheik Abdu on the Egyptian war being a National one, 236, 237.

Simms, W. Gilmore, 205—his powerful sketches of genuine American incident, 205.

Simon, M. Jules, preface to his 'Dieu, Patrie, Liberté,' 467—on the exclusion of the Jesuits from educational institutions, 469, 470—on abolishing the judicial oath, 471—on the removal of all religious emblems, 472—the name of God banished from all school speeches, 474—on the election of deputies, 475.

Simpson, the twin brothers, anecdote of, 292.

Smith, Mr. Bosworth, Life of Lord Lawrence, 290, 291—tribute to him, 296.

—, Col. Baird, injustice to his memory, 318.

Sobrero, the discoverer of nitro-glycerine, 506, 510.

Spain, popular government in, 558.

Stage, the English, 354—at the time of the Civil Wars, 356—after the Restoration, 356—meagre appointments, 357—low tone of morals, 361, 362—costly scenic accessories, 362—actresses, 363, 364—Hart, 364—Betterton, 364, 365—Mrs. Barry, 366—Anne Bracegirdle, 367—Booth, 368—Mrs. Oldfield, 368, 369—Peg Woffington, 369—Mrs. Pritchard, 370—Garrick, 370–373—Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, 373—Edmund Kean, 373—neglect of the

minor characters, 374—high finish of the French stage, 374—Macready, 375—Charles Kean, *ib.*—Fechter, 376—pernicious system of 'long runs,' 377—low literary merit of our current dramas, 377—379—the Bancrofts, 378—Mr. Archer and Mr. Merivale on the drama, 380—Henry Irving, 381, 382—rush of educated men and women to the stage, 382, 383—Mrs. F. Kemble on the requirements for making a good actor, 384, 385—Lady Martin's letters in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' 386, 387—Mrs. Jameson on the actress's vocation, 387, 388.

Stephen, Sir James, on the relations between rulers and their subjects, 554—on political liberty, 566.

Stowmarket, explosion of gun-cotton at, 511.

Switzerland, its Federal Constitution, 571.

### T.

Tait, Archbishop, and the Primacy, 1—his last charge, 3—personal characteristics, 6—sense of humour, 7—depth of his sympathetic feeling, 8—influence in the House of Lords, *ib.*—his charges, 9—11—on the National Church, 11—the Diocesan Home Mission, 12—the 'Bishop of London's Fund,' 13—its practical results, 14—his wisdom in governing and energy in leading, 15—endeavours to check the growth of rationalism, 16—18—condemns the schools represented by Dr. Pusey and Prof. Jowett, 18—largeness of his views, 19, 20—the 'Public Worship Regulation Act,' 21—reasons for it, 22—its sole object, 23—Mr. Mackonochie, 24—views of the position of the Church, 27—alterations to meet the new wants, 28—his introduction to 'Lambeth Palace and its Associations,' 29—conception of a National Church, 30—called the Archbishop of the Laity, 31—spi-

ritual convictions, 32—farewell sermons at Rugby, 33.<sup>1</sup>

Telfer, Mr. J. A., evidence before the Lords' Committee, 124—127.

Teotihuacan, ruins of, 347—pyramids to the sun and moon, 348.

Toltecs, the, 337, 348.

Transvaal, the, 530—area, boundaries, and population, 531—increase of the value of property during English occupation, 532—its history, 533—abandonment of the Orange Free State, 534—the Sand River Convention, *ib.*—inhumanity of the Boers, 535—disputes about boundaries, 536—its annexation, 537—denounced by Mr. Gladstone, 538—its independence proclaimed, 539—armistice with the Boers, 540—cost of military operations, 542—functions of British Resident, 544—troubles between the Boers and natives, 545—treatment of loyal native chiefs, 546—atrocities to women and children, 547—encroachments, *ib.*—unpaid debt, 548, 549—policy of the Government, 549.

### U.

United States, the, Government of, 575.

### V.

Vincent, Mr. Howard, and the Stolen Goods Bill, 121—his ignorance of the details and working of the Pawn-brokers' Acts of 1800 and 1872, 122—his evidence before the Lords' Committee, 123—suggestions for limiting the hours of business, 124.

### W.

Washington, Mary, her training of her son George, 441—monument to her memory, 442.

Wilberforce, Bishop, inaccuracy of some of his reminiscences, 4—6.

Woffington, Peg, her low origin, 369—death, 370.

Wood, Sir Evelyn, concludes an armistice with the Boers, 540.

*Ed. Rev. Gen.*

END OF THE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIFTH VOLUME.

